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THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN OLDHAM,

Together with his

REMAINS.

The Sixth Edition Corrected.

LONDON,
Printed for *Dan. Brown*, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Barr*; *John Nicholson*, at the *King's Arms* in *Little-Britain*; *Benj. Tooke*, at the *Middle-Temple Gate, Fleetstreet*; and *George Strahan*, at the *Golden-Ball* over against the *Royal Exchange*, MDCC III.

English
Satires
10·20·31
24664

Advertiſement.

THE Author might here (according to the laudible Cuſtom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Diſcourſe of the Original, Progreſs, and Rules of Satyr, *and let him underſtand, that he has lately read* Caſaubon, *and ſeveral other Criticks upon the Point; but at preſent he is minded to wave it, as a Vanity he is in no wiſe fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief Account of what he Publiſhes, in order to prevent what Cenſures he foreſees may colourably be paſt thereupon: And that is as followeth:*

What he calls the Prologue, *is in imitation of* Perſius, *who has prefix'd ſomewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may ſerve for a pretty good Authority. The Firſt Satyr he drew by* Sylla's Ghoſt *in the great* Johnſon, *which may be perceived by ſome Strokes and Touches therein, however ſhort they come of the Original. In the Second, he only followed the Swing of his own Genius. The Deſign, and ſome Paſſages of the* Franciſcan *of* Buchanan. *Which ingenious Confeſſion he thinks fit to make, to ſhew he has more Modeſty than the common Padders in Witt of theſe times. He doubts, there may be ſome few Miſtakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himſelf in. If the skilful Reader meet with any ſuch, he may the more eaſily pardon them upon that Score. Whence he had the hint of the Fourth, is obvious to all, that are any thing acquainted with* Horace. *And without the Authority of ſo great a Preſident, the making of an Image ſpeak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects that ſome will tax him with Buffoonry, and turning holy things into Ridicule. But let them read, how ſeverely* Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, *and the graveſt* Fathers, *have rally'd the Fopperies and Superſtitions of the Heathen, and then conſider whether thoſe, which he has choſen for his Arguments, are not as worthy of Laughter. The only difference is, that*

they

they did it in Proſe, as he does in Verſe, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the moſt liable to cenſure) tho' the World has given it the Name of a Satyr *againſt* Vertue, *he declares 'twas never deſigned to that intent, how apt ſoever ſome may be to wreſt it. And this appears by what is ſaid after it, and is diſcernable enough to all, that have the ſenſe to underſtand it: 'Twas meant to abuſe thoſe, who valued themſelves upon their Wit and Parts, in praiſing Vice; and to ſhew that others of ſober Principles, if they would take the ſame Liberty in Poetry, could ſtrain as high Rants in Prophaneneſs as they. At firſt he intended it not for the Publick, nor to paſs beyond the Privacy of two or three Friends; but ſeeing it had the Fate to ſteal abroad in Manuſcript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledge; he now thinks it a Juſtice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without thoſe faults, which it has ſuffered from Tranſcribers, and the Preſs hitherto, and which make it a worſe Satyr upon himſelf, than upon what it was deſign'd.*

Something ſhould be ſaid too of the laſt Triſle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occaſioned upon reading the late Tranſlations of Ovid's Epiſtles, *which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Thoſe being already foreſtall'd, he thought fit to make choice of the ſame Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much Liberty. Had he ſeen Mr.* Sandys *his Tranſlation before he began, he never durſt have ventured: Since he has, and finds reaſon enough to deſpair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chooſes rather to give ſome body elſe the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleaſes, either like it, or put it to the uſe of Mr.* Jordan's *Words. 'Tis the firſt attempt he ever made in this kind, and like enough to be the laſt, his Vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.*

SATYRS

SATYRS

UPON THE

JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And ſome other

PIECES

By the ſame

HAND.

LONDON,

Printed for *Dan. Brown*, *John Nicholſon*, *Benj. Tooke*, and *George Straban*, 1703.

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SATYRS
UPON THE
JESUITS.

PROLOGUE.

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Preſs*,
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the Peace?
When every ſcribling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen and riſes up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
When all with licenſe *rail*, and who will not,
Muſt be almoſt ſuſpected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal* or elſe his Parts in doubt?
In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
In vain their weak *Artillery* oppoſe;

Miſtaken honeſt men, who gravely *blame*,
And hope that *gentle Doctrine* ſhould reclaim.
Are *Texts*, and ſuch exploded Trifles fit
T'impoſe, and ſham upon a *Jeſuit* ?
Would they the dull old *Fiſher-men* compare
With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Eſcobar* ?
Such thread-bare Proofs, and ſtale *Authorities*
May *Us* poor ſimple *Heretics* ſuffice :
But to a ſear'd *Ignatian's* Conſcience,
Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
Whoſe Faith in Contradiction bore, whom Lies,
Not Non-ſence, nor Impoſſibilities,
Nor Shame, nor Death, nor Damning can aſſail :
Not theſe mild fruitleſs Methods will avail.
'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *ſharps* of Wit
For ſuch a *Prize* are th' only Weapons fit :
Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to uſe,
Where *Indignation* can create a Muſe :
Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very ſpite
Would make the arrant'ſt *Wild*, or *Withers* write.
It is reſolv'd : henceforth an endleſs War,
I and my Muſe with them, and theirs declare ;

Whom

Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor St. *Omer's Dose*,
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and sworn Revenge deter.
Sooner shall false *Court-Favourites* prove just,
And faithful to their King's and Country's trust:
Sooner shall they detect the Tricks of *State*,
And Knav'ry, Suits, and Bribes, and Flatt'ry hate:
Bawds shall turn *Nuns*, *Salt* D--s grow chast,
And Paint, and Pride, and Lechery detest:
Popes shall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be try'd:
Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola* and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be Villains, and Rebel;
Than I with utmost Spite and Vengeance cease
To prosecute and plague their curs'd Race.
The Rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or *proffer'd Lust* deni'd;
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all, *cashier'd resenting States-men* feel:

What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to write
And ſell their very Souls to Hell for ſpite:
All this urge on my rank envenom'd ſpleen,
And with keen Satyr edge my ſtabbing Pen:
That its each home-ſet Thruſt their blood may draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw.

Red hot with Vengeance thus, I'll brand diſgrace
So deep, no time ſhall e'er the marks deface:
Till my ſevere and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worſe
Than damning *Pope*'s *Anathema's*, and Curſe.

SATYR.

SATYR I.

Garnet's *Ghoſt addreſſing to the* Jeſuits, *met in private Cabal juſt after the Murder of* Godfrey.

BY *Hell* 'twas bravely done! what leſs than this?
What *Sacrifice* of meaner worth, and price
Could we have offer'd up for our ſucceſs?
So fare all they, who e'er provoke our hate,
Who by like ways preſume to tempt their fate;
Fare each like this bold medling *Fool*, and be
As well *ſecur'd*, as well *diſpatch'd* as he:
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
His reaking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein?
That were a glorious *Sanction*, much like thine,
Great *Roman!* made upon a like deſign:
Like thine; we ſcorn ſo mean a *Sacrament*,
To ſeal, and conſecrate our high intent,
We ſcorn baſe Blood ſhould our great League cement:

Thou didſt it with a ſlave, but methink good
To bind our Treaſon with a bleeding God.
Would it were *His* (why ſhould I fear to name,
Or you to bear't?) at which we nobly aim!
Lives yet that hated *En'my* of our *Cauſe*?
Lives *He* our mighty Projects to oppoſe?
Can *His* weak Innocence, and Heaven's Care
Be thought Security from what we dare?
Are you then *Jeſuits*? are you ſo for nought?
In all the *Catholick* depths of Treaſon taught?
In *Orthodox*, and ſolid Pois'ning read?
In each profounder art of Killing *bred*?
And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?
Shall one poor *life* your cowardice upbraid?
Tame daſtard ſlaves! who your *profeſſion* ſhame,
And fix diſgrace on your great *Founder*'s name.
Think what late *Sect'ries* (an ignoble Crew,
Not worthy to be rank'd in ſin with you)
Inſpir'd with lofty wickedneſs, durſt do:
How from his Throne they hurl'd a Monarch down,
And doubly eas'd him of both Life and Crown:

They

They ſcorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
In open face of heav'n the work they did,
And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defi'd.
This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
Durſt you uſurp the glory of the crime;
And dare ye not? I know, you ſcorn to be
By ſuch as *they*, out-done in villany,
Your proper *Province*; true, you urg'd them on,
Were Engins in the Fact, but they alone
Shar'd all the open Credit, and Renown.

But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cauſe*, which need
No foreign Inſtance, nor what others did:
Think on that matchleſs *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe name
We with juſt Pride can make our happy Claim;
He, who at killing of an *Emperour*,
To give his Poiſon ſtronger Force and Pow'r
Mixt a God with't, and made it work more ſure:
Bleſt memory! which ſhall through Age to come
Stand ſacred in the Liſts of *Hell* and *Rome*.

Let our great *Clement* and *Ravillac*'s name,
Your Spirits to like heights of ſin inflame;

Thoſe mighty *Souls*, who bravely choſe to die
T' have each a *Royal Ghoſt* their Company.
Heroick Act! and worth their Tortures well,
Well worth the ſuff'ring of a double Hell,
That they felt here, and that below they feel.

And if theſe cannot move you as they ſhou'd
Let *me* and *my Example* fire your blood:
Think on my vaſt attempt, a glorious deed,
Which durſt the Fates have ſuffer'd to ſucceed,
Had rival'd *Hell*'s moſt proud *exploit*, and *boaſt*,
Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of Fates* depos'd.
Curſt be the day, and ne'er in time inroll'd,
And curſt the Star whoſe ſpiteful influence rul'd
The luckleſs Minute, which my Project ſpoil'd:
Curſe on the *Pow'r*, who, of himſelf afraid,
My glory with my brave deſign betray'd:
Juſtly he fear'd, leſt I, who ſtrook ſo high
In guilt, ſhould next blow up his Realm, and Sky:
And ſo I had; at leaſt I would have durſt,
And failing, had got off with Fame at worſt.

Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
Your work had never thus unfiniſh'd been:

Had

Had I been Man, and the great Act to do;
H'ad dy'd by this, and been what I am now,
Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
To reach *His* Life, tho in the midſt I fell,
And deeper than before——
Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim and reach,
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:
Let them with ſlaviſh aw (diſdain'd by me)
Adore the purple Rag of Majeſty,
And think't a ſacred Relick of the Sky:
Well may thoſe Fools a baſe Subjection own,
Vaſſals to every *Aſs*, that loads a Throne:
Unlike the Soul, with which proud I was born,
Who could that ſneaking thing a *Monarch* ſcorn,
Spurn off a Crown, and ſet my foot in ſport
Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.

But ſay, what is't that binds your hands? do's fear
From ſuch a glorious Action you deter?
Or is't Religion? but you ſure diſclaim
That frivolous Pretence, that empty Name:
Meer bugbear word devis'd by *Us* to ſcare
The ſenſleſs rout to ſlaviſhneſs, and fear,
Ne'er know to aw the brave, and thoſe, that dare.

Such

Such weak, and feeble things may ſerve for checks
To rein, and curb baſe mettled *Heretick*s,
Dull Creatures, whoſe nice boaſting Conſciences
Startle, or ſtrain at ſuch ſlight Crimes as theſe;
Such, whom fond inbred Honeſty befools,
Or that old muſty Piece the *Bible* gulls:
That hated Rock, the bulwark of our Foes,
Whereby they ſtill upbold the tott'ring Cauſe.
Let no ſuch Toys miſlead you from the Road
Of Glory, nor infect your Souls with good:
Let never bold encroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy Face to enter there,
No, not in very *Dream*: have only will
Like *Friend*s and *Me* to covet, and act ill;
Let true ſubſtantial wickedneſs take place,
Uſurp and Reign; let it the very trace
(If any yet be left) of good deface.
If ever qualms of inward Cowardiſe
(The things, which ſome dull ſots call Conſcience)
riſe,
Let them in ſtreams of Blood and Slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of Guilt ſtill preſs 'em down,

Shame

Shame, Faith, Religion, Honour, Loyalty,
Nature it self, whatever checks there be
To loose, and uncontrol'd Impiety,
Be all extinct in you: own no remorse
But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,
Or too much pity shewn,----
Be diligent in Mischiefs Trade, be each
Performing as a *Devil*, not stick to reach
At Crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,
Mad lust, and heedless blind revenge would ne'er
Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,
Inflam'd by all the hazards that oppose,
And firm, as burning *Martyrs* to your *Cause*,
Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be
Disciples of great *Loyola* and *Me*:
Worthy to *undertake*, worthy a *Plot*,
Like *this*, and fit to scourge a *Huguenot*.
Plagues on that *Name!* may swift confusion
seize,
And utterly blot out the cursed Race:
Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom
Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome*:

Whose

Whoſe pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingendring
Brain,
By monſtrous Birth did the vile *Inſects* ſpawn,
Which now infeſt each Country, and defile
With their o'erſpreading ſwarms this goodly *Iſle*:
Once it was ours, and ſubject to our Yoke,
Till a late *reigning Witch* th' Enchantment broke:
It ſhall again, *Hell* and I ſay't: have ye
But courage to make good the Propheſie:
Not Fate it ſelf ſhall hinder.——

Too ſparing was the Time, too mild the Day,
When our great *Mary* bore the *Engliſh* ſway?
Unqueenlike pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.

Four, or five hundred, ſuch like petty ſum
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counſellor*,
She ſhould have rais'd it to a nobler ſcore.
Big *Bonefires* ſhould have blaz'd, and ſhone each day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:

And

And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street
Thick flaming *Hereticks* ſhould ſerve to light,
And ſave the needleſs Charge of *Links* by night;
Smithfield ſhould ſtill have kept a conſtant fire,
Which never ſhould be quench'd, never expire,
But with the Lives of all the *Miſcreant rout*,
Till the laſt gaſping Breath had blown it out.

So *Nero* did, ſuch was the prudent Courſe
Taken by all his mighty Succeſſors,
To tame *like Hereticks* of old by force:
They ſcorn'd dull Reaſon, and pedantick Rules
To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
Racks, *Gibbets*, *Halters*, were their Arguments,
Which did moſt undeniably convince:
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the Diſpute,
And reverend *Bears* their Doctrines did confute:
And all, who would ſtand out in ſtiff defence,
They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into ſenſe:
Better than all our *Sorban Dotards* now,
Who would by dint of words our Foes ſubdue.
This was the rigid *Diſcipline* of old,
Which modern ſots for *Perſecution* hold:

Of

Of which dull *Annalists* in ſtory tell
Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* ſwell
With *Martyr'd Fools*, that loſt their way to Hell.

From theſe our *Church*'s glorious *Anceſtors*
We've learnt our Arts, and made their Methods ours.
Nor have we come behind, the leaſt degree,
In acts of rough and manly Cruelty:
Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful Stake,
And Sword reſiſtleſs our *Apoſtles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the num'rous *Proſelytes* of *Huſs*
Cruſh'd with their Head, ſo *Waldo*'s curſed Rout,
And thoſe of *Wiccliff* here were rooted out, (choſe,
Their names ſcarce left.---Sure were the means we
And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the droſs
Of thoſe foul *Hereſies*, and ſovereign *Steel*
Lopt off th'infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his
A deed, for which the day deſerves its *red* (deed,
Far more than for a paltry *Saint* that di'd:
How goodly was the Sight! how fine the ſhow
When *Paris* ſaw through all its Channels flow

The

The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Sein*,
Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'er-ran!
He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
By parcels and piece-meal; he scorn'd *Retail*
I'th Trace of Death: whole Myriads died by th' great,
Soon as one single Life; so quick their Fate,
Their very Pray'rs and Wishes came too late.

This a *King* did: and great and mighty 'twas
Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r and Place,
And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause*:
Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
The bold *Mac-quire* (who read in modern Fame,
Can be a stranger to his Worth, and Name?)
Born to out-sin a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*
In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain:
Dread memory! whose each mention still can make
Pale *Hereticks* with trembling horror quake,
T' undo a *Kingdom*, to atcheive a crime
Like his; who would not fall and die like him?
Never had *Rome* a nobler Service done,
Never had *Hell*; each day came thronging down

Vast

Vaſt ſhoals of Ghoſts, and *mine* was pleas'd and glad,
And ſmil'd, when it the brave revenge ſurvey'd.
Nor do I mention theſe great Inſtances
For Bounds and Limits to your Wickedneſs:
Dare you beyond, ſomething out of the road
Of all example, where none yet have trod,
Nor ſhall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
Durſt never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.
Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confeſs,
How much a *Chriſtian* Crime can Conquer his:
How far in gallant miſchief overcome,
The *old* muſt yield to *new*, *and modern Rome*.
Mix *Ills* paſt, preſent, future, in one Act;
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact
Which *Hell* and *very I* may envy----
Such as a *God* himſelf might wiſh to be
A Complice in the mighty *villany*.
And barter's *Heaven*, and vouchſafe to die.
Nor let delay (the bane of Enterpiſe)
Marr yours, or make the great importance miſs.
This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their fear:
Let it your vigor too, your haſte and care.

Be

Be ſwift and let your deeds foreſtal intent,
Foreſtal ev'n wiſhes, ere they can take vent,
Nor give the Fates the leiſure to prevent.
Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
Your gath'ring thunder, now with ſudden clap,
Break out upon your *Foes*; daſh, and confound,
And ſpread a voidleſs ruin all around.

Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light;
You rais'd it half before, now raiſe it quite.
Do't more effectually; I'd ſee it glow
In flames unquenchable as thoſe below.
I'd ſee the *Miſcreants* with their Houſes burn,
And all together into Aſhes turn.

Bend next your fury to the curſt *Divan*;
That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
Unkennel thoſe *State-Foxes*, where they lie
Working your ſpeedy Fate, and Deſtiny.
Lug by the Ears, the doting *Prelates* thence;
Daſh *Hereſie* together with their Brains
Out of their ſhatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
And *Commons* at one ſtroke, and let your Swords
Adjourn 'em all to th' other World------

Would I were bleſt with fleſh and blood again,
But to be Actor in that happy Scene!
Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view,
Revenge ſhall take its fill, in ſtate I'll go
With captive *Ghoſts* t'attend me down below.
Let theſe the Handſels of your vengeance be,
But ſtop not here, nor flag in Cruelty.
Kill like a Plague, or *Inquiſition*; ſpare
No Age, Degree or Sex only to wear
A Soul, only to own a Life, be here.
Thought crime enough to loſe't: no time nor place
Be Sanctuary from your outrages.
Spare not in Churches kneeling *Prieſts* at pray'r,
Tho' interceding for you, ſlay ev'n there.
Spare not young *Infants* ſmiling at the Breaſt,
Who from relenting Fools their mercy wreſt:
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
From thence, and drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.
Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender Cries,
Tho' proſtrate at your feet with melting Eyes
All drown'd in Tears; ſtrike home as'twere in *Luſt*,
And force their begging Hands to guide the Thruſt.

Raviſh

Raviſh at th' Altar, kill when you have done,
Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.
Nor let gray hoary Hairs protection give
To *Age*, juſt crawling on the verge of Life:
Snatch from its leaning Hands the weak ſupport,
And with it knock't into the Grave with ſport;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,
You've kindly rid him of his Miſery.

Seal up your Ears to Mercy, leſt their Words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords.
(Their Tongues too) down their Throats; let 'em not dare
To mutter for their Souls a gaſping Pray'r
But in the utt'rance choak't, and ſtab it there.
'Twere witty handſom Malice (could you do't)
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.

Make Children by one Fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *Revenge* in next Poſterity:
So you'll be peſter'd with no Orphans cries;
No childleſs Mothers curſe your Memories;
Make Death and Deſolation ſwim in blood
Throughout the *Land*, with nought to ſtop the *flood*

But ſlaughter'd Carcaſes; till the whole *Iſle*
Become one *Tomb*, become one *Fun'ral Pile*;
Till ſuch vaſt Numbers ſwell the countleſs Sum,
That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.

Great was that *Tyrant's* wiſh, which ſhould be
Did I not ſcorn the leavings of a ſin; (mine,
Freely I would beſtow't on *England* now, (grow,
That the whole Nation with one neck might
To be ſlic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What neither *Saxon* Rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more ſavage, nor the barb'rous *Pict*;
What *Spain* or *Eighty Eight* could e'er deviſe,
With all its *Fleet* and *freight* of Cruelties;
What ne'er *Medina* wiſh'd, much leſs could dare,
And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;
What may ſtrike out dire Prodigies of old,
And make their mild, and gentler acts untold;
What Heav'ns Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Foreign Invaſions, nor Domeſtick Wars,
Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.

But

But why do I with idle Talk delay
Your hands, and while they ſhould be acting, ſtay?
Farewell——
If I may waſte a Pray'r for your ſucceſs,
Hell be your aid, and your high Projects bleſs!
May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly ſhrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any here feel pity or remorſe,
May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worſe!
May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell!
May's Name and Carcaſe rot, expos'd alike to be
The everlaſting Mark of grinning Infamy.

SATYR II.

NAy, if our ſins are grown ſo high of late,
That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate
May't pleaſe ſome milder Vengeance to deviſe,
Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this.
Let it rain ſcalding Show'rs of *Brimſtone* down,
To burn us as of old the *luſtful Town*:
Let a new *Deluge* overwhelm again,
And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.
Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
To have this worſt of *Ills* remov'd away.
Judgments of other kinds are often ſent
In mercy only, not for puniſhment:
But where theſe light, they ſhew a Nation's fate
Is given up, and paſt for reprobate.

When God his ſtock of wrath on *Egypt* ſpent
To make a ſtubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,
Sparing the reſt, had he this one Plague ſent;
For this alone his *People* had been quit,
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Proſelyte*.

Wonder

Wonder no longer why no *Curſe*, like theſe,
Was known or ſuffer'd in the Prim'tive Days:
They never ſinn'd enough to merit it,
Twas therefore what Heavens juſt pow'r thought fit,
To ſcourge this latter and more ſinful Age
With all the *dregs*, and *ſqueeſings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
For all her loſs ſuſtain'd in *Eighty Eight*;
For all the *Ills* our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
Amply ſhe was reveng'd in that one birth,
When Hell for her the *Biſcain* Plague brought forth;
Great Counter Plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her Suff'rings with full Uſury:
Than whom alone none ever was deſign'd
T'entail a wider Curſe on Human Kind,
But *he* who firſt begot us, and firſt ſinn'd:
Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
(Leſs damn'd at leaſt, and leſs accurſt than now)
If early with leſs guilt in war th'hadſt dy'd,
And from enſuing miſchiefs Mankind freed.

Or when thou view'dſt the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,
Th'hadſt ſuffer'd there thy *brother Traitor*'s doom.
Curſt be the womb, that with the *Fire-brand* teem'd,
Which ever ſince has the whole Globe inflam'd;
More curſt that ill aim'd *Shot*, which baſely miſt,
Which maim'd a *Limb*, but ſpar'd the hated *Breaſt*,
And made th' at once a *Cripple* and a *Prieſt*.

But why this wiſh; The *Church* if ſo might lack
Champions, *good Works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*.
Theſe are the *Janizaries* of the *Cauſe*,
The *Life-Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, choſe
To break the force of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*.
The Churches *Hawkers in Divinity*;
Who 'ſtead of *Lace* and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Rome's *Strowlers*, who ſurvey each Continent,
Its *Trinkets* and *Commodities* to vent.
Export the *Goſpel*, like mere *ware* for ſale,
And truck't for *Indigo*, and *Cutchoneal*,
As the known *Factors* here, the *Brethren*, once
Swopt *Chriſt* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.
And ſhall theſe great *Apoſtles* be contemn'd,
And thus by ſcoffing Hereticks defam'd?

They,

They, by whoſe means both *Indies* now enjoy
The two choice Bleſſings, *Pax* and *Popery*?
Which buried elſe in ignorance had been,
Nor known the worth of *Beads* and *Bellarmin*?
It pitied holy *Mother-Church* to ſee
A World ſo drown'd in groſs *Idolatry*:
It griev'd to ſee ſuch goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors* and unpardonable *Gold*.
Strange! what a fervent zeal can *Coin* infuſe!
What Charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!
So you were choſen the fitteſt to reclaim
The *Pagan* World, and giv't a *Chriſtian* Name.
And great was the ſucceſs; whole Myriads ſtood
At *Font*, and were *baptiz'd* in their own blood.
Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn,
Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.
Yet theſe were in Compaſſion ſent to Hell,
The reſt reſerv'd in ſpite, and worſe to feel,
Compell'd inſtead of *Fiends* to worſhip *you*,
The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.
Rare way, and method of *Converſion* this,
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!

If

If to deſtroy, be *Reformation* thought;
A *Plague* as well might the *good Work* have wrought.
Now ſee we why your *Founder* weary grown
Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Crown* would be
A fitter Caſe, and Badge of Cruelty.
Each ſniv'ling *Hero* Seas of Blood can ſpill,
When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
When preſs'd by *Wine*, or *Punk*, to knock o' th' head:
Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who ſcorns (to be
Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury,
But does it of true inbred cruelty:
Your cool, and ſober *Murderer*, who prays,
And ſtabs at the ſame time, who one hand has
Stretch'd up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Paſs.
So the late *Saints* of bleſſed Memory,
Cut Throats in Godly pure Sincerity:
So they with lifted Hands, and Eyes devout,
Said Grace, and carv'd a ſlaughter'd *Monarch* out.
When the firſt Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)

His

His bloody Tragedy of old deſign'd,
One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind,
Content with but a quarter of Mankind:
Had he been *Jeſuit*, had he but put on
Their ſavage Cruelty, the reſt had gone:
His hand had ſent old *Adam* after too,
And forc'd the Godhead to create a new.
And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but (thought
Bare ſin: 'tis ſomething ev'n to own a fault.
But here the boldeſt flights of wickedneſs
Are ſtampt *Religion*, and for currant paſs.
The blackeſt, uglieſt, horrid'ſt, damned'ſt Deed,
For which *Hell-flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
If done for *Holy Church*; is ſanctifi'd.
This conſecrates the bleſſed *Work* and *Tool*,
Nor muſt we ever after think 'em foul.
To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
Are thus but petty Trifles venial Things,
Not worth a *Confeſſor*; nay, Heav'n ſhall be
It ſelf invok'd t' abet th' impiety.
Grant, gracious Lord (*Some Reverend Villain prays*)
'That this the bold Aſſertor of our *Cauſe*

'May

'May with ſucceſs accompliſh that great end,
'For which he was by thee, and us deſign'd.
'Do thou t'his Arm and Sword thy ſtrength im-
'And guide 'em ſteddy to the *Tyrant*'s heart. (part,
'Grant him for every meritorious thruſt
'Degrees of bliſs above among the Juſt;
'Where holy *Garnet*, and S. *Guy* are plac'd,
'Whom works like this, before have thither rais'd.
'Where they are interceeding for us now;
'For ſure they're there. Yes queſtionleſs, and ſo
Good *Nero* is, and *Dioclesian* too,
And that great ancient Saint *Heroſtratus*,
And that great godly *Martyr* at *Tholouſe*.

Dare ſomething worthy *Newgate* and the *Tow'r*,
If you'll be *Canoniz'd*, and Heaven inſure.
Dull *prim'tive Fools* of old! who would be good,
Who would by vertue reach the bleſt abode!
Far other are the ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy place tranſlate:
Rebellion, Treaſon, Murder, Maſſacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saintſhip* are,
And *Tyburn* only ſtocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy

Unhappy *Judas*, whoſe ill fate, or chance
Threw him upon groſs times of ignorance;
Who knew not how to value or eſteem
The worth and merit of a glorious crime!
Should his kind Stars have let him acted now,
H'ad dy'd *abſolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.
Hear'ſt thou, Great God, ſuch daring Blaſphemy,
And let'ſt thy patient Thunder ſtill lie by?
Strike, and avenge, leſt impious *Atheiſts* ſay,
Chance guides the World and has uſurp'd thy ſway;
Leſt theſe proud proſp'rous *Villains* too confeſs,
Thou'rt ſenſleſs, as they make thy Images.
Thou juſt, and ſacred Pow'r! wilt thou admit
Such Gueſts ſhould in thy glorious preſence ſit?
If Heav'n can with ſuch company diſpence;
Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence!*
But this we only feign, all vain, and falſe,
As their own *Legends*, *Miracles*, and *Tales*;
Either the groundleſs Calumnies of Spite,
Or idle rants of Poetry, and Wit.
We wiſh they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
'I did it, and would do't again had I

'As

'As much of Blood, as many Lives as *Rome*
'Has ſpilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
'As many Souls as Sins; I'd freely ſtake
'All them, and more for *Mother-Church*'s ſake.
For that I'll ſtride o'er Crowns, ſwim through a Flood,
'Made up of ſlaughter'd Monarchs Brains, and Blood.
'For that no *Lives* of *Hereticks* I'll ſpare,
'But reap 'em down with leſs remorſe and care
'Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,
'Or we drop Beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.

Bravely reſolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd:
But (lo!) the Recompence, and great Reward,
The *Weight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.

Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cauſe,
A few *Red Letters*, and ſome *Painted Straws!*
Fools! who thus ſtruck with Hell by *Mohatra*,
And play their Souls againſt no ſtakes away.

'Tis ſtrange with what an holy Impudence
The Villain *caught*, his Innocence maintains:

Denies

Denies with Oaths the Fact, until it be
Leſs guilt to own it than the Perjury:
By th' *Maſs*, and bleſſed *Sacraments* he ſwears,
This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,
And the whole Muſter-roll in *Calendars*.
Not yet ſwallow the Falſhood? if all this
Won't gain a reſty Faith; he will on's knees
Th' *Evangeliſts*, and *Lady's Pſalter* kiſs
To vouch the Lye: nay, more, to make it good
Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.
Damn'd faithleſs *Hereticks!* hard to convince,
Who truſt no Verdict but dull obvious Senſe.
Unconſcionable *Courts!* who *Prieſts* deny
Their *Benefit o'th' Clergy*, Perjury.
Room for the *Martyr'd Saints!* behold they come!
With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom!
Not *Knights oth' Poſt*, nor often Carted *Whores*
Shew more of Impudence, or leſs Remorſe.
O glorious, and heroick Conſtancy!
That can forſwear upon the *Cart*, and die
With gaſping Souls expiring in a Lye.

None

None but tame ſheepiſh *Criminals* repent,
Who fear the idle bugbear Puniſhment:
Your gallant Sinner ſcorns that Cowardice,
The poor regret of having done amiſs:
Brave he, to his firſt Principles ſtill true,
Can face Damnation, ſin with Hell in view:
And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath,
And blow it thither with his dying Breath.

Dare ſuch as theſe, profeſs *Religion*'s Name?
Who, ſhould they own't, and be believ'd; would ſhame
It's Practice out o' th' World, would *Atheiſts* make
Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?
Is *Heav'n* for ſuch, whoſe deeds make *Hell* too good;
Too mild a *Penance* for their curſed Brood?
For whoſe unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake
Fate muſt below new ſorts of Torture make,
Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,
'Twas thought no guilt, like this, could thither come.

Baſe recreant Souls; would you have Kings truſt you,
Who never yet kept your Allegiance true

To

To any but *Hell*'s *Prince?* who with more eaſe
Can ſwallow down moſt ſolemn Perjuries,
Than a *Town-Bullie* common Oaths, and Lies?
Are the *French Harry*'s Fates ſo ſoon forgot?
Our laſt bleſt *Tudor?* or the *Pouder Plot?*
And thoſe fine Streamers, that adorn'd ſo long
The *Bridge*, and *Weſtminſter*, and yet had hung,
Were they not ſtoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?
Think *Tories* Loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters:*
Robb'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, faſting *Bears:*
Atheiſts devout, and Thrice-wrack'd *Mariners:*
Take *Goats* for Chaſt, and cloiſter'd *Marmoſites*
For plain, and open two-edg'd Paraſites:
Believe *Bawds* modeſt, and the ſhameleſs *Stews*,
And binding *Drunkards Oaths*, and *Strumpets Vows:*
And when in time theſe Contradictions meet;
Then hope to find them in a *Loyolite:*
To whom tho' gaſping, ſhould I credit give;
I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.
O for the *Sweediſh* Law enacted here!
No Scare-crow frightens like a *Prieſt-Gelder*,

Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy
Their Lives with Ranſom of their Lechery.
Or let that wholſom *Statute* be reviv'd,
Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:
Tax every *Shire* inſtead of them to bring
Each Year a certain tale of *Jeſuits* in:
And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Iſle*
To ſcare all future Vermin from the Soil.
Monſters avaunt! may ſome kind Whirlwind ſweep
Our Land, and drown theſe *Locuſts* in the deep:
Hence ye loath'd Objects of our Scorn and Hate,
With all the Curſes of an injur'd *State*:
Go, foul *Impoſtors*, to ſome duller Soil;
Some eaſier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:
Where your groſs common *Gulleries* may paſs,
To *ſlur*, and *top* on *bubbled Conſciences*:
Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquiſition* rules,
Where the vile herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide.
Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,
Follow *Chaſtel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,

Your

Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thouſands more,
And thoſe, who hence have lately rais'd the Score.
Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew
Of his *Diſciples* muſt receive their Due:
Where Flames, and Tortures of eternal Date
Muſt puniſh you, yet ne'er can expiate:
Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours, could e'er deviſe,
No Guilt, but yours, deſerve; make *Hell* confeſs
It ſelf out-done, its *Devils* damn'd for leſs.

SATYR III.

Loyola's *Will.*

LOng had the fam'd Impoſtor *found Succeſs,*
Long ſeem his damn'd Fraternity's increaſe,
In Wealth, and Power, Miſchief, Guile improv'd,
By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld, and lov'd:
Laden with Years, and Sins, and num'rous Scars,
Got ſome i'th' Field, but moſt in other Wars,
Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman *Calendar,*
He thinks it worth his holy Thoughts, and Care,
Some hidden Rules, and ſecrets to impart,
The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,
Which to his Succeſſors may uſeful be
In conduct of their future Villany.
Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band
The Orders of their Bedrid Chief attend;
Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,
And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:
With ſuch quick Duty Vaſſal Fiends below
To meet Commands of their Dread Monarchs go.

On

On Pillow rais'd, he do's their entrance greet,
And joys to ſee the wiſh'd aſſembly meet :
They in glad murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
Then a deep ſilence ſtills th' expecting Croud.
Like Delphick *Hag of old, by Fiend poſſeſt,*
He ſwells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Breaſt,
His briſtling Hairs ſtick up, his Eye-balls glow,
And from his Mouth long ſtrakes of Drivel flow :
Thrice with due Rev'rence he himſelf doth croſs,
Then thus his Helliſh Oracles diſcloſe.

Ye firm Aſſociates of my great Deſign,
Whom the ſame Vows, and Oaths, and order joyn,
The faithful Band, whom I, and *Rome* have choſe,
The laſt ſupport of our declining Cauſe ;
Whoſe Conq'ring Troops I with Succeſs have led
'Gainſt all Oppoſers of our Church, and Head ;
Who e'er to the mad *German* owe their Riſe,
Geneva's Rebels, or the hot-brain'd *Swiſs* :
Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke
And durſt throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke :
You, by whoſe happy Influence *Rome* can boaſt
A greater Empire than by *Luther* loſt :

By whom wide Natures far-fetch'd Limits now,
And utmoſt *Indies* to its Croſier bow.

Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cauſe,
Maintain our Party, and ſubdue our Foes:
Kill Hereſie, that rank, and pois'nous Weed,
Which threatens now the Church to overſpread:
Fire *Calvin*, and his Neſt of Upſtarts out,
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
Th' inceſtuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore:
Make ſtubborn *Engl.* once more ſtoop its Crown,
And Fealty to our Prieſtly Sovereign own:
Regain our Churches Rights, the *Iſland* clear
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour, ſpare
No Toil, nor Pains, no Death, nor Danger fear;
Reſtleſs your Aims purſue: let no defeat
Your ſprightly Courage, and Attempts rebate,
But urge to freſh, and bolder, ne'er to end
Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend:
Till he thro' every Nation every where
Bear ſway, and reign as abſolute as here;

Till

Till *Rome* without controul, and conteſt be
The Univerſal Ghoſtly Monarchy.
Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would give,
And let me to that happy Juncture live:
But 'tis decreed!---*at this he paus'd and wept,*
The reſt alike time with his Sorrow kept:
Then thus contimi'd he-----Since unjuſt Fate
Envies my Race of Glory longer date;
Yet, as a wounded General, e'er he dies,
To his ſad Troops, ſighs out his laſt Advice,
(Who, tho' they muſt his fatal Abſence moan,
By thoſe great Leſſons conquer, when he's gone)
So I to you my laſt Inſtructions give,
And breath out Counſel with my parting Life:
Let each to my important words give Ear,
Worth you attention, and my dying Care.
Firſt, and the chiefeſt thing by me enjoyn'd.
The Solemn'ſt Tie, that muſt your Order bind,
Let each without demur, or ſcruple pay
A ſtrict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway:
To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,
Altho a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend ſit there:

Who e'er is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,
Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd:
Think him eſtabliſh'd there by Heav'n tho he
Has Altars robb'd for Bribes the Choice to buy,
Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony:
Tho he be Atheiſt, Heathen, *Turk* or *Jew*,
Blaſphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too:
Tho Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,
What e'er old *Sodom's* Neſt of Lechers were:
Tho Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'ner, Parricide,
Magician, Monſter, all that's bad beſide:
Fouler than Infamy; the very Lees,
The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-ſhore of Vice:
Strait count him Holy, Virtuous, Good, Devout,
Chaſt, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, who not?

Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
Pow'r to Predeſtinate without his leave:
None be admitted there, but who he pleaſe,
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.
Hold thoſe amongſt the higheſt rank of Saints,
Whom e'er he to that Honour ſhall advance,

Tho'

Tho' here the Refuſe of the Jail, and Stews,
Which Hell it ſelf would ſcarce for Lumber chuſe:
But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worſe,
Whom he, when Gout, or Tiſſick Rage, ſhall curſe:
Whom he in Anger Excommunicates,
For *Friday* Meals and abrogating Sprats;
Or in juſt Indignation ſpurns to Hell
For jearing Holy Toe, and Pantoſle.

What e'er he ſays, eſteem for Holy Writ,
And Text Apocryphal, if he think fit:
Let arrant Legends, worſt of Tales and Lies,
Falſer than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,
Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*;
Is ſign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fiſhers Seal
Be thought Authentick and Canonical.
Again, if he Ordain't in his Decrees,
Let very Goſpel for meer Fable paſs:
Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,
No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
Forſwear your Reaſon, Conſcience, and your Creed,
Your very Senſe, and *Euclid*, if he bid.

Let

Let it be held leſs henious, leſs amiſs,
To break all God's Commands than one of his:
When his great Miſſions call, without delay,
Without reluctance readily Obey,
Nor let your inmoſt wiſhes dare gainſay:
Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
Or fartheſt Bounds of Southern unknown Land,
Farther than Avarice its Vaſſals drives,
Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loſs of Blood, and Lives;
Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience ſhown,
Outſtrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown;
Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep deſpair,
Nor ſcorching Heats of burning Line could ſcare:
Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make refrain
From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.
If he but nod Commiſſions out to kill,
But becken Lives of Hereticks to ſpill;
Let th' *Inquiſition* rage, freſh Cruelties
Make the dire Engines groan with tortur'd Cries:
Let *Campo Flori* ev'ry day be ſtrow'd
With the warm Aſhes of the *Luth'ran* Brood:

Repeat

Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters o'er,
And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore:
Swifter than murdering Angels, when they fly
On Errands of avenging Deſtiny.
Fiercer than Storms, let looſe, with eager haſte
Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waſte.
Sack, raviſh, burn, deſtroy, ſlay, maſſacre,
Till the ſame Grave their Lives and Names interr.
Theſe are the Rights to our great *Mufti* due,
The ſworn Allegiance of your ſacred Vow:
What elſe we in our Votaries require
What other Gift, next follows to enquire.
And firſt it will our great Advice befit,
What Souldiers to your Liſts you ought admit,
To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,
The foremoſt rank of Choice is juſtly due:
'Mongſt whom the chiefeſt place aſſign to thoſe,
Whoſe Zeal has moſtly ſignaliz'd the Cauſe,
But let not entrance be to them deny'd,
Who ever ſhall divert the averſe Side:
Omit no Promiſes of Wealth or Power,
That may inveigled Hereticks allure:

Thoſe

Thoſe whom great Learning, Parts, or Wit renowns,
Cajole with hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,
Provincialſhips, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.
This muſt a Rector, that a Provoſt be,
A third ſucceed to the next Abbacy:
Some Princes Tutors, others Confeſſors,
To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors.
Theſe are ſtrong Arguments which ſeldom fail,
Which more than all your weak Diſputes prevail.
Exclude not thoſe of leſs deſert, decree
To all Revolters your Foundation free:
To all whom Gaming, Drunkenneſs, or Luſt,
To Need, and Poverty ſhall have reduc'd:
To all, whom ſlighted Love, Ambition croſt,
Hopes often bilkt, and Sought Preferment loſt,
Whom Pride, or Diſcontent, Revenge, or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Deſpair ſhall Proſelyte:
Thoſe Pow'rful Motives, which the moſt bring in,
Moſt Converts to our Church, and Order win.
Reject not thoſe, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come:

Let

Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind,
Here quick admittance, and ſafe Refuge find:
Be they from Juſtice of their Country fled,
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treaſons dy'd:
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miſcreant refuſe,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it ſelf broke looſe.
By this you ſhall in Strength and Numbers grow,
And Shoals each day to your throng'd Cloiſters flow:
So *Rome*'s and *Mecca*'s firſt great Founders did,
By ſuch wiſe Methods made their Churches ſpread.
When ſhaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdles Power
Has dubb'd him Saint that Villain was before;
Enter'd, let it his firſt endeavour be
To ſhake off all remains of Modeſty;
Dull ſneaking Modeſty, not more unfit
For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,
Or trading Punks, than for a *Jeſuit*:
If any Novice feel at firſt a bluſh,
Let Wine, and frequent converſe with the Stews
Reform the Fop, and ſhame it out of Uſe:

Unteach

Unteach the puling Folly by degrees,
And train him to a well-bred Shamelesness.
Get that great Gift, and Talent, Impudence,
Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence:
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate:
Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An Ass a Bishop, can vilest Blockheads rear
To wear Red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair.
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.

Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
How small a Dram do's the just Compound make,
As much as is by th' Crafty *States-men* worn
For Fashion only, or to serve a turn:
To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
Think it enough the empty Form to have:
The outward Show is seemly, cheap, and light,
The Substance Cumbersom, of Cost, and Weight:
The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,
None, or but few the Thoughts within descry.

Make't

Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
To ſtalk behind, and hit your Mark more ſure:
A Cloak to cover well hid *Knavery*,
Like it, when us'd, to be with eaſe thrown by:
A ſhifting Card, by which your courſe to ſteer,
And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer;
Let no Nice, Holy Conſcientious Aſs
Amongſt you better Company find place,
Me, and your whole Foundation to diſgrace:
Let Truth be baniſht, ragged Vertue fly,
And poor unprofitable Honeſty;
Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;
To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:
Theſe lie remote, and wide from Intereſt,
Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *Eaſt* from *Weſt*,
Far as they e'er were diſtant from the breaſt.

Think not your ſelves t'Auſterities confin'd,
Or thoſe ſtrict Rules, which other Orders bind,
To *Capuchins*, *Carthuſians*, *Cordeliers*,
Leave Penance, meager Abſtinence, and Prayers:
In louſie Rags, let *Begging Fryars* lye,
Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie:

Let

Let them with Sackcloth diſcipline their Skins,
And ſcourge them for their Madneſs and their Sins:
Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's ſtarve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature ſwerve:
Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
And place't in naſtineſs, and want of Meat:
Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Eaſe*,
As if whole Nature were your *Catereſs*.
Soft be your Beds, as thoſe which Monarchs *Whores*
Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors*:
Your *Wardrobes* ſtor'd with choice of Suits more dear
Than *Cardinals* on high Proceſſions wear:
With Dainties load your Boards, whoſe evr'y *Diſh*
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vittellius Wiſh*.
Each fit a longing *Queen*: let richeſt *Wines*
With *Mirth* your Heads inflame, with *Luſt* your Veins:
Such as the Friends of dying *Popes* would give
For *Cordials to prolong* their *gaſping Life*:
Ne'er let the *Nazarene*, whoſe Badge and Name
You wear, upbraid you with a Conſcious Shame:

Leave

Leave him his ſlighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,
To ſtuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*;
Diſdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,
Should Laws and Government to you preſcribe:
Let none of thoſe good Fools your *Patterns make*;
Inſtead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.
Renown'd *Iſcariot* fit alone to be
Th' Example of our great Society:
Whoſe darling Guilt deſpis'd the common *Road*,
And ſcorn'd to ſtoop at Sin beneath a God.
And now 'tis time I ſhould *Inſtructions* give.
What *Wiles* and *Cheats* the Rabble beſt deceive:
Each *Age* and *Sex*, their diff'rent *Paſſions* wear,
To ſuit with which requires a prudent Care:
Youth is *Capricious*, *Headſtrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
Given to *Lawleſs Pleaſure*, Age to gain:
Old *Wives*, in *Superſtition over-grown*,
With *Chimny-Tales*, and *Stories* beſt are won:
'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to deſcry;
What ſeveral Baits to each you ought apply.
The Credulous and eaſie of Belief,
With *Miracles*, and well fram'd Lies deceive.

Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud:* drain
Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran*:
Sooner ſhall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,
Than you a *Stock* of Lies, and Legends need.
Tell how bleſt *Virgin* to come down was ſeen,
Like *Play-houſe Punk* deſcending in *Machine*:
How ſhe writ *Billet Doux*, and *Love Diſcourſe*,
Made *Aſſignations*, *Viſits*, and *Amours*:
How *Hoſts* diſtreſt, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
Which vanquiſh'd *Foes*, and murder'd at Twelve (*Score*.
Relate how *Fiſh* in *Conventicles met*,
And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctrine* caught:
How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:
How conſecrated Hives with Bells was hung,
And Bees kept Maſs, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
How *Pigs* to th' *Ros'ry* kneel'd, and ſheep were (taught
To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat*:
How *Fly-Flap* of Church Cenſure Houſes rid
Of Inſects, which at Curſe of *Fryer* dy'd:
How travelling Saints, well mounted on a Switch,
Ride *Journeys* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch*:

And

And ferrying Cowls *Religious Pilgrims* bore,
O'er Waves, without the help of Sail, or Oar,
Nor let *Xavier*'s great *Wonders* paſs conceal'd,
How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd;
How *zealous Crab* the Sacred Image bore,
And ſwam a *Cath'lick* to the diſtant *Shore*:
With Shams, like theſe the giddy *Rout* miſlead,
Their *Folly*, and their *Superſtition* feed.

'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of Old
(And much it did our Churches *Pow'r* uphold)
To feign *Hobgoblings*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,
And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights:
White Sheets for *Ghoſts*, and *Will-a-wiſps* have paſt
For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleaſt,
And Crabs in Church-yard crawl'd in *Maſquerade*,
To cheat the Pariſh, and have *Maſſes* ſaid.
By this our *Anceſtors* in happier Days,
Did ſtore of Credit, and Advantage raiſe:
But now the Trade is fal'n, decay'd, and dead,
E'er ſince *Contagious Knowledge* has o'er-ſpread:
With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
Of *Hecla*, *Patrick's Hole*, and *Mongibel*;

Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy* unleſs
In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.
Henceforth be wary how ſuch things you feign,
Except it be beyond the *Cape* or *Line*:
Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Peru*,
At the *Molucco's Goa* or *Pegu*,
Or any diſtant, and *Remoter Place*,
Where they may currant, and unqueſtion'd paſs:
Where never *pacbing Hereticks reſort*,
To ſpring the Lye, and mak't their *Game* and *Sport*.
But I forget (what ſhould be *mention'd* moſt)
Confeſſion, our chief Priviledge, and *Boaſt*:
That Staple Ware, which ne'er returns in vain,
Ne'er balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.
'Tis this, that ſpies through Court-intrigues, and (brings
Admiſſion to the Cabinets of Kings:
By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
And make our *Foot-ſtools* of their *Thrones* and *Necks*:
Give 'em *Command*, and if they *diſobey*,
Betray them to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:
Hound the Officious Curs on Hereticks,
The Vermin, which the Church infeſt, and vex:

And

And when our turn is ſerv'd, and Buſineſs done,
Diſpatch 'em for reward, as uſeleſs grown:
Nor are theſe half the Benefits, and Gains,
Which by wiſe Manag'ry accrue from thence:
By this, w'unlock the Miſer's hoarded Cheſts,
And Treaſure, though kept cloſe, as States-mens Breaſts:
This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,
Let us their Joyntures, and themſelves enjoy:
To us the Merchant does his Cuſtoms bring,
And pays our Duty, tho' he cheats his King:
To us Court-Miniſters refund, made great
By Robbery, and Bankrupt of the State:
Ours is the Souldiers Plunder, Padders Prize,
Gabels on Lech'ry, and the Stews Exciſe:
By this our Colleges in Riches ſhine,
And vie with *Becket*'s and *Loretto*'s Shrine.
And here I muſt not grudge a word or Two
(My younger Vot'ries) of Advice to you.
To you, whom Beauties Charms, and gen'rous Fire,
Of boiling Youth to ſports of Love inſpire:

This is your Harveſt, here ſecure, and cheap
You may the Fruits of unbought pleaſure reap:
Riot in free, and uncontroll'd delight,
Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite:
Taſte every diſh of Luſt's variety,
Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
With Bribes, and Biſhopricks, and Simony.
But this I ever to your Care commend,
Be wary how you openly offend:
Let ſcoffing lewd Buffoons deſcry our Shame,
And fix diſgrace on the great Order's Fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
To eaſe the Burthens of her Sins, and Cares;
When youth in each, and privacy conſpire
To kindle wiſhes, and befriend deſire;
If ſhe has practis'd in the Trade before:
(Few elſe of Proſelytes to us brought o'er)
Little of Force, or Artifice will need,
To make you in the Victory ſucceed:
But if ſome untaught Innocence ſhe be,
Rude, and unknowing in the myſtery;
She'll coſt more Labour to be made comply,

Make

Make her by Pumping underſtand the ſport,
And undermine with ſecret Trains the Fort,
Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy Dreſs,
Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;
Find opportunity her Breaſts to preſs:
Oft feel her hand, and whiſper in her ear,
You'l find the ſecret marks of Lewdneſs there:
Sometimes with naughty Sence her bluſhes raiſe,
And make 'em guilt, ſhe never knew, confeſs;
'Thus (may you ſay) with ſuch a leering ſmile,
'So languiſhing a look you hearts beguile:
'Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens ſpeak,
'Theſe Signs deny, theſe Aſſignations make:
'Thus 'tis you clip, with ſuch a fierce embrace
'You claſp your Lover to your Breaſt and Face:
'Thus are your hungry Lips with Kiſſes cloy'd,
'Thus is your hand, and thus your tongue employ'd.
Ply her with talk like this: and, if ſh' encline,
To help Devotion, give her *Aretine*
Inſtead o'th' Roſary: never deſpair,
She that to ſuch Diſcourſe will lend an Ear,
Tho chaſter than cold cloyſter'd Nuns ſhe were,

Will ſoon prove ſoft, and pliant to your uſe,
As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let looſe.
Credit Experience; I have tri'd them all,
And never found th' unerring Methods fail:
Not *Ovid*, tho 'twere his chief Maſtery,
Had greater Skill in theſe *Intrigues*, than I:
Nor *Nero's* Learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe
What choice Records of Luſt are extant now.
This heretofore, when youth, and ſprightly *Blood*
Ran in my Veins, I taſted, and enjoy'd:
Ah thoſe bleſt days!—(*here the old Lecher ſmil'd,*
With ſweet remembrance of paſt Pleaſures fill'd)
But they are gone! Wiſhes alone remain,
And Dreams of Joy, ne'er to be felt again:
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this Counſel, and Advice I give.
But the dear mention of my grayer days
Has made me farther than I would, digreſs:
'Tis time we ſhould now in due place expound,
How Guilt is after ſhrift to be atton'd:
Enjoyn no *ſou'r Repentance, Tear, and Grief*;
Eyes weep no Caſh, and you no Profit give:

Sins,

Sins, tho' of the firſt rate, muſt puniſh'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actors Quality:
The Poor, whoſe Purſe cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping ſerve, bare feet, and ſhirts of hair:
The richer Fools to *Compoſtella* ſend,
To *Rome Monſerrat*, or the *Holy Land*:
Let Pardons, and the Indulgence Office-drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Popes* with gain.
Make 'em build Churches, Monaſteries found,
And dear bought Maſſes for their Crimes compound.
Let Law, and Goſpel, rigid Precepts ſet,
And make the Paths to bliſs rugged, and ſtrait:
Teach you a ſmooth, an eaſier way to gain
Heav'ns Joys, yet ſweet, and uſeful ſin retain:
With every Frailty, every Luſt comply,
T' advance your Spiritual Realm, and Monarchy:
Pull up weak Vertues fence, give ſcope and ſpace,
And *Purlieus* to *out-lying Conſciences*:
Shew that the Needles eye may ſtretch, and how,
The largeſt *Camel-vices* may go thro'.
Teach how the *Prieſt Pluralities* may buy,
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony,
While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be:

Let

Let Whores adorn his exemplary Life,
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheist*, who maintains
No Law, but Senſe, and *owns no God*, but *Chance:*
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boiſterous Ruffian* tell
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour, kill:
Bid *Strumpets* perſevere, abſolve 'em too,
And take their dues *in kind* for what you do:
Exhort the painful, and induſtrious *Bawd*
To *Diligence* and *Labour* in her *Trade*:
Nor think her innocent Vocation ill,
Whoſe Incomes do's the ſacred Treaſure fill:
Let Griping Uſurers Extortion uſe,
No *Rapine*, *Falſhood*, *Perjury* refuſe,
Stick at no Crime, *which covetous Popes would ſcarce*
Act to enrich themſelves, and *Baſtard-Heirs:*
A ſmall Bequeſt to th' *Church* can all *attone*,
Wipes off all Scores, and *Heav'n*, and *all's their own.*
Be theſe your *Doctrines*, theſe the *Truths you preach*,
But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach,
Your Cheats, and *Artifices* to *impeach.*

Leſt

Leſt thence Lay Fools *pernicious Knowledge get*,
Throw off Obedience, and your Laws forget:
Make 'em believ't a ſpell, more dreadful far,
Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar*.
Happy the time, when th' unpretending Crowd
No more, than I, its Language underſtood!
When the worm-eaten Book, link't to a Chain,
In duſt lay moulding in the *Vatican*;
Deſpis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:
Then in full pow'r our *Sovereign Prelate ſway'd*
By Kings and all the *Rabble-World* Obey'd:
Here humble Monarch at his feet kneel'd down,
And begg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown:
There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
Poor Scepter'd Slaves ran *Henchboys* by his ſide:
None, tho' in thought, his grandeur durſt Blaſpheme,
Nor in their very ſleep a *Treaſon* dream.

But ſince the broaching that miſchievous Piece,
Each *Alderman*, a *Father Lumbard* is:
And every Cit dares impudently know
More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave too*.

Hence

Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the Crew
Of former crawling Sects that Poiſon drew:
Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:
Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard Paul*;
That arrant *Wickliffiſt*, from whom our foes
Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cauſe;
Would he in his firſt years had Martyr'd been,
Never *Damaſcus*, nor the Viſion ſeen;
Then he our Party was, ſtout, vigorous,
And fierce in chaſe of Hereticks, like us:
Till he at length, by th'Enemies ſeduc'd,
Forſook us, and the hoſtile ſide eſpous'd.

Had not the mighty *Julian* miſt his aims,
Theſe holy Shreds had all conſum'd in flames:
But ſince th' immortal Lumber ſtill endures,
In ſpight of all his Induſtry, and ours;
Take care at leaſt, it may not come abroad,
To taint with catching Hereſie the Crowd:

Let

Let them be ſtill kept low in ſence, they'll pay,
The more reſpect, more readily obey.
Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts diſ-
A bounteous, and abundant Ignorance, (penſe
That they may never ſwerve nor turn away
From Sound, and Orthodox Stupidity.

But theſe are obvious things, eaſie to know,
Common to every *Monk*, as well as you:
Greater Affairs, and more important Wait
To be diſcuſs'd and call for our debate:
Matters that depth require, and well befit
Th' Addreſs, and Conduct of a *Jeſuit*.
How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what ſhakes a (Throne,
How the firſt Seeds of Diſcontent are ſown
To ſpring up in Rebellion; how are ſet
The ſecret ſnares, that circumvent a State:
How bubbl'd Monarchs are at firſt beguil'd,
Trepann'd, and gull'd, at laſt depos'd, and kill'd.

When ſome proud Prince, a Rebel to our
For disbelieving Holy Churches Creed, (Head,
And *Peter-Pence*, is Heretick decreed;
And by a ſolemn and unqueſtion'd Pow'r
To Death and Hell, and You, deliver'd o'er:

Chooſe

Chooſe firſt ſome dext'rous Rogue, well tri'd and known
(Such by Confeſſion your Familiars grown)
Let him by Art and Nature fitted be
For any great, and gallant Villany,
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
Which deepeſt Caſuiſts in their ſearches miſs,
Watchful as Jealouſie, wary as fear,
Fiercer than Luſt, and bolder than Deſpair,
But cloſe, as plotting Fiends in Council are.
To him, in firmeſt Oaths of Silence bound,
The worth, and merit of the Deed propound:
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o'er,
Indies of Gold, and Bleſſings, endleſs ſtore:
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom:
And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn
On Factors there, and at firſt ſight paid down.
With Arts, and Promiſes, like theſe, allure,
And make him to your great deſign ſecure.
And here to know the ſundry ways to kill,
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel*:

Cull

Cull *Northern* Brains, in theſe deep Arts unbred,
Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'th' Head,
No ſlight of Murder of the ſubtil'ſt ſhape,
Your buſie ſearch, and obſervation ſcape:
Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,
And Juggling ſteals away a Life unſeen:
How gawdy Fate may be in Preſents ſent,
And creep inſenſibly by Touch, or Scent:
How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may
An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey;
Above the reach of Antidotes, above the Pow'r
Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.
What e'er is known to quaint *Italian* ſpite,
In ſtudied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquiſite:
What e'er great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boaſt,
Which the Expence of half the Conclave coſt.
Thus may the buſineſs be in ſecret done,
Nor Authors, nor the Acceſſaries known,
And the ſlurr'd guilt with eaſe on others thrown.
But if ill Fortune ſhould your Plot betray,
And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey;
Let none his Crime by weak confeſſion own,
Nor ſhame the Church, while he'd himſelf attone.

Let

Let varniſh'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocriſies,
Pretended Holineſs, and uſeful Lies,
Your well diſſembled Villany diſguiſe.
A Thouſand wily Turns, and Doubles try,
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:
Cog, ſham, out-face, deny, equivocate,
Into a Thouſand Shapes your ſelves tranſlate:
Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught:
Forſwear upon the Rack, and if you fall,
Let this great comfort make amends for all,
Thoſe, whom they damn for Rogues, next age ſhall (ſee
Made Advocates i'th' Churches Litany.
Who ever with bold Tongue or Pen ſhall dare
Againſt your Arts, and Practices declare;
What Fool ſhall e'er preſumptuouſly oppoſe,
Your holy Cheats, and godly Frauds diſcloſe;
Pronounce him Heretick, Fire-brand of Hell,
Turk, *Jew*, Fiend, Miſcreant, Pagan, Infidel;
A Thouſand blacker Names, worſe Calumnies,
All, Wit can think, and pregnant Spite deviſe:
Strike home, gaſh deep, no Lies nor Slanders ſpare;
A wound, tho cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Thoſe

Thoſe, whom your Wit, and Reaſon can't decry,
Make ſcandalous with Loads of Infamy:
Make *Luther* Monſter, by a Fiend begot,
Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven-Foot:
Make Whoredom, Inceſt, worſt of Vice, and Shame,
Pollute, and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
Tell how ſtrange Storms uſher'd his fatal end,
And Hells black Troops did for his Soul contend.
Much more I had to ſay; but now grow faint,
And Strength, and Spirits for the Subject want:
Be theſe great Myſteries, I here unfold,
Amongſt your Order's Inſtitutes enroll'd:
Preſerve them ſacred, cloſe and unreveal'd;
As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil*'s Books conceal'd.
Let no bold Heretick with ſawcy eye
Into the hidden unſeen Archives pry;
Leſt the malicious flouting Raſcals turn
Our Church to Laughter, Raillery and Scorn.
Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,
From your firm Breaſts th' important Secrets tear.

If any treach'rous Brother of your own
Shall to th' World divulge, and make them known
Let him by worſt of Deaths his Guilt attone.
Should but his Thoughts or Dreams ſuſpected be,
Let him for ſafety, and prevention die,
And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secreſie.

But one thing more, and then with Joy I go,
Nor as a longer ſtay of Fate below:
Give me again once more your plighting Faith,
And let each ſeal it with his dying Breath:
As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore
The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and ſwore
Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:
Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the ſame)
An endleſs hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name:
Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,
Or Truce, or Commerce with the curſed Race:
Now, through all Age, when Time or Place ſoe'er
Shall give you Pow'r, wage an immortal War:
Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your ſelves ſurvive,
And in your very Duſt, and Aſhes live,

Like

Like mine, be your laſt Gaſp their Curſe.--*At this*
They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiſs;
Vowing to ſend each Year an Hecatomb
Of Huguenots, *an Offring to his Tomb.*
In vain he would continue;---Abrupt Death
A Period puts, and ſtops his impious Breath:
In broken Accents he is ſcarce allow'd
To faulter out his Bleſſing on the Crowd.
Amen *is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,*
And ſcrambling Spirits ſeize his parting Soul.

SATYR. IV

S. Ignatius *his Image brought in, diſcovering the Rogueries of the* Jeſuits, *and ridiculous Superſtition of the Church of* Rome.

ONce I was common Wood, a ſhapeleſs Log,
Thrown out a Piſſing-poſt for ev'ry Dog:
The Workman yet in doubt what courſe to take,
Whether I'd beſt a Saint, or Hog-trough make,
After debate, reſolv'd me for a Saint,
And thus fam'd *Loyola* I repreſent:
And well I may reſemble him, for he
As ſtupid was, as much a Block as I.
My Right Leg maim'd, at halt I ſeem to ſtand,
To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* ſuſtein'd.
My Sword, and Souldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monſerrats* Church be ſeen:
Thoſe there to *Bleſſed Virgin* I laid down
For Caſſock, Surſingle, and ſhaven Crown,
The ſpiritual Garb, in which I now am ſhown.

With

With due Accoutrements, and fit diſguiſe
I might for Centinel of Corn ſuffice:
As once the well-hung *God* of old ſtood guard,
And the invading Crows from Forage ſcar'd.
Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,
And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:
And perſecuted Rats oft find in me
A Refuge, and Religious Sanctuary.
But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e'er
The *Inquiſition*, and its vengeance fear,
I charge, ſtand off, at peril come not near:
None at Twelve Score untruſs, break Wind, or Piſs;
He enters *Fox* his Liſts that dare tranſgreſs:
For I'm by Holy Church in Rev'rence had,
And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my aid.
Theſe Pictures, which you ſee, my Story give,
The Acts, and Monuments of me alive:
That Frame, wherein with Pilgrim weeds I ſtand,
Contains My Travels to the *Holy Land*.
This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,
When I for grant of my great Order come.

There with Devotion wrapt, I hang in Air,
With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whiſp'ring in my ear,
Here *Virgin* in Galeſh of Clouds deſcends,
To be my ſafeguard from aſſaulting Fiends.
Thoſe Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
My great Atchievements ſince my death proclaim:
Pox, Ague, Dropſie, Palſie, Stone, and Gout,
Legions of Maladies by me caſt out,
More than the *College* know, or ever fill
Quacks Wiping-paper, and the Weekly Bill.
What *Peter's* ſhadow did of old, the ſame
Is fancied done by my all-powerfull Name;
For which ſome wear't about their Necks, and Arms,
To guard from Dangers, Sickneſſes, and Harms;
And ſome on Wombs the Barren to relieve,
A Miracle I better did alive.
Oft I by crafty *Jeſuit* am taught
Wonders to do, and many a Juggling Feat,
Sometimes with Chafing-diſh behind me put,
I ſweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-Houſe ſhut,
And drip like any Spitch-cock'd *Huguenot*:

Some-

Sometimes by ſecret Springs I learn to ſtir,
As Paſte-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire:
Then I *Tradeſcan*'s Rarities out-do,
Sands Water-works, and *German* Clock-work too,
Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew*.
Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Prieſt
Inſtead of a Familiar poſſeſt.
The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cauſe amazement in the gaping Rout.
Such Holy Cheats, ſuch *Hocus* Tricks as theſe,
For Miracles amongſt the Rabble paſs.
By this in their eſteem I daily grow,
In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.
This draws each Year vaſt Numbers to my Tomb,
More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.
This brings each Week new Preſents to my Shrine,
And makes it thoſe of *India* Gods out-ſhine.
This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Croſs,
Another maſſie Candleſticks beſtows.
Some Altar-cloaths of coſtly work and price,
Pluſh, Tiſſue, Ermin, Silks of nobleſt Dies,
The *Birth*, and *Paſſion* in Embroideries;

Some Jewels, rich as thoſe, th' *Ægyptian* Punk
In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk,
Some offer gorgeous Robes, which ſerve to wear
When I on Holy Days in ſtate appear;
When I'm in pomp on high Proceſſions ſhown,
Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.
Lucullus could not ſuch a Wardrobe boaſt,
Leſs thoſe of Popes at their Election coſt;
Leſs thoſe, which *Sicily*'s Tyrant heretofore
From plunder'd Gods, and *Jove*'s own Shoulders tore.
Hither, as to ſome Fair, the Rabble come,
To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;
Where Prieſts, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,
T'expoſe the Fripp'ry of their hallow'd Ware:
This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
The Shop where all their ſtaple Drugs are made;
Preſcriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,
All from the Church Diſpenſatories ta'en.
The Pope's Elixir, Holy Waters here,
Which they with Chymick Art diſtill'd prepare:
Choice above *Goddard*'s Drops, and all the Traſh
Of modern Quacks; this is that ſoveraign Waſh

For

For fetching Spots, and Morphew from the Face,
And ſcowring dirty Cloaths and Conſciences.
One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara:*
This would have ſilenc'd quite the *Wiltſhire Drum*,
And made the prating Fiend of *Maſcon* dumb.
That Veſſel conſecrated Oyl contains,
Kept Sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoulle* of *France*;
Which ſome profaner *Hereticks* would uſe
For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and Shoos,
This makes the Chriſm, which mix'd with Snot of Prieſts,
Anoint young Cath'licks for the Churches liſts:
And when they're croſt, confeſt, and die; by this
Their lanching Souls ſlide off to endleſs Bliſs:
As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomſticks fly,
By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.
Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
And ſafe Repoſitory of their God.
A Croſs is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,
And Flies which would the Deity beſhite;
And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,
And to lew'd Scoffers cauſe of Scandal give.

Here

Here are perfom'd the Conjurings and Spells,
For Chriſtning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers Bells;
For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and Bawms,
Shrines, Croſſes, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:
Of wondrous Virtue all (you muſt believe)
And from all ſorts of Ill preſervative;
From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all.
Here Beads are bleſt, and *Pater-noſters* fram'd,
(By ſome the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)
Which of their Pray'rs and Oraiſons keep tale,
Leſt they, and Heav'n ſhould in the reck'ning fail.
Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
Are by Prieſts Breath perfum'd and Sanctifi'd;
Made ſome of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow ſome,
A Gift, which *Iriſh Emma* ſent to *Rome*:
For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongſt her Country-Saints inroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reſerv'd in ſtore,
And Flags, ſuch as the fam'd *Armado* bore:

And

And hallow'd Swords and Daggers kept for uſe,
When reſty Kings the Papal Yoke refuſe;
And conſecrated Rats-bane to be laid
For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.
But that which brings in moſt of Wealth and Gain,
Does beſt the Prieſts ſwoln Tripes, and Purſes ſtrain;
Here they each week their conſtant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candles Inch are ſold:
Saints by the dozen here are ſet to ſale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.
Hither are Loads from empty Channels brought,
And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought;
Which ſerve for Retail through the World to vent,
Such as of late were to the *Savoy* ſent:
Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets ſhorn,
And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;
Like thoſe, which ſome old Hag at midnight ſteals,
For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
Are paſt for Sacred to the cheapning Rout;
And worn on Fingers, Breaſts, and Ears about.

This

This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
Of good S. *George*, St. *Patrick*, or St. *Kit*.
These Locks S. *Bridget*'s were, and those S. *Clare*'s;
Some for S. *Catharine*'s go, and some for *her*'s
That wip'd her *Saviour*'s feet, wash'd with her Tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here
Those which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.
Here may you the grand Traitor's Halter see,
Some call't the Arms of the Society:
Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his, not,
That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.
Here *Garnet*'s Straws, and *Becket*'s Bones, and Hair,
For mur'dring whom, some Tails are said to wear;
As Learned *Capgrave* does record their Fate,
And faithful *British* Histories relate.
Those are S. *Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
Strangely preserv'd, and kept alive till now:
That's the fam'd *Wildefortis* wondrous Beard,
For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant spar'd,
Yon is the *Baptist's* Coat, and one of's Heads,
The rest are shewn in many a place besides;

And

And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
As on their Belts Six Operators wear.
Here Bleſſed *Mary*'s Milk, not yet turn'd ſour,
Renown'd (like Aſſes) for its healing Pow'r,
Ten *Holland* Kine ſcarce in a Year give more:
Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poictiers*:
Beſides her *Husbands* Utenſils of Trade,
Wherewith ſome prove, that Images were made.
Here is the Soldier's Spear, and Paſſion-Nails,
Whoſe quantity would ſerve for building *Pauls*:
Chips, ſome from Holy Croſs, from *Tyburn* ſome
Honour'd by many a *Jeſuit*'s Martyrdom:
All held of ſpecial, and mirac'lous Pow'r,
Not *Tabor* more approv'd for Agues Cure:
Here Shoos, which, once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,
Angl'd their Charity, that paſs'd along,
Now for S. *Peter*'s go, and th' Office bear
For Prieſts, they did for leſſer Villains there.

Theſe are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,
Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:
Theſe ſerve for Baits the ſimple to enſnare,
Like Children ſprited with Toys at Fair.

Nor

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,
By which the Vulgar they delude and cheat:
Which ſhould I undertake much eaſier I,
Much ſooner might compute what Sins there be
Wip'd off, and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*.
What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,
Or Vices treated on by *Eſcobar*:
How many Whores in *Rome* profeſs the Trade,
Or greater numbers by Confeſſion made.
One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
The Bounds, Dimenſions, and Extent of Hell;
How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch reigns,
How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains:
Who are his Miniſters pretends to know,
And all their ſeveral Offices below:
How many Chaudrons he each year expends
In Coals for roaſting *Hugenots*, and Fiends:
And with as much exactneſs ſtates the Caſe,
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the Place.
Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,
Of wild *Chimæra's Limbo's Purgatories*,

And

And bloated Souls in ſmoaky durance hung,
Like a *Weſtphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,
To be redeem'd with Maſſes, and a Song.
A good round Sum muſt the Deliv'rance buy,
For none may there ſwear out on poverty.
Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
No *Fleet*, or *Kings-bench* Ghoſts are thence releas'd.
A third, the wicked, and debauch'd to pleaſe,
Cries up the Vertue of Indulgences,
And all the Rates of Vices does aſſeſs;
What Price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
And Cuſtoms for each Sin imported there:
How you at beſt advantages may buy
Patents for Sacrilege, and Simony.
What Tax is in the Lech'ry Office laid
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the Trade:
What coſts a Rape, or Inceſt, and how cheap
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep;
How eaſie Murder may afforded be
For One, Two, Three, or a whole Family;
But not of *Her'ticks*; there no Pardon lacks,
'Tis one o'th' Churches meritorious Acts.

For

For Venial Trifles, leſs and ſlighter Faults,
They ne'er deſerve the Trouble of your Thoughts.
Ten *Ave Maries* mumbled to the Croſs,
Clear Scores of twice ten thouſand ſuch as thoſe:
Some are at ſound of Chriſten'd Bell forgiven,
And ſome by ſquirt of Holy Water driven:
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As Men cure Bites of the *Tarantula.*

But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance
The Value of theſe holy *Charlatans,*
Than when the Wonders of the Maſs they view,
Where ſpiritual Jugglers their chief Maſt'ry ſhew:
Hey Jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you ſee;
Preſto be gone! 'tis now a Deity. (Prieſt,
Two Grains of Dough, with Croſs, and ſtamp of
And five ſmall words pronounc'd, make up their
Chriſt.

To this they all fall down, this all adore,
And ſtrait devour, what they ador'd before;
Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
To be digeſted, and at length beſhit:
From Altar to Cloſe-Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,
Firſt Wafer, than a God, and then a----- 'Tis

'Tis this, that does th' aſtoniſh'd Rout amuſe,
And Reverence to ſhaven Crown infuſe:
To ſee a ſilly, ſinful, mortal Wight
His Maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at th' impoſſibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Myſtery!
None dares the mighty God-maker blaſpheme,
Nor his moſt open Crimes, and Vices blame:
Saw he thoſe hands that held his God before,
Strait grope himſelf, and by and by a Whore;
Should they his aged Father kill, or worſe,
His Siſters, Daughters, Wife, himſelf to force.
And here I might (if I but durſt) reveal
What pranks are plaid in the Confeſſional:
How haunted Virgins have been diſpoſſeſt,
And Devils were caſt out to let in Prieſt:
What Fathers act with Novices alone,
And what to Punks in ſhrieving Seats is done;
Who thither flock to Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
To clear old Debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
Oft have I ſeen theſe hallow'd Altars ſtain'd
With Rapes, thoſe Pews with Buggeries profan'd:

Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Bawd,
Of note, and long experience in the Trade,
Has more, and fouler Scenes of Luſt ſurvey'd.
But I theſe dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
For fear I ſhould the Inquiſition feel.
Should I tell all their countleſs Knaveries,
Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies,
Their Cringings, Croſſings, Cenſings, Sprinklings, Chriſms,
Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorciſms;
Their Motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, & Cowls,
Should I tell all their ſeveral Services,
Their Trentals, Maſſes, Dirges, Roſaries;
Their ſolemn Pomps, their Pageants, and Parades,
Their holy Masks, and ſpiritual Cavalcades,
With Thouſand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;
'Twould ſwell the ſum to ſuch a mighty Score,
That I at length ſhould more volum'nous grow,
Than *Crab*, or *Surius*, lying *Fox* or *Stow*.
Believe what e'er I have related here,
As true, as if 'twere ſpoke from *Porph'ry* Chair.

If

If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,
Let worſt of Fates attend me, let me be
Piſt on by Porter, Groom, and Oyſter-whore,
Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-ſhore:
Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder Plot*,
The ſport of every ſneering *Huguenot*.
There like a Martyr'd Pope in flames expire,
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.——Juven. Sat.

O D E.

I.

NOW Curses on you all! ye vertuous Fools
Who think to fetter free-born souls,
And tie e'm to dull Morality and Rules.
The Sagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of learned Ideots, who his steps pursue;
And those more silly Proselytes, whom his fond
Precepts drew.
Oh had his Ethicks been with their wild Author (drown'd,
Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found.
Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire:
They ne'er had then seduce'd Mortality,
Ne'er lasted to debauch the World with their lewd
Pedantry,
But damn'd and more (if Hell can do't) be that
thrice curs'd Name,
Who e'er the Rudiments of Law design'd, Who

Who e'er did the firſt Model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vaſſalage enthrall'd Mankind,
By nought before, but their own Pow'r or Will confin'd:
Now quite abridg'd of all their Prim'tive Liberty,
And ſlaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Senſe obſerve,
And ne'er from their firſt Charter ſwerve,
Happy! whoſe lives are meerly to enjoy, annoy.
And feel no ſtings of Sin, which may their bliſs
Still unconcern'd as Epithets of Ill, or Good,
Diſtinctions unadulterate Nature never underſtood.

II.

Hence hated Vertue from our goodly Iſle,
No more our Joys beguile;
No more with thy loath'd preſence plague our happy ſtate, or great.
Thou enemy, to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave,
Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,
To ſome unfruitful, unfrequented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:

There where illib'ral Nature's niggardiſe
Has ſet a Tax on Vice.
Where the lean barren Region does enhance
The worth of dear intemperance,
And for each pleaſurable ſin exacts exciſe.
We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can offend,
And want no tempting Luxuries,
No good convenient ſinning opportunities,
Which Nature's Bounty could beſtow, or Heaven's kindneſs lend.
Go follow that nice Goddeſs to the Skies,
Who heretofore diſguſted at increaſing Vice,
Diſlik'd the World, and thought it too profance,
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne'er return'd again;
Hence to thoſe Airy Manſions rove,
Converſe with Saints, and holy Folks above;
Thoſe may thy preſence woo,
Whoſe lazy eaſe affords them nothing elſe to do:

Where haughty ſcornful I,
And my great Friends will ne'er vouchſafe thee
company.
Thou'rt now an hard, impracticable good,
Too difficult for fleſh and blood:
Were I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to
practiſe thee.

III.

Vertue! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the Men of Wit and Senſe.
Thou damn'd Fatigue! that clog'ſt lifes journey here,
Though thou no weight of wealth or profit
bear;
Thou puling fond Green-ſickneſs of the mind:
Thou mak'ſt us prove to our own ſelves unkind,
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for diet chooſe,
And, Pleaſure's better food refuſe.
Curſt Jilt! thou lead'ſt deluded Mortals on,
Till they too late perceive themſelves un-
done,
Chous'd by a Dowry in Reverſion.

The greateſt Votary, thou e'er couldſt boaſt,
(Pity ſo brave a Soul was on thy Service loſt;
What Wonders he in wickedneſs had done,
Whom thy weak Pow'r could ſo inſpire alone?)
Tho long with fond Amours he courted thee,
Yet dying did recant his vain Idolatry:
At length, though late, he did repent with ſhame,
Forc'd to confeſs thee nothing, but an empty Name.
So was that Lecher gull'd, whoſe haughty love
Deſign'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods above:
When he a Goddeſs thought he had in chace
He found a gaudy Vapour in the place,
And with thin Air, beguil'd his ſtarv'd embrace.
Idly he ſpent his vigour, ſpent his blood,
And tir'd himſelf t' oblige an unperforming Cloud.

IV.

IV.

If Human Kind to thee e'er Worſhip paid;
They were by Ignorance miſled,
That only them devout, and thee a Goddeſs made.
Known haply in the Worlds rude untaught infancy,
Before it had out-grown its childiſh innocence,
Before it had arriv'd at ſenſe,
Or reach'd the Man-hood, and diſcretion of Debauchery;
Known in theſe antient goodly duller times,
When crafty Pagans had engroſs'd all crimes:
When Chriſtian Fools were obſtinately good,
Nor yet their Goſpel-freedom underſtood.
Tame eaſie Fops! who could ſo prodigally bleed,
To be thought Saints, and dye a Calendar with red:
No prudent Heathen e'er ſeduc'd could be,
To ſuffer Martyrdom for thee:
Only that arrant Aſs whom the falſe Oracle (Wiſe.
(No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies)
call'd
That ſniveling Puritan, who ſpite of all the mode
Would be unfaſhionably good,
And exercis'd his whining Gifts to rail at Vice:

Him

Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,
And juſtly with Lampoons defam'd:
But when the mad Fanatick could not ſilenc'd be
From broaching dang'rous Divinity;
The wiſe Republick made him for prevention die,
And ſent him to the Gods, and better company.

V.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wiſe,
And Vertue's poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, or now are paſt the ſweets of Vice;
While we whoſe active pulſes beat
With luſty youth, and vigorous heat,
Can all their Beards, and Morals too deſpiſe.
While my plump Veins are fill'd with Luſt and Blood,
Let not One Thought of her intrude,
Or dare approach my Breaſt,
But know 'tis all poſſeſt
By a more welcome gueſt;
And know, I have not yet the leiſure to be good.
If ever unkind deſtiny
Shall force long life on me;

If e'er I muſt the Curſe of Dotage bear,
Perhaps I'll dedicate thoſe dregs of Time to her,
And come with Crutches her moſt humble Votary,
When ſprightly Vice retreats from hence,
And quits the ruins of decay'd ſenſe;
She'll ſerve to uſher in a fair pretence.
And varniſh with her name a well-diſſembled impotence,
When Ptiſick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palſies ſeize,
And all the Bill of Maladies,
Which Heaven to puniſh over-living Mortals ſends;
Then let her enter with the numerous infirmities,
Her ſelf the greateſt Plague, which wrinkles, and grey Hairs attends.

VI.

Tell me, ye venerable Sots, who court her moſt,
What ſmall advantage can ſhe boaſt,
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater ſtore in-groſt.
Her boaſted calm, and peace of mind,
In Wine and Company we better find,
Find it with Pleaſure too combin'd.

In

In mighty Wine, where we our ſenſes ſteep,
And lull our Cares, and Conſciences aſleep.
But why do I that wild *Chimæra* name?
Conſcience, that giddy airy Dream,
Which does from brain-ſick heads, or ill digeſting
ſtomachs ſteam.
Conſcience! the vain fantaſtick fear
Of puniſhments, we know not when, nor where:
Project of crafty Stateſmen! to ſupport weak Law,
Whereby they ſlaviſh Spirits awe,
And daſtard Souls to forc'd obedience draw.
Grand Wheadle! which our Gown'd Impoſtors uſe,
The poor unthinking Rabble to abuſe. (Vice,
Scarecrow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of
Their own beloved Paradiſe:
Let thoſe vile Canters wickedneſs decry,
Whoſe Mercenary Tongues take pay
For what they ſay;
And yet commend in practice what their words deny,
While we diſcerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their holy Cheats deſie,
And ſcorn their Frauds, and ſcorn their ſanctified Cajoulery.

VII.

None but dull unbred Fools diſcredit Vice,
Who act their Wickedneſs with an ill grace;
Such their Profeſſion ſcandalize,
And juſtly forfeit all that Praiſe;
All that Eſteem, that Credit, and Applauſe,
Which we by our wiſe Menage from a Sin can raiſe.
A true and brave Tranſgreſſour ought
To ſin with the ſame height of Spirit, *Cæſar* fought:
Mean-ſoul'd Offenders now no honours gain,
Only Debauches of the nobler ſtrain.
Vice well-improv'd, yields Bliſs, and Fame beſide,
And ſome for ſinning have been deifi'd.
Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
By theſe brave Methods to the Seats above.
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf, the Sovereign Deity,
Father and King of all th'immortal Progeny,
Aſcended to that high Degree;
By Crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
He Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
Each Goddeſs turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' trade;

And all that Sacred Place
Was fill'd with Baſtard Gods of his own Race:
Almighty Lech'ry got his firſt repute,
And everlaſting Whoring was his chiefeſt Attribute.

VIII.

How gallant was that Wretch, whoſe happy Guilt
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!
'Let Fools, ſaid he, Impiety alledge,
'And urge the no great fault of Sacrilege:
'I'll ſet the Sacred Pile on flame,
'And in its Aſhes write my laſting Name,
'My Name which thus ſhall be
'Deathleſs as its own Deity.
'Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'll out-do,
'And *Ægypt*'s proudeſt Monarchs too;
'Thoſe laviſh prodigals, who idly did conſume
'Their Lives, and Treaſures to erect a Tomb,
'And only great by being buried would become:
'At cheaper rates than they I'll buy renown,
'And my loud Fame ſhall all their ſilent glories drown.

So ſpake the daring Hector, ſo did Propheſie:
And ſo it prov'd: in vain did envious Spite
By fruitleſs Methods try
To raze his well-built Fame and Memory
Amongſt Poſterity:
The *Bouteſeu* can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

IX.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor;
(A greater crime befitted his high Pow'r)
Who ſacrific'd a City to a Jeſt,
And ſhew'd he knew the grand intrigues of humour beſt:
He made all *Rome* a Bonefire to his Fame, (Flame;
And ſung, and play'd, and danc'd amidſt the
Bravely begun! yet pity there he ſtay'd,
One ſtep to Glory more he ſhould have made:
He ſhould have heav'd the noble frolick higher,
And made the People on that Fun'ral Pile expire,
Or providently with their Blood put out the Fire.
Had this been done;
The utmoſt pitch of Glory he had won:

No

No greater Monument could be
To conſecrate him to eternity, (but me.
Nor ſhould there need another Herald of his praiſe,

X.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Iſle,
Whom baffled Hell eſteems its chiefeſt Foyl;
'Twere injury ſhould I omit thy Name,
Whoſe Action merits all the Breath of Fame.
Methinks I ſee the trembling Shades below
Around in humble Reverence bow;
Doubtful they ſeem, whether to pay their Loyalty
To their dread Monarch, or to thee:
No wonder he (grown jealous of thy fear'd ſucceſs)
Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedneſs,
And ſpoil'd that brave intent, which muſt have
made his grandeur leſs.
Howe'er regret not mighty Ghoſt,
Thy Plot by treach'rous Fortune croſt,
Nor think thy well deſerved glory loſt.
Thou the full praiſe of Villany ſhalt ever ſhare,
And all will judge thy Act, compleat enough,
when thou couldſt dare;

So

So thy great Maſter fear'd whoſe high diſdain
Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not
Reign,
When he with bold Ambition ſtrove
T' uſurp the Throne above,
And led againſt the Deity an armed Train,
Tho' from his vaſt deſigns he fell,
O'er-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow:
He gain'd ſufficient Triumph that he durſt rebel,
And 'twas ſome Pleaſure to be though the
great'ſt in Hell.

XI.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what ſhall I do
To be illuſtrious as you?
Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,
Let them into my daring thoughts inſpire
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt Gyant
crime,
Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all paſt
and preſent time.

'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks, I feel the pow'rful
Charms,
And a new heat of ſin my ſpirit warms;
I travail with a glorious Miſchief, for whoſe birth,
My Soul's too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble
to bring forth.
Let the unpitied Vulgar tamely go,
And ſtock for company, the wild Plantations
down below:
Such their vile Souls for viler Barter ſell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in
Hell.
We are his Grandees, and expect as much prefer-
ment there,
For our good Service, as on Earth we ſhare.
In them is ſin but a meer privative of good,
The frailty, and defect of fleſh and blood:
In us 'tis a perfection, who profeſs
A ſtudied, and elaborate Wickedneſs.
We are the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
Whoſe Talents are to make diſcoveries,
And advance Sin like other Arts, and Sciences.

'Tis

'Tis I the bold *Columbus*, only I,
Who muſt new Worlds in Vice deſcry,
And fix the pillars of unpaſſable iniquity.

XII.

How ſneaking was the firſt debauch that ſinn'd,
Who for ſo ſmall a Crime ſold human kind!
How undeſerving that high Place,
To be thought Parent of our ſin, and race,
Who by low guilt, our Nature doubly did debaſe!
Unworthy was he to be thought
Father of the great firſt-born *Cain*, which he begot;
The noble *Cain*, whoſe bold, and gallant Act
Proclaim'd him of more high extract:
Unworthy me
And all the braver part of his Poſterity.
Had the juſt Fates deſign'd me in his ſtead;
I'd done ſome great, and unexampled deed:
A deed, which ſhould decry
The Stoicks dull Equality,
And ſhew that ſin admits tranſcendency:
A Deed, wherein the Tempter ſhould not ſhare
Above what Heav'n could puniſh, and above
what he could dare.

For greater Crimes than his I would have fell,
And acted ſomewhat, which might merit more
than Hell.

An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of Epilogue.

MY Part is done, and you'll I hope excuſe
Th' Extravagance of a repenting Muſe,
Pardon whate'er ſhe hath too boldly ſaid,
She only acted here in Maſquerade.
For the ſlight Arguments ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely Dreſs expoſe,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When ſhe a Hector for her ſubject had,
She thought ſhe muſt be Termagant, and mad:
That made her ſpeak like a lewd Punk o'th' Town,
Who by converſe with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.

But

But now the Vizards off; ſhe changes Scene,
And turns a modeſt civil Girl agen.
Our Poet has a diffrent Taſte of Wit,
Nor will to common Vogue himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the Fops whoſe Talents lie
In venting dull inſipid Blaſphemy;
He ſwears he cannot with thoſe Terms diſpenſe,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of Senſe.
Wit's Name was never to profaneneſs due,
For then you ſee he could be witty too:
He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,
Than Fame, whoſe guilty Birth from Treaſon ſprings.
He likes not Wit which can't a Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not ſet his Name.
Wit ſhould be open, court the Reader's eye,
Not lurk in ſly unprinted Privacy.
But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,
For weakneſs, or for ſhame avoid the Light;
May ſuch a Jury for their Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May they the Tow'r for their due Merits ſhare,
And a juſt wreath of Hemp, not Laurel wear:
He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love; damn'd placket-Rimes,
Such as our Nobles write-----
Whoſe nauſeous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inſpire.
So lewd, they ſpend at quill, you'd juſtly think,
They wrote with ſomething naſtier than ink;
But he ſtill thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a juſt modeſty muſt never own,
And a meer Reader with a Bluſh attone.
If Ribauldry deſerv'd the praiſe of Wit,
He muſt reſign to each illit'rate Citt,
And Prentices, and Car-men challenge it.
Ev'n they too can be ſmart, and witty there;
For all men on that Subject Poets are.
Henceforth he vows, if evermore he find
Himſelf to the baſe itch of Verſe inclin'd;
If e'er he's given up ſo far to write;
He never means to make his end delight:

Should

Should he do ſo, he muſt deſpair ſucceſs:
For he's not now debauch'd enough to pleaſe,
And muſt be damn'd for want of Wickedneſs.
He'll therefore uſe his Wit another way,
And next the uglineſs of Vice diſplay.
Tho' againſt Virtue once he drew his Pen,
He'll ne'r for ought, but her Defence agen.
Had he a Genius, and Poetick Rage,
Great as the Vices of this guilty Age,
Were he all Gall, and arm'd with ſtore of ſpight,
'Twere worth his gains to undertake to write;
To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
He'd ſhoot his Quills juſt like a Porcupine
At Vice, and make them ſtab in every Line,
The World ſhould learn to bluſh,------
And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
Which worſe than their own Conſciences ſhould fright;
And all ſhould think him Heav'ns juſt Plague, deſign'd
To viſit for the ſins of lewd Mankind.

THE
Paſſion of Byblis
OUT OF
Ovid's Metamorphoſis, *B.* 9. *F.* 11.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo eſt, ut ament conceſſa puellæ.

And ending with

------Modumque
Exit & infelix, committit ſæpe repelli.

YOU heedleſs Maids, whoſe young and tender Hearts
Unwounded yet, have ſcap'd the fatal Darts;
Let the ſad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
And learn by her to ſhun forbidden Love:
Not all the plenty, all the bright reſort
Of gallant youth that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
Could charm the haughty Nymphs diſdainful heart,
Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;

Canuus

Caunus ſhe lov'd, not as a Siſter ought,
But Honour, Blood, and Shame alike forgot:
Caunus alone takes up her Thoughts, and Eyes,
For him alone ſhe wiſhes, grieves and ſighs.

At firſt her new-born Paſſion owns no name,
A glimm'ring Spark ſcarce kindling into flame;
She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
She ſnatch an harmleſs bliſs, if her fond clip
With looſe embraces of his Neck ſurround,
And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,
And now ſhe likes, and ſtrives her ſelf to pleaſe:
Well-dreſt ſhe comes, & arms her Eyes with darts,
Her Smiles with Charms, and all the ſtudied arts
Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquiſh hearts,
Induſtrious now, ſhe labours to be fair,
And envies all, whoever fairer are.

Yet knows ſhe not, ſhe loves, but ſtill does grow,
Inſenſibly the thing, ſhe does not know:
Strict honour yet her check'd deſires does bind,
And modeſt thoughts, on this ſide wiſh confin'd:

Only

Only within ſhe ſooths her pleaſing flames,
And now, the hated terms of Blood diſclaims:
Brother ſounds harſh; ſhe the unpleaſing word
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord*:
And when the name of *Siſter* grates her ear,
Could wiſh't unſaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare ſhe yet with waking Thoughts admit
A wanton hope: but when returning night
With Sleeps ſoft gentle ſpell her ſenſes charms,
Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:
In them ſhe oft does the lov'd Shadow ſeem
To graſp, and Joys yet bluſhes too in Dream.
She wakes, and long in wonder ſilent lies,
And thinks on her late pleaſing Extaſies:
Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame:
At length her ſtruggling Thoughts an utt'rance find,
And vent the wild diſorders of her mind.

'Ah me! (ſhe cries) kind Heaven avert! what means
'This boading Form, that nightly rides my Dreams?
'Grant 'em untrue! why ſhould lewd hope divine?
'Ah! why was this too charming Viſion ſeen?

'Tis

'Tis true, by the moſt envious wretch that ſees,
He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize,
Worthy the Conqueſt of the brighteſt eyes:
A prize that wou'd my high'ſt Ambition fill,
All I could wiſh;---but he's my Brother ſtill!
That cruel word for ever muſt disjoyn,
Nor can I hope, but thus to have him mine.
Since then I waking never muſt poſſeſs;
Let me in ſleep at leaſt enjoy the bliſs,
And ſure nice Vertue can't forbid me this:
Kind ſleep does no malicious ſpies admit,
Yet yields a lively ſemblance of delight:
Gods! what a ſcene of Joy was that! how faſt
I claſp'd the Viſion to my panting breaſt!
With what fierce bounds I ſprung to meet my bliſs,
While my wrapt Soul flew out in every kiſs!
Till breathleſs, faint, and ſoftly ſunk away,
I all diſſolv'd in reeking Pleaſures lay!
How ſweet is the remembrance yet! though night
Too haſty fled, drove on by envious light.

Oh

'Oh that we might the Laws of Nature break!
'How well would *Caunus* me an Husband make!
'How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
'Wou'd God! in all things we had partners been
'Beſides our Parents, and our fatal Kin;
'Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
'Then guiltleſs I'd deſpair'd, and ſuffer'd ſcorn:
'Happy that Maid unknown, whoe'er ſhall prove
'So bleſt, ſo envied to deſerve thy love.
'Unhappy me! whom the ſame Womb did joyn,
'Which now forbids me ever to be thine:
'Curſt Fate! that we alone in that agree,
'By which we ever muſt divided be.
'And muſt we be? what meant my Viſion then?
'Are they, and all their dear preſages vain?
'Have Dreams no credit, but with eaſie love?
'Or do they hit ſometimes, and faithful prove?
'The Gods forbid! yet thoſe whom I invoke,
'Have lov'd like me, have their own Siſters took:
'Great *Saturn*, and his greater Off-ſpring *Jove*,
'Both ſtock'd their Heaven with inceſtuous Love:

'Gods

'Gods have their privilege: why do I ſtrive
'To ſtrain my hopes to their Prerogative?
'No, let me baniſh this forbidden fire,
'Or quench it with my Blood, and with't expire:
'Unſtain'd in Honour, and unhurt in Fame,
'Let the Grave bury both my Love, and Shame:
'But when at my laſt hour I gaſping lie,
'Let only my kind Murderer be by:
'Let him while I breath out my ſoul in ſighs,
'Or gaz't away, look on with pitying eyes:
'Let him (for ſure he can't deny me this)
'Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiſs.
'Beſides 'twere vain ſhould I alone agree
'To what anothers Will muſt ratifie;
'Cou'd I be ſo abandon'd to conſent,
'What I'd have paſs for good and innocent,
'He may perhaps as worſt of Crimes reſent.
'Yet we amongſt our Race examples find
'Of Brothers who have been to Siſters kind:
'Fam'd *Canace* cou'd he thus ſucceſsful prove,
'Cou'd Crown her Wiſhes in a Brother's love.

'But

'But whence cou'd I theſe Inſtances produce?
'How came I witty to my ruin thus?
'Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on?
'Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence be (gone,
'Nor let me e'er the ſhameful Paſſion own.
'And yet ſhou'd he addreſs; I ſhou'd forgive,
'I fear, I fear, I ſhould his ſuit receive:
'Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love diſown
'Offer'd by him, not mine to make him known?
'And canſt thou ſpeak? can thy bold Tongue declare?
'Yes Love ſhall force:-------and now methinks I dare.
'But leſt fond Modeſty at length refuſe,
'I will ſome ſure, and better Method chuſe:
'A Letter ſhall my ſecret flames diſcloſe,
'And hide my Bluſhes, but reveal their Cauſe.

This takes, and 'tis reſolv'd as ſoon as ſaid;
With this ſhe rais'd her ſelf upon her Bed,
And propping with her hand her leaning head:

'Happen what will (ſays ſhe) I'll make him know
'What pains, what raging pains I undergo.
'Ah me! I rave! what tempeſts ſhake my breaſt;
'And where? O where will this diſtraction reſt?

Trembling,

Trembling, her thoughts endite, and oft her Eye
Looks back for fear of conſcious Spies too nigh:
One hand her Paper, t' other holds her Pen,
And Tears ſupply that Ink her Lines muſt drain.
Now ſhe begins, now ſtops, and ſtooping frames
New Doubts, now writes, and now her writing damns.
She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames:
Oft throws in haſte her Pen, and Paper by:
Then takes 'em up again as haſtily:
Unſteddy her reſolves, fickle, and vain,
No ſooner made, but ſtrait unmade again:
What her deſires would have, ſhe does not know,
Diſpleas'd with all whate'er ſhe goes to do:
At once contending, ſhame, and hope, and fear,
Wrack her toſt mind, and in her looks appear.
Siſter was wrote; but ſoon miſguiding doubt
Recals it, and the guilty Word blots out.
Again ſhe pauſes, and again begins,
At length her Pen drops out theſe haſty Lines,

'Kind

'Kind health, which you, and only you can grant,
'Which if deny'd, ſhe muſt for ever want.
'To you your lover ſends: ah! bluſhing Shame
'In ſilence bids her Paper hide her name:
'wou'd God the fatal Meſſage might be done
'Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
'E'er bleſt ſucceſs her hopes, and wiſhes crown.
'And had I now my ſmother'd grief conceal'd,
'It might by tokens paſt have been reveal'd:
'A thouſand Proofs were ready to impart
'The inward anguiſh of my wounded heart:
'Oft, as your ſight a ſudden bluſh did raiſe,
'My blood came up to meet you at my face:
'Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
'Betray'd in looks my ſouls too thin diſguiſe:
'Think how their Tears, think how my heaving Breaſt
'Oft in deep ſighs ſome cauſe unknown confeſt:
'Think how theſe Arms did oft with fierce embrace,
'Eager as my deſires, about you preſs:
'Theſe Lips too, when they cou'd ſo happy prove,
'(Had you but mark'd) with cloſe warm kiſſes ſtrove
'To whiſper ſomething more than Siſters Love.
'And

'And yet, tho' rankling grief my mind diſtreſt,
'Tho' raging flames within burn up my breaſt,
'Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
'Long ſtrove to bring the fierce Diſeaſe to cure:
'Witneſs ye cruel Pow'rs, who did inſpire
'This ſtrange, this fatal, this reſiſtleſs fire,
'Witneſs, what Pains (for you alone can know)
'This helpleſs wretch to quench't did undergo:
'A Thouſand Racks, and Martyrdoms and more
'Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
'O'ermatch'd in Pow'r at laſt, I'm forc'd to yield,
'And to the conqu'ring God reſign the field:
'To you dear cauſe of all, I make addreſs,
'From you with humble Pray'rs I beg redreſs:
'You rule alone my arbitrary Fate,
'And Life, and Death on your diſpoſal wait:
'Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
'Yet know no ſtranger is your ſuppliant.
'But ſhe, who tho' to you, by Blood allied
'In neareſt bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied,
'Let doting Age debate of Law, and Right,
'And gravely ſtate the bounds of juſt, and fit;

'Whoſe Wiſdom's but their envy, to deſtroy
'And bar thoſe Pleaſures, which they can't enjoy:
'Our blooming years, more ſprightly, and more gay,
'By Nature were deſign'd for Love and Play:
'Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertue's fence,
'And briskly hunts the noble chaſe of Senſe:
'Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
'And call that lawful, whatſoe'er does pleaſe.
'Nor will our guilt want inſtances alone,
'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done:
'Let's follow where thoſe great Examples went,
'Nor think that Sin, where Heaven's a precedent.
'Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor ſhame
'For ought that can be told by babbling Fame,
'Nor any gaſtlier fantom, fear can frame,
'Frighten or ſtop us in our way to bliſs,
'But boldly let us ruſh on happineſs:
'Where glorious hazards ſhall enhanſe delight,
'And that, that makes it dang'rous, make it great:
'Relation too, which does our fault increaſe,
'Will ſerve that fault the better to diſguiſe:

'That

'That let us now in private often meet
'Bleſs'd Opportunities for ſtoln delight:
'In publick often we embrace, and kiſs,
'And fear no jealous, no ſuſpecting eyes.
'How little more remains for me to crave!
'How little more for you to give! O ſave
'A wretched Maid undone by Love, and you,
'Who does in tears, and dying accents ſue;
'Who bleeds that Paſſion, ſhe had ne'er reveal'd,
'If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd:
'Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
'*Here* Byblis *lies, kill'd by your cold diſdain.*

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will
To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,
Nor ſpace allow for more: ſhe trembling, folds
The Paper which her ſhameful Meſſage holds;
And ſealing, as ſhe wept with boading fear,
She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.
This done, a truſty Meſſenger ſhe call'd,
And in kind words the whiſper'd Errand told:
'Go, carry this with faithful Care ſhe ſaid,
'To my dear,---there ſhe paus'd a while, and ſtaid,
And by and by----*Brother*----was heard to add:

As ſhe deliver'd it with her commands,
The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,
Diſmay'd with the ill *Omen* ſhe anew
Doubted ſucceſs, and held, yet bad him go.
He goes, and after quick admiſſion got,
To *Caunus* hands the fatal ſecret brought:
Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had caſt
On the firſt Lines, and gueſt by them the reſt,
Strait horror, and amazement fill'd his breaſt:
Impatient with his rage, he could not ſtay
To ſee the end, but threw't half read away.
Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch for-
bear,
Nor did his tongue thoſe angry threatnings ſpare:
'Fly hence, nor longer chaf'd Fury truſt,
'Thou curſed Pander of deteſted Luſt;
'Fly quickly hence, and to thy ſwiftneſs owe
'Thy life, a forfeit to my Vengeance due:
'Which, had not Danger of my Honour croſt,
'Thou'dſt paid by this, and been ſent back a Ghoſt.
He the rough Orders ſtrait obeys, and bears
The Killing News to wretched *Byblis* ears;

Like

Like ſtriking Thunder the fierce Tiding ſtun,
And to her heart quicker than lightning run:
The frighted blood forſakes her ghaſtly face,
And a ſhort death doth every member ſeize:
But ſoon as ſenſe returns, her frenzy too
Returns, and in theſe words breaks forth anew.
'And juſtly ſerv'd ;--for why did fooliſh I
'Conſent to make this raſh diſcovery?
'Why did I thus in haſty lines reveal
'That dang'rous ſecret, Honour wou'd conceal?
'I ſhou'd have firſt with art diſguis'd the hook,
'And ſeen how well the gawdy bait had took,
'And found him hung at leaſt before I ſtrook:
'From ſhore I ſhou'd have firſt deſcri'd the Wind
'Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,
'Ere I to untry'd Seas my ſelf reſign'd:
'Now daſh'd on Rocks, unable to retire,
'I muſt ith' wreck of all my hopes expire.
'And was not I by tokens plain enough
'Fore-warn'd to quit my inauſpicious Love?
'Did not the Fates my ill ſucceſs foretel,
'When from my hands th'unhappy Letter fell?

'So ſhould my hopes have done, and my deſign,
'That, or the day ſhould then have alter'd been;
'But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven
'Such ominous proofs of its diſlike had given:
'And ſo it had, had not mad Paſſion ſway'd,
'And Reaſon been by blinder Love miſled.
'Beſides, alas! I ſhould my ſelf have gone,
'Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;
'Much more I could have ſpoke, much more have told,
'Than a ſhort Letter's narrow room would hold:
'He might have ſeen my Looks, my wiſhing Eyes,
'My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;
'About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,
'And been all over Love, all over Charms,
'Graſp'd, and hung on his knees, and there have di'd,
'There breath'd my gaſping Soul out if deni'd,
'This and ten thouſand things I might have done
'To make my paſſion with advantage known;
'Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
'Yet ſurely all had forc'd him to be kind:
'Perhaps he, whom I ſent, was too in fault,
'Nor rightly tim'd his Meſſage, as he ought;

'I

'I fear he went in ſome ill choſen hour,
'When cloudy weather made his temper lour,
'Not thoſe calm ſeaſons of the mind, which prove,
'The fitteſt to receive the ſeeds of Love;
'Theſe things have ruin'd me; for doubtleſs he
'Is made of human fleſh and blood like me;
'He ſuck'd no Tygreſs ſure, nor Mountain Bear,
'Nor does his Breaſt relentleſs Marble wear,
'He muſt, he ſhall conſent, again I'll try,
'And try again if he again deny:
'No ſcorn, no harſh repulſe, or rough defeat
'Shall ever my deſire, or hopes rebate.
My earneſt ſuits ſhall never give him reſt,
'While Life, and Love more durable, ſhall laſt;
'Alive I'll preſs, till breath in pray'rs be loſt,
'And after come a kind beſeeching Ghoſt.
'For, if I might, what I have done, recall,
'The firſt point were, not to have don't at all;
'But ſince 'tis done, the ſecond to be gain'd
'Is now to have, what I have ſought, attain'd:
'For he, though I ſhould now my Wiſhes quit,
'Can never my unchaſt attempts forget:

'Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
'By slightly asking, taught him to deny;
'Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,
'And snares for his unwary honour laid:
'Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
'Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.
'In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;
'I've writ, I have solicited, my Will
'Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give out,
'I cannot chast and innocent be thought:
'Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
'Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She spoke; but such is her unsettled mind,
It shifts from thought to thought, like veering Wind,
Now to this Point, and now to that inclin'd:
What she could wish had unattempted been,
She strait is eager to attempt again:
What she repents, she acts; and now lets loose
The Reins to Love, nor any bounds allows.
Repulse upon Repulse unmov'd she bears,
And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

A SA-

A SATYR

Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falſhood and Scorn was the Death of my Friend.

NO! ſhe ſhall ne'er eſcape if Gods there be,
Unleſs they perjur'd grow, and falſe as ſhe,
Tho' no ſtrange Judgment yet the Murd'reſs ſeize
To puniſh her, and quit the partial Skies:
Though no revenging Lightning yet has flaſht
From thence, that might her crim'nal beauties blaſt:
Tho' they in their old Luſtre ſtill prevail,
By no Diſeaſe, nor Guilt it ſelf made pale. (own,
Guilt which ſhould blackeſt *Moors* themſelves but
Would make thro' all their night new Bluſhes dawn:
Tho' that kind Soul, who now augments the bleſt,
Thither too ſoon by her unkindneſs chas'd.
(Where may it be her ſmall'ſt, and lighteſt doom,
(For that's not half my curſe) never to come)
Though he when prompted by the high'ſt deſpair,
Ne'er mention'd her, without an Hymn, or Pray'r,

And

And could by all her ſcorn be forc'd no more
Than Martyrs to revile what they adore,
Who, had he curſt her with his dying breath,
Had done but juſt, and heaven had forgave:
Tho' ill made Law no ſentence has ordain'd
For her, no Statute has her Guilt arrain'd.
(For Hangmen, Womens Scorn, and Doctors Skill,
All by a licenc'd way of murder kill.)
Tho' ſhe from Juſtice of all theſe go free,
And boaſt perhaps in her ſucceſs, and cry,
'Twas but a little harmleſs perjury:
Yet think ſhe not, ſhe ſtill ſecure ſhall prove,
Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love:
I riſe in Judgment, am to be to her
Both Witneſs, Judge, and Executioner:
Arm'd with dire Satyr, and reſentful Spite,
I come to haunt her with the Ghoſts of Wit.
My Ink unbid ſtarts out and flies on her,
Like blood upon ſome touching Murderer:
And ſhou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,
Like Hags, to curſe her, write in my own blood.

Ye

Ye ſpightful pow'rs (if any there can be,
That boaſt a worſe, and keener ſpight than I)
Aſſiſt with Malice, and your mighty aid
My ſworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead:
Grant I may fix ſuch brands of Infamy,
So plain, ſo deeply grav'd on her that ſhe,
Her Skill, nor Patch, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,
And which ſhall laſting as her Soul abide:
Grant my ſtrong hate may ſuch ſtrong Poiſon caſt,
That every breath may taint, and rot, and blaſt,
Till one large Gangrene quite o'erſpread her fame
With foul Contagion; till her odious name,
Spit at, and curſt, by every mouth like mine,
Be terror to her ſelf, and all her line.

Vileſt of that vile Sex, which damn'd us all!
Ordain'd to cauſe, and plague us for our fall!
WOMAN! nay worſe! for ſhe can nought be ſaid,
But Mummy by ſome Dev'l inhabited:
Not made in Heaven's Mint, but baſely coin'd,
She wears an human Image ſtampt on Fiend;
And whoſo Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact.

Her

Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a Lye,
And its whole ſtock of falſhood there was lent,
As if hereafter to be true it meant:
Baud Nature taught her jilting, when ſhe made,
And by her make deſign'd her for the trade:
Hence 'twas ſhe daub'd her with a painted Face,
That ſhe at once might better cheat, and pleaſe:
All thoſe gay charming looks, that court the Eye,
Are but an Ambuſh to hide Treachery;
Miſchief adorn'd with Pomp, and ſmooth diſguiſe,
A painted Skin ſtuff'd full of Guile and Lyes;
Within a gawdy Caſe, a naſty Soul,
Like T----- of quality in a gilt Cloſe-ſtool:
Such on a Cloud thoſe flatt'ring Colours are,
Which only ſerve to dreſs a Tempeſt fair.
So Men upon this Earth's fair ſurface dwell,
Within are Fiends, and at the Center, Hell:
Court-promiſes, the Leagues, which Stateſ-men
make
With more convenience, and more eaſe to break,

The

The Faith, a Jeſuit in allegiance ſwears,
Or a Town jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers:
Early in Falſhood, at her Font ſhe ly'd,
And ſhould ev'n then for Perjury been try'd:
Her Conſcience ſtretch'd, and open as the Stews,
But laughs at Oaths, and plays with ſolemn Vows.
And at her mouth ſwallows down perjur'd breath,
More glib than bits of Lechery beneath:
Leſs ſerious known, when ſhe doth moſt proteſt,
Than thoughts of arranteſt Buffoons in jeſt:
More cheap, than the vile Mercenary Squire,
That plies for Half crown Fees at *Weſtminſter*,
And trades in ſtaple Oaths, and ſwears to hire:
Leſs Guilt than hers, leſs breach of Oath and Word
Has ſtood aloft, and look'd through Penance-board;
And he that truſts her in a Death-bed Prayer,
Has Faith to merit, and ſave any thing, but her.

But ſince her Guilt deſcription does out-go;
I'll try if it out-ſtrip my Curſes too;
Curſes, which may they equal my juſt hate,
My Wiſh, and her Deſert, be each ſo great,
Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em Fate.

Firſt

First, for her Beauties, which the miſchief brought,
May ſhe affected they be borrow'd thought,
By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:
Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, may thoſe
Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows.
Some baſe unnam'd Diſeaſe, her Carkaſs foul,
And make her Body ugly, as her Soul;
Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till ſhe be,
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.
Strength quite expir'd, may ſhe alone retain
The Snuff of Life, may that unquencht remain,
As in the damn'd, to keep her freſh from pain:
Hot Luſt light on her, and the Plague of Pride
On that, this ever ſcorn'd, as that deny'd:
Ach, Anguiſh, Horror, Grief, Diſhonour, Shame
Purſue at once her Body, Soul, and Fame:
If e'er the Devil Love muſt enter her
(For nothing ſure but Fiends can enter there)
May ſhe a juſt and true Tormenter find,
And that, like an ill Conſcience, rack her Mind:

Be

Be ſome diſeas'd and ugly Wretch her fate,
She doom'd to Love of one, whom all elſe hate.
May he hate her, and may her deſtiny
Be to deſpair, and yet love on, and die;
Or to invent ſome wittier Puniſhment,
May he, to plague her, out of ſpite conſent;
May the old Fumbler, though diſabled quite,
Have ſtrength to give her Claps, but no Delight:
May he of her unjuſtly jealous be
For one that's worſe, and uglier far than he:
May's Impotence balk, and torment her luſt,
Yet ſcarcely her to Dreams, or Wiſhes truſt:
Forc'd to be chaſt, may ſhe ſuſpected be,
Share none o'th' Pleaſure, all the Infamy.
In fine, that I all Curſes may compleat
(For I've but curs'd in jeſt, but railed yet)
Whate'er the Sex deſerves, or feels, or fears,
May all thoſe Plagues be hers, and only hers;
Whate'er great Favourites turn'd out of doors,
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and diſappointed Whores,
Or loſing Gameſters vent, what Curſes e'er
Are ſpoke by ſinners raving in deſpair:

All

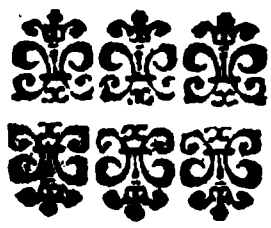
All thoſe fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till ſpite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No madneſs take her uſe of Senſe away;
But may ſhe in full ſtrength of Reaſon be,
To feel, and underſtand her Miſery;
Plagu'd ſo, till ſhe think damning a releaſe,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for eaſe:
Yet may not all theſe ſuff'rings here attone
Her ſin, and may ſhe ſtill go ſinning on,
Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' Score,
Till on her Soul ſhe can get truſt no more:
Then may ſhe Stupid and Repentleſs die,
And Heav'n it ſelf forgive no more than I,
But ſo be damn'd of meer neceſſity.

FINIS.

POEMS
AND
Tranſlations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM.



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PREFACE.

BEing to appear anew in the World, it may be expected, that I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning theſe enſuing Trifles, which I ſhall endeavour to do with as much Briefneſs as I did before what I laſt publiſh'd in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high preſumption in adventuring upon a Tranſlation of The Art of Poetry, *after two ſuch great Hands as have gone before me in the ſame attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean* Ben Johnſon, *and the Earl of* Roſcommon, *the one being of ſo eſtabliſh'd an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with ſuch admirable ſucceſs, as almoſt cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit when I let him know, that it was a Task impoſed upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in; I hope he will be the more favourable in his Cenſures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementioned account, and urged it as a reaſon for my declining the ſame, but it would not be allowed as ſufficient to excuſe me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevailed upon to make an Eſſay, I fell to thinking of ſome courſe, whereby I might ſerve my ſelf of the Advantages, which thoſe that went before me, have either not minded, or ſcrupulouſly abridged themſelves of. This I ſoon imagined was to be effected by puting* Horace *into a more modern Dreſs than hitherto he has appeared in, that is, by making him ſpeak as if he*

were living and writing now. I therefore reſolved to alter the Scene from Rome *to* London, *and to make uſe of* Engliſh *Names of Men, Places, and Cuſtoms, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceived would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the Reliſh of the preſent Age.*

With theſe Conſiderations I ſet upon the Work, and purſued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledge, been over-nice in keeping to the Words of the Original, for that were to tranſgreſs a Rule therein contained. Nevertheleſs, I have been religiouſly ſtrict to its Senſe, and expreſs'd it in as plain and intelligible a manner as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Paſſages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas neceſſary for carrying on my propoſed Deſign; and the Author himſelf, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid Stiffneſs, and made it my Endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the eaſie and familiar way of writing which is peculiar to Horace *in his Epiſtles, and was his proper Talent above any of Mankind. After all, 'tis humbly ſubmitted to the Judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my ſelf herein. Let the Succeſs be what it will, I ſhall not however wholly repent of my Undertaking, being (I reckon) in ſome meaſure recompenced for my pains by the Advantage I have reap'd of fixing theſe admirable Rules of Senſe ſo well in my Memory.*

The Satyr *and* Odes *of the Auther, which follow next in order, I have tranſlated after the ſame libertine way. In them alſo I labour'd under the Diſ-*

advan-

advantages of coming after other Persons. The Satyr *had been made into a Scene by* Ben Johnson, *in a Play of his, called the* Poetaster. *After I had finished my Imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewise by* Dr. Sprat, *and since I have had the sight of it amongst the Printed Translations of* Horace's *Works. The* Odes *are there done too, but not so excellently well, as to discourage any farther Endeavours. If these of mine meet with good Entertainment in the World, I may perhaps find leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translators, as the Psalms of* David *from* Sternhold *and* Hopkins.

The two sacred Odes *I designed not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembring the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stoln into the Press without my Leave or Knowledge, and be exposed to the World abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same Misfortune likely enough to befal these, I have been perswaded to yield my consent to their Publishing amongst the rest. Nor is the Printing of such Miscellanies altogether so unprecidented, but that it may be seen in the Editions of* Dr. Donne, *and* Mr. Cowley's *Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the sole Direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.*

As for the two Essays out of Greek, *they were occasion'd by a report, that some Persons found fault with the roughness of my Satyrs formerly published, though*

upon what ground they ſhould do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unleſs I am miſtaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without ſhocking any Hearer, that is not too nice and cenſorious. I confeſs, I did not ſo much mind the Cadence, as the Senſe and Expreſſiveneſs of my Words, and therefore choſe not thoſe which were beſt diſpoſed to placing themſelves in Rhyme, but rather the moſt keen and tuant, as being the moſt ſuitable to my Argument. And certainly, no one that pretends to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Colours of Poetry, would expect that Juvenal, *when he is is laſhing of Vice and Villany, ſhould flow ſo ſmoothly as* Ovid *or* Tibullus, *when they are deſcribing Amours and Gallantries, and having nothing to diſturb and ruffle the Evenneſs of their Stile.*

Howbeit, to ſhew that the way I took was out of Choice, not want of Judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly uncapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my Humour inclined me to exerciſe it, I have pitch'd upon theſe two, which the greateſt Men of Senſe have allowed to be ſome of the ſofteſt and tendereſt of all Antiquity. Nay, if we will believe Rapine, *one of the beſt Criticks which theſe latter Ages have produced; they have no other Fault, than that they are too exquiſitely delicate for the Character of* Paſtoral, *which ſhould not ſeem too laboured, and whoſe chief Beauty is an unaffected air of Plainneſs and Simplicity.*

That which laments the Death of Adonis, *has been attempted in* Latin *by ſeveral great Maſters; namely,* Vulcanius, Douza, *and* Mounſieur le Fevre. *The laſt of them has done it Paraphraſtically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps*

haps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament *as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating; and where I was at a loss for want of his* Guidance, *I was content to steer by my own* Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion *was begun by another* Hand, *as far as the first fifteen Verses; but who was the Author, I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the* Earl *of* Rochester; *but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom medled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect Line or two to be found amongst them at their first coming to my* Hands, *which never us'd to flow from his excellent* Pen. *Conceiving it to be in the* Original, *a piece of as much* Art, Grace, *and* Tenderness, *as perhaps was ever offered to the Ashes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the Memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said, or thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the Sense of another to praise him in, yet at least it argues at the same time a* Value *and* Reverence, *that I durst not think any thing of my own good enough for his* Commendation.

This is all which I judge material to be said of these following Reveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attacks how and where he please.

HORACE
His ART of
POETRY,
Imitated in *Engliſh*.

Addreſs'd by way of Letter to a Friend.

SHould ſome ill Painter in a wild Deſign,
To a Man's Head an Horſes Shoulders join,
Or Fiſhes Tail to a fair Womans Waſte,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beaſt,
Ill match'd, and with as motly Feathers dreſt;
If you by chance were to paſs by his Shop,
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimſical or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,
As worthy Laughter, which throughout is fill'd
With monſtrous Inconſiſtences, more vain and wild

Than

Than ſick Mens Dreams, whoſe neither Head nor Tail,

Nor any Parts in due proportion fall.

But 'twill be ſaid, *None ever did deny*

Painters and Poets their free Liberty

Of feigning any thing: We grant it true,

And the ſame Privilege crave and allow:

But to mix Natures clearly oppoſite,

To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,

Or Lambs from ſavage Tygers ſeek Defence,

Shocks Reaſon, and the Rules of common Senſe.

Some, who would have us think they meant to treat

At firſt on Arguments of greateſt weight,

Are proud, when here and there a glittering Line

Does thro' the Maſs of their coarſe Rubbiſh ſhine:

In gay Digreſſions they delight to rove,

Deſcribing here a Temple, there a Grove,

A Vale enamell'd o'er with pleaſant Streams,

A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames*.

But how does this relate to their Deſign?

Though good elſewhere, 'tis here but foiſted in.

A common Dawber may perhaps have Skill
To paint a Tavern Sign or Landskip well;
But what is this to drawing of a Fight,
A Wreck, a Storm, or the *laſt Judgment* right?
When the fair Model and Foundation ſhews,
That you ſome great *Eſcurial* would produce,
How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?
In fine, whatever Work you mean to frame,
Be uniform, and every where the ſame.
Moſt Poets, Sir, ('tis eaſie to obſerve)
Into the worſt of Faults are apt to ſwerve;
Through a falſe Hope of reaching Excellence,
Avoiding Length, we often cramp our Senſe,
And make't obſcure; oft, when we'd have our Stile,
Eaſie and flowing, loſe its force the while:
Some, ſtriving to ſurmount the common Flight,
Soar up in airy Bombaſt out of ſight.
Others, who fear to a bold pitch to truſt
Themſelves, flag low, and humbly ſweep the duſt:
And many fond of ſeeming marvellous,
While they too careleſly tranſgreſs the Laws

Of likelyhood, moſt odd *Chimera*'s feign,
Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
Thus they who would take Aim, but want the Skill,
Miſs always, and ſhoot wide, or narrow ſtill.
One of the meaneſt Workmen in the Town
Can imitate the Nails or Hair in Stone,
And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
Wants Myſtery to make the Work complete:
Troth, Sir, if 'twere my Fancy to compoſe,
Rather than be this bungling Wretch, I'd chooſe
To wear a crooked and unſightly Noſe
Mongſt other handſom Features of a Face
Which only would ſet off my Uglineſs.
Be ſure all you that undertake to write,
To chuſe a Subject for your Genius fit:
Try long and often what your Talents are;
What is the burthen which your Parts will bear,
And where they'll fail: he that diſcerns with Skill
To cull his Argument and Matter well,
Will never be to ſeek for Eloquence
To dreſs, or Method to diſpoſe his Senſe.

They

They the chief Art and Grace in order ſhow
(If I may claim any pretence to know)
Who time diſcreetly what's to be diſcours'd,
What ſhould be ſaid at laſt, and what at firſt:
Some Paſſages at preſent may be heard,
Others till afterward are beſt deferr'd:
Verſe, which diſdains the Laws of Hiſtory,
Speaks things not as they are but ought to be:
Whoever will in Poetry excel,
Muſt learn, and uſe his hidden ſecret well.
'Tis next to be obſerv'd, that Care is due,
And Sparingneſs in framing Words anew:
You ſhew your Maſt'ry if you have the Knack
So to make uſe of what known Word you take,
To give't a newer Senſe: If there be need
For ſome uncommon Matter to be ſaid;
Pow'r of inventing Terms may be allow'd,
Which *Chaucer* and his Age ne'er underſtood:
Provided always, as 'twas ſaid before,
We ſeldom, and diſcreetly uſe that Pow'r.
Words new and foreign may be beſt brought in,
If borrow'd from a Language near akin:

Why

Why ſhould the peeviſh Criticks now forbid
To *Lee* and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
To *Shakeſpear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher*, heretofore,
For which they Praiſe and Commendation bore?
If *Spencer*'s Muſe be juſtly ſo ador'd
For that rich Copiouſneſs wherewith he ſtor'd
Our Native Tongue; for God's ſake why ſhould I
Strait be thought arrogant; if modeſtly
I claim and uſe the ſelf-ſame Liberty?
This the juſt Right of Poets ever was,
And will be ſtill, to coin what Words they pleaſe,
Well fitted to the preſent Age and Place.

Words with the Leaves of Trees a ſemblance hold
In this reſpect, where every Year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their places grow:
Death is the Fate of all things here below:
Nature her ſelf by Art has Changes felt,
The *Tangier* Mole (by our great *Monarch* built)
Like a vaſt Bulwark in the Ocean ſet,
From Pirates and from Storms defends our Fleet:
Fens every day are drain'd, and Men now Plow,
And Sow, and Reap, where they before might Row,

And

And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*
From their old Courſe within new Banks to run,
And pay their uſeful Tribute to the Town.
If Man's and Nature's Works ſubmit to Fate,
Much leſs muſt Words expect a laſting Date:
Many which we approve for currant now,
In the next Age out of Requeſt ſhall grow:
And others which are now thrown out of doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force,
If Cuſtom pleaſe: from whence their Vogue they draw,
Which of our Speech is the ſole Judge and Law.

Homer firſt ſhew'd us in Heroick Strains
To write of Wars, of Battels, and Campaigns,
Kings and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,
And him we ſtill for our chief Pattern own.

Soft Elegy, deſign'd for Grief and Tears,
Was firſt devis'd to grace ſome mournful Herſe:
Since to a briſker Note 'tis taught to move,
And cloaths our gayeſt Paſſions, Joy, and Love.
But, who was firſt Inventer of the kind,
Critcks have ſought, but never yet could find.

Gods,

Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty Praiſe
Of peaceful Conquerors in *Piſa*'s Race,
The Mirth and Joys which Love and Wine pro-
duce,
With other wanton Sallies of a Muſe,
The ſtately Ode does for its Subjects chooſe.
Archilochus to vent his Gall and Spight,
In keen Iambicks firſt was known to write:
Dramatick Authors us'd this ſort of Verſe
On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theatres,
As for Diſcourſe and Converſation fit,
And apt'ſt to drown the Noiſes of the Pit.

If I diſcern not the true Stile and Air,
Nor how to give the proper Character
To every kind of Work; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my ſelf a Poets Name?
And why had I with awkard Modeſty,
Rather than learn, always unskilful be?
Volpone and *Moroſe* will not admit
Of *Catiline*'s high Strains, nor is it fit
To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
In the low Dreſs which Comick Perſons wear.

What-

Whate'er the Subject be on which you write,
Give each thing its due Place and Time aright.
Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her Stile,
And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to ſwell,
And Tragedy alike ſometimes has leave
To throw off Majeſty when 'tis to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* in miſery,
Lay their big Words and bluſt'ring Language by,
If they expect to make their Audience cry.
'Tis not enough to have your Plays ſucceed;
That they be elegant: they muſt not need
Thoſe warm and moving Touches which impart
A kind Concernment to each Hearers heart,
And raviſh it which way they pleaſe with Art.
Where Joy and Sorrow put on good diſguiſe,
Ours with the Perſons Looks ſtreight ſympathize:
Would'ſt have me weep, thy ſelf muſt firſt begin:
Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,
And think thy Caſe and all thy Sufferings mine;
But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiſs,
I can't forbear to ſleep, or laugh, or hiſs,

Let

Let Words expreſs the Looks which Speakers wear;
Sad fit a mournful and dejected Air;
The Paſſionate muſt huff, and ſtorm, and rave;
The Gay be pleaſant, and the Serious grave.
For Nature works and moulds our Frame within,
To take all manner of Impreſſions in.
Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
Now Hope, now Joy, now Sorrow does inſpire,
And all theſe Paſſions in our Face appear,
Of which the Tongue is ſole Interpreter:
But he whoſe Words and Fortunes do not ſuit,
By Pit and Gall'ry both is hooted out.

Obſerve what Characters your Perſons fit,
Whether the Maſter ſpeak, or *Todelet*:
Whether a Man that's elderly in growth,
Or a brisk Hotſpur in his boiling Youth:
A roaring Bully, or a ſhirking Cheat,
A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit;
A prating Goſſip, or a jilting Whore,
A travell'd Merchant, or an home-ſpun Boor:
Spaniard, or *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch*, or *Dane*;
Native of *Turkey*, *India*, or *Japan*.

Either from Hiſtory your Perſons take,
Or let them nothing inconſiſtent ſpeak:
If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage,
Let him be fierce and brave, all Heat and Rage,
Inflexible, and head-ſtrong to all Laws
But thoſe which Arms and his own Will impoſe:
Cruel *Medea* muſt no pity have,
Ixion muſt be treacherous, *Ino* grieve:
Io muſt wander, and *Oreſtes* rave:
But if you dare to tread in Paths unknown,
And boldly ſtart new Perſons of your own;
Be ſure to make them in one Strain agree,
And let the End like the Beginning be.
'Tis difficult for Writers to ſucceed
On Arguments which none before have try'd:
The *Iliad*, or the *Odyſſee* with eaſe
Will better furniſh Subjects for your Plays,
Than that you ſhould your own Invention truſt,
And broach unheard of things your ſelf the firſt.
In copying others Works, to make them paſs,
And ſeem your own, let theſe few Rules take place:

When

When you ſome of their Story repreſent,
Take care that you new Epiſodes invent:
Be not too nice the Author's Words to trace;
But vary all with a freſh Air and Grace;
Nor ſuch ſtrict Rules of Imitation chooſe,
Which you muſt ſtill be ty'd to follow cloſe,
Or forc'd to a Retreat for want of room,
Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not like that affected Fool begin,
King Priam's *Fate, and* Troy's *fam'd War, I ſing.*
What will this mighty Promiſer produce?
You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouſe.

How ſhort is this of *Homer*'s fine Addreſs,
And Art, who ne'er ſays any thing amiſs?
Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince Troy's *laying waſte*
Into ſuch numerous Dangers has been caſt,
So many Towns and various People paſt:
He does not laviſh at a blaze his Fire,
To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire:
But Modeſty at firſt conceals his Light
In dazling Wonders, then breaks forth to ſight;

Surpriſes you with Miracles all o'er,
Makes dreadful *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar,
Cyclops, and bloody *Leſtrygons* devour:
Nor does he time in long Preambles ſpend,
Deſcribing *Meleager*'s ruful End,
When he's of *Diomed*'s Return to treat;
Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,
The Tale of brooding *Leda*'s Eggs repeat.
But ſtill to the deſign'd Event haſtes on,
And at firſt daſh, as if before 'twere known,
Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,
And what is unimprovable leaves out,
And mixes Truth and Fiction ſkilfully,
That nothing in the whole may diſagree.

Whoe'er you are, that ſet your ſelves to write,
If you expect to have your Audience ſit
Till the fifth Act be done, and Curtain fall,
Mind what Inſtructions I ſhall further tell:
Our Guiſe and Manners alter with our Age,
And ſuch they muſt be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurſes hand,

To play with thoſe of his own growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as ſoon appeas'd;
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths next hour what he the laſt enjoy'd.
The beardleſs Youth from Pedagogue got looſe,
Does Dogs and Horſes for his Pleaſure chooſe;
Yielding and ſoft to every print of Vice,
Reſtiff to thoſe who would his Faults chaſtiſe;
Careleſs of Profit, of Expences vain,
Haughty and eager his deſires t' obtain,
And ſwift to quit the ſame deſires again.
Thoſe who to manly Years and Senſe are grown,
Seek Wealth and Friendſhip, honour and Renown:
And are diſcreet and fearful how to act
What after they muſt alter and correct.
Diſeaſes, Ills, and Troubles numberleſs
Attend old Men, and with their Age increaſe:
In painful Toil they ſpend their wretched Years,
Still heaping Wealth, and with that Wealth new Cares:

Fond to poſſeſs, and fearful to enjoy;
Slow and ſuſpicious in their Managery;
Full of Delays and Hopes, Lovers of Eaſe,
Greedy of Life, Moroſe, and hard to Pleaſe;
Envious at Pleaſures of the young and gay,
Where they themſelves now want a ſtock to play;
Ill-natur'd Cenſors of the preſent Age,
And what has paſt ſince they have quit the Stage:
But loud Admirers of Queen *Beſſe*'s time,
And what was done when they were in their prime.
Thus, what our Tide of flowing years brings in,
Still with our Ebb of Life goes out again:
The Humours of Fourſcore will never hit
One of Fifteen, nor a Boys part befit
A full-grown Man: it ſhews no mean Addreſs,
If you the Temper of each Age expreſs.
Somethings are beſt to act; others to tell;
Thoſe by the Ear convey'd, do not ſo well,
Nor half ſo movingly affect the Mind,
As what we to our eyes preſented find.
Yet there are many things, which ſhould not come
In view, nor paſs beyond the Tiring Room:

Which,

Which, after in expreſſive Language told,
Shall pleaſe the Audience more than to behold:
Let not *Medea* ſhew her fatal rage,
And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage:
Nor *Oedipus* tear out his Eye-balls there,
Nor bloody *Atreus* his dire Feaſt prepare:
Cadmus nor *Progne* their odd Changes take,
This to a Bird, the other to a Snake:
Whatever ſo incredible you ſhow,
Shocks my Belief, and ſtrait does nauſeous grow.

Five Acts, no more nor leſs, your Play muſt have,
If you'll an handſome third Days ſhare receive.
Let not a God be ſummon'd to attend
On a ſlight Errand, nor on Wire deſcend,
Unleſs th' Importance of the Plot engage;
And let but Three at once ſpeak on the Stage.

Be ſure to make the *Chorus* ſtill promote
The chief Intrigue and Buſineſs of the Plot:
Betwixt the Acts there muſt be nothing Sung
Which does not to the main Deſign belong:
The Praiſes of the good muſt here be told,
The Paſſions curb'd, and Foes of Vice extoll'd:

Here Thrift, and Temperance, and wholeſom Laws,
Strict Juſtice, and the gentle calms of Peace,
Muſt have their Commendations and Applauſe:
And Prayers muſt be ſent to Heaven to guide
Blind fortunes Bleſſings to the juſter ſide,
To raiſe the Poor, and low'r proſp'rous Pride.

At firſt the Muſick of our Stage was rude,
Whilſt in the *Cock-pit* and *Black-Friars* it ſtood:
And this might pleaſe enough in former Reigns,
A thrifty, thin, and baſhful Audience;
When *Buſſy d' Ambois* and his Fuſtian took,
And men were raviſh'd with Queen *Gordobuck*.

But ſince our Monarch by Kind Heaven ſent,
Brought back the Arts with him from Baniſhment,
And by his gentle influence gave increaſe
To all the harmleſs Luxuries of Peace;
Favour'd by him, our Stage has flouriſh'd too,
And every day in outward ſplendor grew:
In Muſick, Song, and Dance of ev'ry kind,
And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd;
And ſince that Opera's at length came in,
Our Players have ſo well improv'd the Scene
With gallantry of Habit, and Machine,

As

As makes our Theatre in Glory vie
With the beſt Ages of Antiquity:
And mighty *Roſcius* were he living now,
Would envy both our Stage and Acting too.
Thoſe who did firſt in Tragedy eſſay
(When a vile Goat was all the Poets day)
Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity
With interludes of Mirth and Raillery:
Here they brought rough and naked Satyrs in,
Whoſe Farce-like Geſture, Motion, Speech, and Meen
Reſemble thoſe of modern *Harlequin.*
Becauſe ſuch antick Tricks and odd Grimace,
After their drunken Feaſts on Holidays,
The giddy and hot-headed Rout would pleaſe:
As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
Divert the ſenſleſs Crowd at *Barthol'mew.*
But he that would in this Mock-way excell,
And exerciſe the Art of Railing well,
Had need with diligence obſerve this Rule,
In turning ſerious things to ridicule:

If he an Hero, or a God bring in,
With Kingly Robes and Scepter lately ſeen,
Let them not ſpeak, like Burleſque Characters,
The Wit of *Billingſgate* and *Temple-Stairs:*
Nor, while they of thoſe Meanneſſes beware
In tearing Lines of *Bajazet* appear.
Majeſtick Tragedy as much diſdains
To condeſcend to low and trivial Strains,
As a Court-Lady thinks her ſelf diſgrac'd
To dance with Dowdies at a May-pole Feaſt.

If in this kind you will attempt to write,
You muſt no broad and clowniſh Words admit:
Nor muſt you ſo confound your Characters,
As not to mind what Perſon 'tis appears.
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
And let your Stile be ſmooth and natural:
Though others think it eaſie to attain,
They'll find it hard, and imitate in vain:
So much does Method and Connexion grace
The common'ſt things, the plaineſt Matters raiſe.

In my Opinion 'tis abſurd and odd
To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,

Speak

Speak the fine Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,
As if they had their Training at *Whitehall*:
Yet, though I would not have their Words too quaint,
Much leſs can I allow them impudent:
For Men of Breeding, and of Quality
Muſt needs be ſhock'd with fulſome Ribaldry;
Which, though it paſs the Footboy and the Cit,
Is always nauſeous to the Box and Pit.
There are but few who have ſuch skilful Ears
To judge of artleſs and ill-meaſur'd Verſe.
This, till of late, was hardly underſtood,
And ſtill there's too much Liberty allow'd.
But will you therefore be ſo much a Fool
To write at random, and neglect a Rule?
Or, while your Faults are ſet to general view,
Hope all Men ſhould be blind, or pardon you?
Who would not ſuch Fool-hardineſs condemn,
Where though perchance you may eſcape from blame,
Yet Praiſe you never can expect or claim?
Therefore be ſure you ſtudy to apply
To the great Patterns of Antiquity:

Ne'er lay the *Greeks* and *Romans* out of ſight,
Ply them by day, and think on them by night.
Rough hobbling Numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
And Clench for deep Conceit in former time:
With too much Patience (not to call it worſe)
Both were applauded in our Anceſtors:
If you or I have Senſe to judge aright
Betwixt a Quibble and true ſterling Wit;
Or Ear enough to give the Difference
Of ſweet well ſounding Verſe from doggrel Strains.
Theſpis ('tis ſaid) did Tragedy deviſe,
Unknown before and rude at its firſt riſe:
In Carts the Gypſy Actors ſtrowl'd about,
With Faces ſmear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
And thro' the Towns amus'd the wondring Rout;
Till *Æſchylus* appearing to the Age,
Contriv'd a Play-houſe, and convenient Stage.
Found out the uſe of Vizards, and a Dreſs,
(An handſomer, and more gentile Diſguiſe)
And taught the Actors with a ſtately Air
And Meen to Speak, and Tread, and whatſoe'er
Gave Port and Grandeur to the Theatre.

Next

Next this ſucceeded antient Comedy,
With good Applauſe, till too much Liberty
Uſurp'd by Writers, had debauch'd the Stage,
And made it grow the Grievance of the Age:
No Merit was ſecure, no Perſon free
From its licentious Buffoonery:
Till for Redreſs the Magiſtrate was fain
By Law thoſe Inſolences to reſtrain.

Our Authors in each kind their Praiſe may claim,
Who leave no Paths untrod that lead to Fame:
And well they merit it, who ſcorn'd to be
So much the Vaſſals of Antiquity,
As thoſe, who know no better than to cloy
With the old muſty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*:
But boldly the dull beaten Track forſook,
And Subjects from our Country-ſtory took.
Nor would our Nation leſs in Wit appear
Than in its great performances of War;
Were there Encouragements to bribe our care,
Would we to file, and finiſh ſpare the pains,
And add but Juſtneſs to our manly Senſe.

But,

But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
Your Skill, and Judgment, by mean Flattery:
Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,
But what, you're certain, is correctly writ:
But what has ſtood all teſts, and is allow'd
By all to be unqueſtionably good:

Becauſe ſome wild Enthuſiaſts there be
(Who bar the Rules of Art and Poetry)
Would have it Rapture all, and ſcarce admit
A man of ſober ſenſe to be a Wit;
Others by this conceit have been miſled
So much, that they're grown ſtatutably mad:
The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
Court Solitude, and Converſation ſhun;
In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,
And ſcarce are brought to cut their Nails and Hair,
And hope to purchaſe credit and eſteem,
When they, like *Cromwell*'s Porter, Frantick ſeem:
Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,
Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e'er ſhould be
A mark of the Elect in Poetry.

How

How much an Aſs am I that us'd to bleed,
And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head?
None otherwiſe would be ſo good as I,
At lofty ſtrains, and rants of Poetry:
But, Faith, I am not yet ſo fond of Fame,
To loſe my Reaſon for a Poets name.
Tho' I my ſelf am not diſpos'd to write,
In others I may ſerve to ſharpen Wit:
Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,
And how he ſhall perform it with ſucceſs:
Whence the materials for his Work are ſought,
And how with skilful Art they muſt be wrought:
And ſhew what is and is not Decency,
And where his Faults and Excellencies lie.
Good Senſe muſt be the certain Standard ſtill
To all that will pretend to writing well:
If you'll arrive at that, you needs muſt be
Well vers'd and grounded in Philoſophy:
Then chuſe a Subject which you throughly know,
And Words unſought thereon will eaſie flow.
Whoe'er will write, muſt diligently mind
The ſeveral Sorts and Ranks of humane kind:

He that has learnt what to his Country's due,
What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
What Charge a Stateſman, or a Judge does bear,
And what the Parts of a Commander are;
Will never be at loſs (he may be ſure)
To give each Perſon their due Pourtraiture.
Take humane Life for your Original,
Keep but your Draughts to that, you'll never fail.
Sometimes in Plays, tho' elſe but badly writ,
With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,
Some one well humour'd Character we meet
That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
And jingling Toys of more elaborate Pens.

Greece had command of Language, Wit and Senſe,
For cultivating which ſhe ſpar'd no pains:
Glory her ſole deſign, and all her aim
Was how to gain her ſelf immortal Fame:
Our *Engliſh* Youth another way are bred;
They're fitted for a Prentiſhip, and Trade,
And *Wingate*'s all the Authors which they've read.

The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,
Has learnt Diviſion, and the Golden Rule;
Scholar enough! cries the old doting Fool,
I'll hold a Piece, he'll prove an Alderman,
And come to ſit at Church with Furs and Chain.
This is the top deſign, the only praiſe,
And ſole Ambition of the booby Race:
While this baſe Spirit in the Age does reign,
And men mind nought but Wealth and ſordid Gain,
Can we expect or hope it ſhould bring forth
A Work in Poetry of any worth,
Fit for the learned *Bodely* to admit
Among its ſacred Monuments of Wit?
A Poet ſhould inform us, or divert,
But joining both he ſhews his chiefeſt Art:
Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be ſure to lay them down both clear and brief:
By that they're eaſier far to apprehend,
By this more faithfully preſerv'd in mind:
All things ſuperfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and ſurcharge the Memory.
Let whatſoe'er of Fiction you bring in,
Be ſo like Truth, to ſeem at leaſt akin:

Do not Improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my Belief:
Ne'er make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomſtick through the Air:
Nor Canibal a living Infant ſpew,
Which he had murther'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver ſort diſlike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edify:
And youthful Sparks as much that Wit deſpiſe,
Which is not ſtrew'd with pleaſant Gaities:
But he that has the Knack of mingling well
What is of Uſe with what's agreeable,
That knows at once how to inſtruct and pleaſe,
Is juſtly crown'd by all Mens Suffrages:
Theſe are the Works which, valued every where,
Enrich *Paul's Church-Yard* and the Stationer:
Theſe Admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages ſpread their Authors Fame.
Yet there are Faults wherewith we ought to bear;
An Inſtrument may ſometimes chance to jar
In the beſt hand, in ſpight of all its care:

Nor

Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet
So fortunate who never miſt the White.
But where I many Excellencies find,
I'm not ſo nicely critical to mind
Each ſlight Miſtake an Author may produce,
Which humane Frailty juſtly may excuſe.
Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
A Fault, will ſtill purſue it to the end,
Is like that ſcraping Fool, who the ſame Note
Is ever playing, and is ever out;
And ſilly as that bubble every whit,
Who at the ſelf-ſame blot is always hit.
When ſuch a lewd incorrigible Sot
Lucks by meer chance upon ſome happy thought;
Among ſuch filthy Traſh, I vex to ſee't,
And wonder how (the Devil) he came by't.
In works of bulk and length we now and then
May grant an Author to be overſeen:
Homer himſelf, how ſacred e'er he is,
Yet claims not a pretence to Faultleſneſs.
Poems with Pictures a reſemblance bear;
Some (beſt at diſtance) ſhun a view too near:

Others are bolder, and ſtand off to fight;
Theſe love the ſhade, thoſe chooſe the cleareſt light,
And dare the ſurvey of the skilful'ſt eyes:
Some once, and ſome Ten thouſand times will
pleaſe.

Sir, tho' your ſelf ſo much of knowledge own
In theſe Affairs that you can learn of none,
Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down:
Moſt Callings elſe do Difference allow,
Where ordinary Parts, and Skill may do:
I've known Phyſicians, who reſpect might claim,
Tho' they ne'er roſe to *Willis* his great Fame:
And there are Preachers who have great renown,
Yet ne'er come up to *Sprat*, or *Tillotſon*:
And Counſellors, or Pleaders in the Hall
May have Eſteem and Practice, tho' they fall
Far ſhort of ſmooth tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,
Tho' they want *Selden*'s Learning, *Vaughan*'s Senſe;
But Verſe alone does of no mean admit,
Who'er will pleaſe, muſt pleaſe us to the height:
He muſt a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be;
For there's no ſecond rate in Poety:

A dull inſipid Writer none can bear,
In every place he is the publick Jeer,
And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.

No man that underſtands to make a Feaſt,
With a coarſe Deſſert will offend his Gueſt,
Or bring ill Muſick in to grate the ear,
Becauſe 'tis what the Entertain might ſpare:
'Tis the ſame caſe with thoſe that deal in Wit,
Whoſe main deſign and end ſhould be Delight:
They muſt by this ſame Sentence ſtand or fall,
Be highly excellent or not at all.

In all things elſe, ſave only Poetry,
Men ſhew ſome ſigns of common Modeſty:
You'll hardly find a Fencer ſo unwiſe,
Who at *Bear-garden* e'er will fight a Prize,
Not having learnt before: nor at a Wake
One, that wants skill and ſtrength, the Girdle take;
Or be ſo vain the pond'rous VVeight to fling,
For fear they ſhould be hiſs'd out of the Ring.
Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verſe,
And write in ſpight of Nature, and his Stars;

All ſorts of Subjects challenge at this time
The Liberty and Property of Rhime.
The Sot of Honour, fond of being great
By ſomething elſe than Title and Eſtate,
As if a Parent gave him claim to Senſe,
Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,
Believes a caſt of Foot-boys, and a ſet
Of *Flanders* muſt advance him to a Wit.
But you who have the Judgment to deſcry
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,
I'm ſure will never be induc'd to ſtrain
Your Genius, or attempt againſt your Vein,
Yet (this let me adviſe) if e'er you write,
Let none of your Compoſures ſee the light,
Till they've been throughly weigh'd, and paſt the Teſt
Of all thoſe Judges who are thought the beſt:
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the Preſs,
You've power to correct them as you pleaſe:
But when they once come forth to view of all,
Your Faults are chronicled, and paſt recall.

Orpheus

Orpheus the firſt of the inſpir'd Train,
By force of powerful Numbers did reſtrain
Mankind from Rage and bloody Cruelty,
And taught the barbarous World Civility:
Hence roſe the Fiction which the Poets fram'd,
That Lions were by's tuneful Magick tam'd,
And Tigers, charm'd by his harmonious Lays,
Grew gentle, and laid by their Savageneſs:
Hence that, which of *Amphion* too they tell,
The pow'r of whoſe mirac'lous Lute could call
The well-plac'd Stones into the *Theban* Wall.

Wondrous were the Effects of prim'tive Verſe,
Which ſettled and reform'd the Univerſe:
This did all things to their due Ends reduce,
To publick, private, ſacred, civil Uſe:
Marriage for weighty Cauſes was ordain'd,
That bridled Luſt, and lawleſs Love reſtrain'd:
Cities with Walls and Ramparts were inclos'd,
And Property with wholſome Laws diſpos'd:
And Bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
To guard weak Innocence from wrongful Might.

Hence Poets have been held a ſacred Name,
And plac'd with firſt Rates in the Liſts of Fame.
Next theſe, great *Homer* to the World appear'd,
Around the Globe his loud Alarms were heard,
Which all the brave to warlike Action fir'd:
And *Heſiod* after him with uſeful Skill
Gave Leſſons to inſtruct the Plough-man's Toil.
Verſe was the Language of the Gods of old,
In which their ſacred Oracles were told:
In Verſe were the firſt Rules of Virtue taught,
And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits ſought:
By Verſe ſome have the Love of Princes gain'd,
Who oft vouchſafe ſo to be entertain'd,
And with a Muſe their weighty Cares unbend,
Then think it no Diſparagement, dear Sir,
To own your ſelf a Member of that Choir
Which Kings eſteem, and Heaven does inſpire.
Concerning Poets there has been conteſt,
Whether they're made by Art or Nature beſt:
But if I may preſume in this Affair,
Amongſt the reſt my Judgment to declare,

No

No Art without a Genius will avail,
And Parts without the help of Art will fail:
But both Ingredients jointly muſt unite
To make the happy Character compleat.
None at *New-market* ever won the Prize,
But us'd his Airings and his Exerciſe,
His Courſes and his Diets long before,
And Wine and Women for a time forbore:
Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,
Of good Repute in a Cathedral now,
But was a Learner once (he'll freely own)
And by long Practice to that Skill has grown:
But each conceited Dunce, without pretence
To the leaſt grain of Learning, Parts, or Senſe,
Or any thing but harden'd Impudence,
Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
With all the topping Writers of the Age:
" *Why ſhould not he put in among the reſt?*
" *Damn him! he ſcorns to come behind the beſt:*
" *Declares himſelf a Wit, and vows to draw*
" *On the next Man, whoe'er diſowns him ſo.*

Scriblers

Scriblers of Quality who have Eſtate,
To gain applauding Fools at any rate,
Practiſe as many Tricks as Shop-keepers
To force a Trade, and put off naughty Wares.
Some hire the Houſe their Follies to expoſe,
And are at Charge to be ridiculous:
Others with VVine and Ordinaries treat
A needy Rabble to cry up their VVit:
'Tis ſtrange that ſuch ſhould the true diff'rence find
Betwixt a ſpunging Knave and faithful Friend.
Take heed how you e'er proſtitute your Senſe
To ſuch a fawning Crew of Sycophants:
All ſigns of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,
Wonder, and bleſs themſelves at every line,
Swearing, "*'Tis ſoft! 'tis charming! 'tis divine!*
Here they'll look pale, as if ſurpriz'd, and there
In a diſguiſe of Grief ſqueeze out a Tear;
Oft ſeem tranſported with a ſudden Joy,
Stamp and lift up their hands in Extaſie:
But if by chance your back once turn'd appear,
You'll have 'em ſtrait put out their Tongues in jeer,
Or point, or gibe you with a ſcornful Sneer.

As

As they who truly grieve at Funerals, ſhew
Leſs outward Sorrow than hir'd Mourners do;
So true Admirers leſs Concernment wear
Before your face than the Sham-Flatterer.

They tell of Kings, who never would admit
A Confident, or Boſom-Favourite,
Till ſtore of VVine had made his Secrets float,
And by that means they'd found his Temper out:
'Twere well if Poets knew ſome way like this,
How to diſcern their Friends from Enemies.

Had you conſulted learned *Ben* of old,
He would your Faults impartially have told:
"*This Verſe Correction wants* (he would have ſaid)
"*And ſo does this*: If you reply'd, you had
To little purpoſe ſeveral Trials made;
He preſently would bid you ſtrike a daſh
On all, and put in better in the place:
But if he found you once a ſtubborn Sot,
That would not be corrected in a Fault;
He would no more his Pains and Counſel ſpend
On an abandon'd Fool that ſcorn'd to mend;

But

But bid you in the Devil's Name go on,
And hug your dear Impertinence alone.
A truſty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his Senſe and Judgment whereſoe'er
He ſees a Fault: "*Here, Sir, good faith, you're low,*
"*And muſt ſome heightning on the place beſtow:*
"*There, if you mind, the Rhime is harſh and rough,*
"*And ſhould be ſoft'ned to go ſmoothlier off;*
"*Your Strokes are here of Varniſh left too bare,*
"*Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:*
"*Your Metaphor is coarſe, that Phraſe not pure,*
"*This Word improper, and that Senſe obſcure.*
In fine, you'll find him a ſtrict Cenſurer,
That will not your leaſt Negligences ſpare
Through a vain fear of diſobliging you:
They are but ſlight and trival things, 'tis true;
Yet theſe ſame Trifles (take a Poet's word)
Matter of high Importance will afford,
Whene'er by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.
Not thoſe with *Lord have mercy* on their doors,
Venom of Adders or infected Whores,

Are

Are dreaded worſe by Men of Senſe and VVit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving Fit:
Like Dog, whoſe Tail is pegg'd into a Bone,
The hooting Rabble all about the Town
Purſue the Cur, and pelt him up and down.
Should this poor Frantick, as he paſs'd along,
Intent on's Rhiming-work amidſt the Throng,
Into *Fleet-Ditch* or ſome deep Cellar fall,
And, till he rent his Throat, for ſuccor bawl,
No one would lend an helping hand at call:
For who (the Plague!) could gueſs at his Deſign,
Whether he did not for the nonce drop in?
I'd tell you, Sir, but queſtionleſs you've heard
Of the odd End of a *Sicilian* Bard;
Fond to be deem'd a God, this Fool (it ſeems)
In's Fit leap'd headlong into *Ætna*'s Flames.
Troth, I could be content an Act might paſs,
Such Poets ſhould have leave, whene'er they pleaſe,
To die and rid us of our Grievances.
A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or chooſe
What other way they will themſelves diſpoſe,
Why ſhould we Life againſt their Wills impoſe?

Might

Might that ſame Fool I mention'd now revive,
He would not be reclaim'd I dare believe,
But ſoon be playing his old Freaks again,
And ſtill the ſame capricious Hopes retain.
'Tis hard to gueſs, and harder to alledge,
Whether for Parricide, or Sacriledge,
Or ſome more ſtrange, unknown, and horrid (Crime,
Done in their own or their Forefathers time,
Theſe ſcribling Wretches have been damn'd to Rhime:
But certain 'tis, for ſuch a crack-brain'd Race,
Bedlam or *Hogsdon* is the fitteſt place:
Without their Keeper you had better chooſe
To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke looſe,
Than theſe wild ſavage Rhimers in the ſtreet,
Who with their Verſes worry all they meet:
In vain you would releaſe your ſelf; ſo cloſe
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting looſe.
Remorſleſs they to no Entreaties yield,
Till you are with inhumane Nonſenſe kill'd.

An Imitation of
HORACE.

Book I. Satyr IX.

Written in *June*, 1681.

Ibam fortè viâ ſacrâ, &c.

AS I was walking in the *Mall* of late,
Alone, and muſing on I know not what;
Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
Knew by his Name, and rudely ſeizes me:
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:
And pray, how have you done this Age or two?
"*Well, I thank God* (ſaid I) *as times are now:*
"*I wiſh the ſame to you.* And ſo paſs'd on,
Hoping with this the Coxcomb would be gone.
But when I ſaw I could not thus get free;
I ask'd what Buſineſs elſe he had with me?
Sir (anſwer'd he) *If Learning, Parts, or Senſe*
Merits your Friendſhip, I have juſt Pretence;

"*I*

" *I honour you* (ſaid I) *upon that ſcore,*
" *And ſhall be glad to ſerve you to my Power.*
Mean time wild to get looſe, I try all ways
To ſhake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,
Sometimes ſtand ſtill: I frown, I chafe, I fret,
Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Bagnio* ſweat:
And ſhew all kind of ſigns to make him gueſs
At my impatience and uneaſineſs.
" *Happy the folk in* Newgate (whiſper'd I)
" *Who, tho in Chains are from this torment free:*
" *Would I were like rough* Manly *in the Play,*
" *To ſend Impertinents with kicks away!*

He all the while baits me with tedious chat,
Speaks much about the Drought, and how the Rate
Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:
Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,
Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or Plague;
Names every Wench that paſſes through the Park,
How much ſhe is allow'd, and who the Spark
That keeps her: points, who lately got a Clap,
And who at the *Groom-porters* had ill hap

Three

Three nights ago, in play with ſuch a Lord:
When he obſerv'd, I minded not a word,
And did no Anſwer to his Traſh afford;
Sir, I perceive you ſtand on Thorns (ſaid he)
And fain would part; but, faith, it muſt not be:
Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cry'd) "*No;*
"*Sir, I am in a Courſe, and dare not now.*
Then tell me whither you deſire to go,
I'll wait upon you. Oh! Sir, 'tis too far:
"*I viſit croſs the Water; therefore ſpare*
"*Your needleſs Trouble. Trouble! Sir, 'tis none:*
'Tis more by half to leave you here alone.
I have no preſent Buſineſs to attend,
At leaſt, which I'll not quit for ſuch a Friend:
Tell me not of the Diſtance; for I vow,
I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,
Good faith, I will not leave you: make no words:
Go you to Lambeth? *Is it to my* Lord's?
His Steward I moſt intimately know,
Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.
By this I found my Wheadle would not paſs,
But rather ſerv'd my ſuff'rings to increaſe:

And ſeeing 'twas in vain to vex or fret,
I patiently ſubmitted to my Fate.

Strait he begins again: *Sir, if you knew*
My Worth but half ſo througly as I do;
I'm ſure you would not value any Friend
You have like me: but that I won't commend
My ſelf, and my own Talents I might tell
How many ways to wonder I excel.
None has a greater gift in Poetry,
Or writes more Verſes with more eaſe than I:
I'm grown the Envy of the men of Wit,
I kill'd ev'n Rocheſter *with grief, and ſpight:*
Next for the Dancing part I all ſurpaſs,
St. Andrew *never mov'd with ſuch a grace:*
And 'tis well known, whene'er I ſing or ſet,
Humphrys *nor* Blow *could ever match me yet.*

Here I got room to interrupt: "*Have you*
"*A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?*
Not one: they are all dead: "*Troth, ſo I gheſt:*
"*The happier they* (ſaid I) *who are at reſt:*
"*Poor I, am only left unmurder'd yet:*
"*Haſte, I beſeech you, and diſpatch me quite:*

"*For*

" *For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:*
" *When I was young, a Gypſie told my doom:*
This Lad (ſaid ſhe, and look'd upon my hand)
Shall not by Sword, or Poyſon come to's end,
Nor by the Fever, Dropſie, Gout, or Stone,
But he ſhall die by an eternal Tongue:
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wiſe,
Let him avoid great Talkers, I adviſe.
By this time we were got to *Weſtminſter,*
Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,
And, if he were not there, his Cauſe muſt fall:
Sir, if you love me ſtep into the Hall
For one half hour, " *The Devil take me now*
" (Said I) *if I know any thing of Law:*
" *Beſides I told you whither I'm to go.*
Hereat he made a ſtand, pull'd down his Hat
Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep Debate:
I'm in a ſtrait (ſays he) *what I ſhall do,*
Whether forſake my buſineſs, Sir, or you.
" *Me, by all means* (ſay I.) *No* (ſays my Sot)
I fear you'll take it ill if I ſhould do't:

I'm ſure you will. " *Not I, by all that's good.*
But I've more breeding than to be ſo rude.
Pray, don't neglect your own Concerns for me:
" *Your Cauſe, good Sir! My Cauſe be damn'd,* ſays he,
I value't leſs than your dear Company.
With this he came up to me, and would lead
The way; I ſneaking after, hung my head.

Next he begins to plague me with the *Plot*,
Asks, whether I were known to *Oats* or not?
" *Not I, thank Heaven! I no Prieſt have been;*
" *Have never* Doway *nor St.* Omers *ſeen.*
What think you, Sir, will they the Joyner *try?*
Will he die, think you? Yes, moſt certainly.
I mean, be hang'd. " *Wou'd thou wert ſo* (wiſh'd I.)
Religion came in next; though he'd no more
Than th' noble Peer, his Whore, or Confeſſor.
Oh, the ſad times if once the King ſhould die!
Sir, are you not afraid of Popery?
" *No more than my Superiors: why ſhould I?*
" *Come* Popery, *come any thing* (thought I)
" *So Heav'n would bleſs me to get rid of thee:*

" *But*

" *But 'tis ſome comfort that my Hell is here;*
" *I need no Puniſhment hereafter fear.*
Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew;
How ſtands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace and you?
" *Sir, he's a man of Senſe above the Crowd,*
" *And ſhuns the Converſe of a Multitude.*
Ay Sir (ſays he) *you're happy who are near*
His Grace, and have the Favour of his Ear:
But let me tell you, if you'll recommend
This Perſon here, your Point will ſoon be gain'd.
Gad, Sir, I'll die if my own ſingle Wit
Don't fob his Minions, and diſplace 'em quite;
And make your ſelf his only Favourite.
" *No, you are out abundantly* (ſaid I)
" *We live not as you think: no Family*
" *Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free*
" *From thoſe ill Cuſtoms which are us'd to ſwarm*
" *In great Mens Houſes; none e'er does me harm,*
" *Becauſe more Learned or more Rich than I;*
" *But each Man keeps his Place and his Degree.*
" *'Tis mighty ſtrange* (ſays he) *what you relate,*
" *But nothing truer, take my word for that.*

You make me long to be admitted too
Amongſt his Creatures: Sir, I beg that you
Will ſtand my Friend: your Intereſt is ſuch,
You may prevail, I'm ſure you can do much;
He's one that may be won upon, I've heard,
Tho at the firſt approach Acceſs be hard.
I'll ſpare no Trouble of my own or Friends,
No Coſt in Fees, and Bribes to gain my Ends:
I'll ſeek all opportunities to meet
With him, accoſt him in the very ſtreet:
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
Fawn, ſcrape, and cringe to him, nay, to his Groom.
Faith, Sir, this muſt be done if we'll be great:
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.

While at this ſavage rate he worried me,
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend, came by,
That knew the Fellow's Humour paſſing well:
Glad of the ſight, I join him; we ſtand ſtill:
Whence came you, Sir? and whither go you now?
And ſuch like Queſtions paſs'd betwixt us two:
Strait I begin to pull him by the Sleeve,
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Noſe, and give

A thouſand hints, to let him know that I
Needed his help for my Delivery:
He, naughty Wag, with an arch fleering Smile
Seems ignorant of what I mean the while;
I grow ſtark wild with Rage. "*Sir, ſaid not you*
"*You'd ſomewhat to diſcourſe, not long ago,*
"*With me in private? I remember't well:*
Some other time be ſure, I will not fail:
Now I am in great haſte upon my Word:
A Meſſenger came for me from a Lord,
That's in a bad condition, like to die.
"*Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worſe than I:*
"*Therefore for God's ſake do not ſtir from hence.*
Sweet Sir! your pardon, 'tis of conſequence:
I hope your're kinder than to preſs my ſtay,
Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.
This ſaid, he left me to my Murderer;
Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;
"*Confounded be the Stars* (ſaid I) *that ſway'd*
"*This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed*
"*With ſickneſs, rather than be viſited*

" *With this worſe Plague! what ill have I e'er done,*
" *To pull this Curſe, this heavy Judgment down?*

While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,
Comes aid at length: a brace of Bailiffs clap
The Raſcal on the back: " *Here take your Fees,*
" *Kind Gentlemen* (ſaid I) *for my Releaſe.*
He would have had me Bail. " *Excuſe me Sir,*
" *I've made a Vow ne'er to be Surety more:*
" *My Father was undone by't heretofore.*

Thus I got off, and bleſs'd the Fates, that he
Was Pris'ner made, I ſet at liberty.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon
HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXXI.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? &c.------

I.

WHat does the Poet's modeſt Wiſh require?
What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n deſire?
Not the large Crops of *Eſham*'s goodly Soil,
Which tire the Mowers and the Reapers Toil;
Not the ſoft Flocks on hilly *Cotſwold* fed,
Nor *Lemſter* Fields with living Fleeces clad:
He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle *Thames*,
Or ſwifter *Severn*, ſpread their fat'ning Streams.
Where they with wanton Windings play,
And eat their widn'd Banks inſenſibly away:
He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-ſtreet*,
Which Conſciences and Souls are pawn'd to get.

Nor

Nor thoſe exhauſtleſs Mines of Gold,
Which *Guiny* and *Peru* in their rich boſoms hold.

II.

Let thoſe that live in the *Canary* Iſles,
On which indulgent Nature ever ſmiles,
Take Pleaſure in their plenteous Vintages,
And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor preſs:
Let wealthy Merchants when they Dine,
Run o'er their coſtly Names of Wine,
Their Cheſts of *Florence*, and their *Mont-Alchine*,
Their *Nants*, *Champagns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Bacharach* and *Moſell*:
He envies not their Luxury,
Which they with ſo much Pains and Danger buy:
For which ſo many Storms and Wrecks they bear,
For which they paſs the *Streights* ſo oft each year,
And ſcape ſo narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

III.

III.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,
Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to pleaſe his Senſe,
Cheap wholſome Herbs content his frugal Board,
The food of unfall'n Innocence,
Which the mean'ſt Village Garden does afford:
Grant him, kind Heav'n, the ſum of his Deſires,
What Nature, not what Luxury requires:
He only does a Competency claim,
And, when he has it, Wit to uſe the ſame:
Grant him ſound Health, impair'd by no Diſeaſe,
Nor by his own Exceſs:
Let him in ſtrength of Mind and Body live,
But not his Reaſon nor his Senſe ſurvive:
His Age (if Age he e'er muſt live to ſee)
Let it from Want, Contempt, and Care be free,
But not from Mirth, and the delights of Poetry:
Grant him but this, he's amply ſatisfi'd,
And ſcorns whatever Fate can give beſide.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon HORACE.

Book II. Ode XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

I.

ALas! dear Friend, alas! time haſtes away,
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its ſtay:
The rolling Years with conſtant Motion run,
Lo! while I ſpeak the preſent Minute's gone,
And following Hours ſtill urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee ſecure:
They're all too feeble to withſtand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidleſs end.
When once thy Glaſs is run,
When once thy utmoſt Thread is ſpun,
'Twill then be fruitleſs to expect Reprieve:
Could'ſt thou ten thouſand Kingdoms give

In

In purchaſe for each hour of longer life,
They would not buy one gaſp of Breath,
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

II.

All the vaſt ſtock of humane Progeny,
Which now like Swarms of Inſects crawl
Upon the Surface of Earth's ſpacious Ball,
Muſt quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.
The mightieſt King, and proudeſt Potentate,
In ſpight of all his Pomp and all his State,
Muſt pay this neceſſary Tribute unto Fate:
The buſie reſtleſs *Monarch* of the World, which now
Keeps ſuch a pother, and ſo much ado
To fill Gazetts alive,
And after in ſome lying Annal to ſurvive;
Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal man muſt die,
And ſtink and rot as well as thou and I,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch that begs his Bread,
And is with Scraps out of the common Basket fed.

III.

III.

In vain from Dangers of the bloody Field we keep
In vain we eſcape
The ſultry *Line* and ſtormy *Cape*,
And all the Treacheries of the faithleſs Deep:
In vain for Health to foreign Countries we repair,
And change our *Engliſh* for *Mompellier* Air
In hope to leave our fears of dying there;
In vain with coſtly far-fetch'd Drugs we ſtrive
To keep the waſting vital Lamp alive:
In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely;
Againſt reſiſtleſs Death there is no remedy.
Both we and they for all their skill muſt die,
And fill alike the Beadrols of Mortality.

IV.

Thou muſt, thou muſt, reſign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy Houſe, thy Wife, and Family behind:
Thou muſt thy fair and goodly Mannors leave,
Of theſe thy Trees thou ſhalt not with thee take,
Save juſt as much as will thy Coffin make:

Nor

Nor wilt thou be allow'd, of all thy Land to have,
But the ſmall pittance of a ſix-foot Grave.
Then ſhall thy prodigal young Heir
Laviſh the Wealth which thou for many a year
Haſt hoarded up with ſo much Pains and Care:
Then ſhall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept ſacred now as Vaults of buried Anceſtors:
Shall ſet th' enlarged Butts at liberty,
Which there cloſe Pris'ners under durance lie,
And waſh theſe ſtately Floors with better Wine
Than that of conſecrated Prelates when they dine.

The

The PRAISE of HOMER.

ODE.

I.

HAil God of Verſe! pardon that thus I take in vain
Thy ſacred everlaſting Name,
And in unhallowed Lines blaſpheme:
Pardon, that with ſtrange Fire thy Altars I profane.
Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith ſubmit,
Whom we acknowledge our ſole Text and Holy (Writ:
None other Judge infallible we own,
But Thee, who art the Canon of authentick Wit alone.
Thou art the unexhauſted Ocean, whence
Sprung firſt, and ſtill do flow th' eternal Rills of Senſe:
To none but Thee our Art Divine we owe,
From whom it had its Riſe, and full Perfection too:

Thou

Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever doſt ſupply
Throughout the World the whole Poetick Company:
With thy vaſt Stock alone they traffick for a Name,
And ſend their glorious Ventures out to all the Coaſts of Fame.

II.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who faſten'd that unjuſt Reproach on Thee?
Who can the ſenſeleſs Tale believe?
Who can to the falſe Legend credit give?
Or think thou wanted'ſt ſight, by whom all others ſee?
What Land, or Region, how remote ſoe'er,
Does not ſo well deſcrib'd in thy great Draughts appear,
That each thy native Country ſeems to be,
And each t'have been ſurvey'd, and meaſur'd out by thee?
Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear;

Whate'er the ſpacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil ſo exactly ſhown,
We ſcarce diſcern where thou, or Nature beſt has drawn;
Nor is thy quick all-piercing Eye
Or check'd or bounded here:
But farther does ſurpaſs, and farther does deſcry,
Beyond the Travels of the Sun and Year.
Beyond this glorious Scene of ſtarry Tapeſtry,
Where the vaſt Purliews of the Sky,
And boundleſs waſte of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'ſt, and bold Diſcoveries.
What there the Gods in Parliament debate,
What Votes, or Acts i'th' Heav'nly Houſes paſs;
By Thee ſo well communicated was;
As if thoud'ſt been of that Cabal of State,
As if thou hadſt been ſworn the Privy-Counſeller of Fate.

III.

What Chief, who does thy Warrior's great Exploits ſurvey,
Will not aſpire to Deeds as great as they?
What generous Readers would he not inſpire,
With the ſame gallant Heat, the ſame ambitious Fire?
Methinks from *Ida*'s top with noble Joy I view
The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led,
I ſee th' immortal Hoſt engaging on his ſide,
And him the bluſhing Gods out-do.
Where-e'er he does his dreadful Standards bear,
Horror ſtalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Rear.
Whole Swarths of Enemies his Sword does mow,
And Limbs of Mangled Chiefs his paſſage ſtrow,
And floods of reeking Gore the Field o'er-flow:
While Heav'ns dread Monarch from his Throne of State,
With high concern upon the fight looks down,
And wrinkles his Majeſtick Brow into a Frown,
To ſee bold Man, like him, diſtribute Fate.

IV.

While the great *Macedonian* Youth in Non-age grew,
Nor yet by Charter of his Years set free
From Guardians, and their slavish Tyranny,
No Tutor, but the Budge Philosophers he knew:
And well enough the grave and useful Tools
Might serve to read him Lectures, and to please
With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges:
They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling teach,
And some insipid Homilies of Vertue preach:
But when the mighty Pupil had out-grown
Their musty Discipline, when manlier Thoughts possess'd
His generous Princely Breast,
Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,
And fill'd with Lust of Honour and Renown;
He then learnt to contemn
The despicable things, the Men of Flegm:
Strait he to the dull Pedants gave Release,
And a more noble Master strait took place:

Thou,

Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour ſo could'ſt praiſe,
As might in him juſt Envy raiſe,
Who (one would think) had been himſelf too high
To envy any thing of all Mortality,
'Twas thou that taught'ſt him Leſſons loftier far,
The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:
And wondrous was the Progreſs which he made,
While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:
The World too narrow for his boundleſs Conqueſts grew,
He conquer'd one, and wiſh'd, and wept for new:
From thence he did thoſe Miracles produce,
And fought, and vanquiſh'd by the Conduct of a Muſe.

V.

No wonder rival Nations quarrel'd for thy Birth,
A Prize of greater and of higher worth
Than that which led whole *Greece* and *Aſia* forth,
Than that for which thy mighty Hero fought,
And *Troy* with ten years War, and its Deſtruction bought.

Well did they think it noble to have bore that
Name,
Which the whole World would with ambition
claim;
Well did they Temples raiſe
To Thee, at whom Nature her ſelf ſtood in amaze,
A work, ſhe never tried to amend, nor cou'd:
In which miſtaking Man, by chance ſhe form'd a God.
How gladly would our willing *Iſle* reſign
Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boaſted *Conſtantine*,
And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,
And quit the Honour of their Births to be enſur'd
to thine?
How juſtly might it the wiſe Choice approve,
Prouder in this than *Crete* to have brought forth
Almighty *Jove*?

VI.

Unhappy we, thy *Britiſh* Off-ſpring here,
Who ſtrive by thy great Model Monuments to
rear:
In vain for worthleſs Fame we toil,
That's pent in the ſtrait limits of a narrow *Iſle*:

In

In vain our Force, and Art we ſpend
With noble labours to inrich our Land,
Which none beyond our Shoars vouchſafe to underſtand:
Be the fair Structure ne'er ſo well defin'd,
The parts with ne'er ſo much proportion joyn'd;
Yet foreign Bards (ſuch is their Pride, or Prejudice)
All the choice VVorkmanſhip for the Martial's ſake deſpiſe.
But happier thou the Genius didſt diſpenſe
In Language univerſal as thy Senſe:
All the rich Bullion, which thy Sovereign Stamp does wear
On every Coaſt of Wit does equal value bear,
Allow'd by all, and currant every where.
No Nation yet has been ſo barbarous found,
Where thy tranſcendent Worth was not renown'd.
Throughout the World thou art with Wonder read,
Where ever Learning does its Commerce ſpread,

Where-ever Fame with all her Tongues can ſpeak,
Where-ever the bright God of Wit does his vaſt Journies take.

VII.

Happy above Mankind that envied Name,
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme:
What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven beſtow
On its chief Favourite below?
What nobler Trophy could his high Deſerts befit,
Than theſe thy vaſt erected Pyramids of Wit?
Not Statutes caſt in ſolid Braſs,
Nor thoſe which Art in breathing Marble does expreſs,
Can boaſt an equal Life, or Laſtingneſs
With their well-poliſh'd Images, which claim
A Nich in thy Majeſtick Monuments of Fame.
Here their embalm'd incorruptible Memories
Can proudeſt *Louvres* and *Eſcurials* deſpiſe,
And all the needleſs Helps of *Egypt*'s coſtly Vanities.

No

No Blaſts of Heaven, or Ruin of the Spheres,
Not all the waſhing Tides of rolling Years,
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring Time ſhall e'er
wear out
The great Inſcriptions which thy Hand has
wrought,
Here thou and they ſhall live, and bear an end-
leſs date;
Firm, as inroll'd in the eternal Regiſter of Fate.
For ever curſt be that mad Emperor,
(And curſt enough he is, be ſure)
May future Poets on his hated Name
Shed all their Gall and foulеſt Infamy,
And may it here ſtand branded with eternal
Shame,
Who thought thy Works could mortal be,
And ſought the glorious Fabrick to deſtroy:
In this (could Fate permit it to be done)
His damned *Succeſſor* he had out-gone,
Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Aſhes laid,
And the great Ruins with a ſavage Joy ſurvey'd:

He

He burnt but what might be rebuilt and richer
made.
But had the impious Wiſh ſucceeded here,
'T had raz'd what Age nor Art could e'er
repair.
Nor that vaſt univerſal Flame,
Which at the final Doom
This beauteous Work of Nature muſt conſume,
And Heav'n and all its Glories in one Urn entomb,
VVill burn a nobler, or more laſting Frame:
As firm, and ſtrong as that it ſhall endure,
Through all the Injuries of Time ſecure,
Nor die, till the whole world its Funeral Pile be-
come.

Two

Two Paſtorals out of the Greek.

B I O N.

A Paſtoral, in Imitation of the Greek *of* Moſchus, *bewailing the Death of the Earl of* ROCHESTER.

MOurn all ye Groves, in darker Shades be ſeen,
Let Groans be heard where gentle Winds have been:
Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
And all ye Plants your moiſture ſpend, and die:
Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd agen:
Let every Roſe pale as the Lily be,
And VVinter Froſt ſeize the Anemone:
But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow
In mournful Letters thy ſad Glory ſhow,
Enlarge thy Grief, and flouriſh in thy VVoe:
For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion*'s dead,
His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled.

Come

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Mourn ye ſweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,
Tell the ſad News to all the *Britiſh* Floods:
See it to *Iſis* and to *Cam* convey'd,
To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmoſt *Tweed*:
And bid them waft the bitter Tidings on,
How *Biron*'s dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of Graceful Song.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,
Pine with ſad Grief, and droop your ſickly Wings:
In doleful Notes the heavy Loſs bewail,
Such as you ſing at your own Funeral,
Such as you ſang when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell.
Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the *Britiſh* Nymphs and Swains,

And

And bid them too the diſmal Tidings ſpread
Of *Bion's* Fate, of *England's Orpheus* dead.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring Plain:
Ceas'd are thoſe Lays, ceas'd are thoſe ſprightly Airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our raviſh'd Ears:
For which the liſt'ning Streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down:
While the glad Hills, loth the ſweet Sounds to loſe,
Lengthen'd in Eccho's every heav'nly Cloſe.
Down to the Melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe's* Banks reports his Moan:
Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
But penſive Herds that for their Maſter low:
Stragling and comfortleſs about they rove,
Unmindful of their Paſture and their Love.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe.*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

For

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much lov'd Son,
Does *Phœbus* Clouds of Mourning black put on:
For thee the *Satyrs* and the ruſtick *Fauns*
Sigh and lament through all the Woods and Lawns:
For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and ceaſe to dance
In ſportful Rings by night upon the Plains:
The Water *Nymphs* alike thy Abſence mourn,
And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn:
Sad *Eccho* too does in deep Silence moan,
Since thou art mute, ſince thou art ſpeechleſs grown;
She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,
Now thy ſweet Breath's ſtopt by untimely Fate:
Trees drop their Leaves to dreſs thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall:
Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
And ſcorns to thrive, or live now thou art dead:
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil:
Alas! what boots it now their Hives to ſtore
With the rich Spoils of every plunder'd Flower,
When thou that waſt all Sweetneſs art no more?

Come,

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ne'er did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
In ſuch loud Plaints utter their Grief before:
Never in ſuch ſad Notes did *Philomel*
To the relenting Rocks her Sorrow tell:
Ne'er on the Beech did poor *Alcyone*
So weep, when ſhe her floating Lover ſaw:
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon thoſe VVaves where he was drown'd ſo
mourn'd:
Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with ſuch Grief
Bedew thoſe Aſhes which late gave him Life:
As they did now with vying Grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear *Bion*'s Fall.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

In every VVood, on every Tree and Buſh,
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thruſh,

And

And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng
In liſt'ning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song;
Now each in the ſad Conſort bear a part,
And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here aſſiſt,
Let not your Murmurs in the Crowd be miſt:
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to ſing, and how to love.

Come, all ye Muſes, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Whom haſt thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aſpire to reach thy matchleſs ſtrain?
Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Raſhly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?
Thy Notes remain yet freſh in every Ear,
And give us all Delight and all Deſpair;
Pleas'd *Eccho* ſtill does on them meditate;
And to the whiſtling Reeds their Sounds repeat.
Pan only e'er can equal thee in Song,
That Task does only to great *Pan* belong:

But

But *Pan* himſelf perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.
Fair *Galatea* too laments thy Death,
Laments the ceaſing of thy tuneful Breath:
Oft ſhe, kind Nymph, reſorted heretofore
To hear thy artful meaſures from the Shore:
Not harſh like the rude *Cyclops* were thy Lays,
Whoſe grating Sounds did her ſoft Ears diſpleaſe:
Such was the force of thy inchanting Tongue,
That ſhe for ever could have heard thy Song,
And chid the Hours, that did ſo ſwiftly run,
And thought the Sun too haſty to go down,
Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy ſake
The Sea, and all her fellow-Nymphs forſake:
Penſive upon the Beach ſhe ſits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe,
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

With thee, ſweet *Bion*, all the Grace of Song,
And all the *Muſes* boaſted Art is gone:
Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts command,
Whoſe Pow'r no Shepherdeſs could e'er withſtand:
All the ſoft weeping *Loves* above thee moan,
At once their Mothers Darling and their own:
Dearer waſt thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the laſt gaſping Kiſſes which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his Breath.
This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the ſecond Loſs,
For which in Tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, the Muſes Glory, went before,
He paſs'd long ſince to the *Eliſian* Shore:
For him (they ſay) for him, thy dear lov'd Son,
Thy Waves did long in ſobbing Murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan:
But now, alas! thou doſt afreſh bewail,
Another Son does now thy Sorrow call:

To

To part with either thou alike waſt loth,
Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both:
He largely drank the Rills of ſacred *Cam*,
And this no leſs of *Iſis* nobler Stream:
He ſung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights
Far fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:
This meddled not with bloody Fights and Wars,
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmleſs Jars,
Loves peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.
Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,
And his ſoft Lays did *Venus* ever pleaſe.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.
Thou, ſacred *Bion*, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards that dy'd before:
Old *Chaucer*, who firſt taught the Uſe of Verſe,
No longer has the Tribute of our Tears:
Milton, whoſe Muſe with ſuch a daring flight
Led out the warring *Seraphins* to fight:

Bleſt *Cowley* too, who on the Banks of *Cam*
So ſweetly ſigh'd his Wrongs and told his Flame:
And *He* whoſe Song rais'd *Cooper*'s Hill ſo high,
As made its Glory with *Parnaſſus* vie:
And ſoft *Orinda*, whoſe bright ſhining Name,
Stands next great *Sappho*'s in the ranks of Fame:
All now unwept, and unlamented paſs,
And in our Grief no longer ſhare a place:
Bion alone does all our Tears engroſs,
Our Tears are all too few for *Bion*'s loſs.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Thee all the Herdſmen mourn in gentleſt Lays,
And rival one another in thy Praiſe:
In ſpreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On every Bark, that's worthy of the ſame:
Thy Nams is warbled forth by every Tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song:
Waller, the ſweet'ſt of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tender'ſt and his mournfull'ſt Airs.

And I, the meaneſt of the *Britiſh* Swains,
Amongſt the reſt offer theſe humble Strains:
If I am reckon'd not unbleſt in Song,
'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching Tongue:
Some of thy Art, ſome of thy tuneful Breath
Thou didſt by Will to worthleſs Me bequeath:
Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didſt thy Pipe, and Skill vouchſafe.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe
With never-fading Garlands, *never-dying Verſe.*
Alas! by what ill Fate, to Man unkind,
Were we to ſo ſevere a Lot deſign'd?
The meaneſt Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vileſt Weeds that flouriſh in the Field,
Which muſt ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
Shall ſpring again, again more vigorous grow:
Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the Day,
Which Night is haſting now to ſnatch away,
Shall riſe anew more ſhining and more gay:
But wretched We muſt harder meaſure find,
The great'ſt, the brav'ſt, the witti'ſt of Mankind,

When Death has once put out their Light, in vain
Ever expect the dawn of Life again:
In the dark Grave inſenſible they lie,
And there ſleep out endleſs Eternity.
There thou to ſilence ever art confin'd,
While leſs deſerving Swains are left behind:
So pleaſe the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull *Mævius* go:
Mævius ſtill lives; ſtill let him live for me,
He and his Pipe ſhall ne'er my Envy be:
None e'er that heard thy ſweet, thy artful Tongue,
Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

A fierce Diſeaſe, ſent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and ſtopp'd his hallow'd Breath:
A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,
That ſacred Heat which did his Breaſt Inſpire,
Ah! what malignant Ill could boaſt that power
Which his ſweet Voice's Magick could not cure?

Ah

Ah cruel Fate! how could'ſt thou chuſe but ſpare?
How could'ſt thou exerciſe thy Rigour here?
Would thou had'ſt thrown thy Dart at worthleſs me,
And let this dear, this valued Life go free:
Better ten thouſand meaner Swains had dy'd
Than this beſt work of Nature been deſtroy'd.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, *never-dying-Verſe.*
Ah! would kind Death alike had ſent me hence;
But Grief ſhall do the Work, and ſave its Pains;
Grief ſhall accompliſh my deſired Doom,
And ſoon diſpatch me to *Elyſium:*
There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy Voice thou charm'ſt the Shades below.
Sing, Shepherd, ſing one of thy Strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce *Elyſian* Queen:
She once her ſelf was pleas'd with tuneful Strains,
And ſung and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains:

Fear not, thy Song ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddeſs move:
She once was won by *Orpheus* heav'nly Lays,
And gave his fair *Eurydice* releaſe.
And thine as pow'rful (queſtion not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to theſe glad Hills again.

Ev'n I my ſelf, did I at all excel
Would try the utmoſt of my Voice and Skill,
Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

The

The Lamentation for
ADONIS.
Imitated out of the Greek of *Bion* of *Smyrna*.

PASTORAL.

I Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
He's dead, and all that's lovely with him fled;
Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan
The charming ſweet *Adonis* dead and gone:
Riſe from thy Purple Bed and rich Alcove,
Throw off thy gay Attire, great Queen of Love;
Henceforth in ſad and mournful Weeds appear,
And all the marks of Grief and Sorrow wear,
And tear thy Locks, and beat thy panting Breaſt,
And cry, *My dear* Adonis *is deceas'd.*
I mourn *Adonis*, the ſoft Loves bemoan
The gentle ſweet *Adonis* dead and gone.

On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a ſavage Boar's unpitying Tooth:
In his white Thigh the fatal ſtroke is found,
Nor whiter was that Tooth that gave the Wound:
From the wide Wound faſt flows the ſtreaming Gore,
And ſtains that Skin which was all Snow before:
His Breath with quick ſhort tremblings comes and goes,
And Death his fainting Eyes begins to cloſe:
From his pale lips the ruddy colour's fled,
Fled, and has left his Kiſſes cold and dead:
Yet *Venus* never will his Kiſſes leave,
The Goddeſs ever to his Lips will cleave:
The Kiſs of her dear Youth doth pleaſe her ſtill,
But her poor Youth does not the pleaſure feel:
Dead he feels not her Love, feels not her Grief,
Feels not her Kiſs, which might ev'n life retrieve.
I mourn *Adonis*, the ſad Loves bemoan,
The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing Smart,
But deeper far it goes in *Venus* Heart;

His

His faithful Dogs about the Mountains yell,
And the hard Fate of their dead Maſter tell:
The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful Strains
Proclaim his Death through all the Fields and Plains:
But the ſad Goddeſs, moſt of all forlorn,
With Love diſtracted, and with Sorrow torn,
Wild in her look, and rueful in her air,
With Garments rent, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through pathleſs ways,
Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of Savages,
Undreſt, unſhod, careleſs of Honour, Fame,
And Danger flies, and calls on his lov'd Name:
Rude Brambles, as ſhe goes, her Body tear,
And her cut Feet with Blood the Stones beſmear.
She thoughtleſs of the unfelt Smart flies on,
And fills the Woods and Valleys with her Moan.
Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
And prays them give *Adonis* back again:
But he, alas! the Wretched Youth, alas!
Lies cold and ſtiff, extended on the Graſs:

There

There lies he ſteep'd in Gore, there lies he drown'd
In purple Streams, that guſh from his own Wound:
All the ſoft Band of Loves their Mother mourn,
At once of Beauty and of Love forlorn.
Venus has loſt her Lover, and each Grace,
That ſate before in triumph in her Face,
By Grief chas'd thence, has now forſook the place.
That day which ſnatch'd *Adonis* from her Arms,
That day bereft the Goddeſs of her Charms.
The Woods and Trees in murmuring Sighs bemoan
The Fate of fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore
His Death, with Grief ſwell higher than before:
The Flowers weep in Tears of dreary Dew,
And by their drooping Heads their Sorrow ſhew:
But moſt the *Cyprian* Queen with Shrieks and Groans
Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and Towns:

The poor Adonis *dead!* is all her Cry,
Adonis *dead!* ſad *Eccho* does reply.

What cruel Heart would not the Queen of Love
To melting Tears and ſoft Compaſſion move,
When ſhe ſaw how her wretched Lover fell,
Saw his deep Wound, ſaw it incurable?
Soon as her Eyes his bleeding Wound ſurvey'd,
With eager Clips ſhe did his Limbs invade,
And theſe ſoft, tender, mournful things ſhe ſaid:

" Whither, O whither fly'ſt thou, wretched Boy?
" Stay, my *Adonis*, ſtay, my only Joy;
" O ſtay, unhappy Youth, at leaſt till I
" With one kind Word beſpeak thee ere thou die.
" Till I once more embrace thee, till I ſeal
" Upon thy dying Lips my laſt farewel.
" Look up one minute, give one parting Kiſs,
" One Kiſs, dear Youth, to dry theſe flowing Eyes:
" One kiſs, as thy laſt Legacy, I'd fain
" Preſerve, no God ſhall take it off again.
" Kiſs, while I watch thy ſwimming Eye-balls roul,
" Watch thy laſt Gaſp, and catch thy ſpringing Soul.

" I'll

" I'll ſuck it in, I'll hoard it in my Heart.
" I with that ſacred Pledge will never part,
" But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone,
" To the dark Shades, and leav'ſt me here alone;
" Thou dy'ſt, but hopeleſs I muſt ſuffer Life,
" Muſt pine away with eaſeleſs endleſs Grief.
" Why was I born a Goddeſs? why was I
" Made ſuch a Wretch to want the pow'r to die?
" If I by Death my Sorrows might redreſs,
" If the cold Grave could to my Pains give eaſe,
" I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be
" Than thus condemn'd to Immortality:
" In that vaſt empty, void, and boundleſs Waſt,
" We mind not what's to come, nor what is paſt.
" Of Life, or Death we know no difference,
" Nor Hopes, nor Fears at all affect our Senſe:
" But thoſe who are of Pleaſure once bereft,
" And muſt ſurvive, are moſt unhappy left:
" To ravenous Sorrow they are left a Prey,
" Nor can they ever drive Deſpair away.
" Take, cruel *Proſerpine*, take my lov'd Boy,
" Rich with my Spoils, do thou my Loſs enjoy.

" Take

" Take him relentleſs Goddeſs, for thy own,
" Never till now waſt thou my Envy grown.
" Hard Fate! that thus the beſt of things muſt be
" Always the Plunder of the Grave, and thee:
" The Grave, and thou now all my Hopes engroſs,
" And I for ever muſt *Adonis* loſe.
" Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt dead,
" And with thee all my Pleaſures too are fled:
" They're all like fleeting vaniſh'd Dreams paſs'd ore,
" And nought but the Remembrance left in ſtore
" Of taſted joys ne'er to be taſted more:
" With thee my *Ceſtos*, all my Charms are gone,
" Thy *Venus* muſt thy Abſence ever moan,
" And ſpend the tedious live long Nights alone.
" Ah! heedleſs Boy, why would'ſt thou raſhly chooſe
" Thy ſelf to dang'rous Pleaſures to expoſe?
" Why would'ſt thou haunt? why would'ſt thou any more
" Venture with Dogs to chaſe the foaming Boar?

" Thou

" Thou waſt all fair to mine, to humane Eyes,
" But not (alas!) to thoſe wild Savages.
" One would have thought thy Sweetneſs might
have charm'd
" The rougheſt Kind, the fierceſt Rage diſarm'd:
" Mine (I am ſure) it could; but wo is thee!
" All wear not Eyes, all wear not Breaſts like me.
In ſuch ſad words the Dame her Grief did vent,
While the Wing'd Loves kept time with her
complaint:
As many drops of Blood as from the Wound
Of ſlain *Adonis* fell upon the Ground,
So many Tears, and more you might have told,
That dew the Cheeks of weeping *Venus*, roul'd:
Both Tears, and Blood to new-born Flow'rs give
riſe,
Hence Roſes ſpring, and thence Anemonies.
Ceaſe, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
Thou'ſt vented Sighs, thou'ſt laviſh'd Tears enough:
See, Goddeſs, where a glorious Bed of State
Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait:

This

This Bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,
But now muſt bear the wretched, murther'd Boy:
There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,
Which ſome rude hand had cropt before its hour:
Yet ſmiles, and Beauties ſtill live in his Face,
Which Death can never frighten from their place.
There let him lie upon that conſcious Bed,
Where you loves myſteries ſo oft have tried:
Where you've enjoy'd ſo many a happy Night,
Each lengthen'd into Ages of Delight.
There let him lie, there heaps of Flowers ſtrow,
Roſes and Lilies ſtore upon him throw,
And myrtle Garlands laviſhly beſtow:
Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and coſtlieſt Ointments on,
Flowers are faded, Ointments worthleſs grown,
Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,
Who was all Sweetneſſes compriz'd in one.
In Purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in ſtate,
A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait:
Each does ſome mark of their kind Sorrow ſhow,
One breaks his Shafts, t'other unſtrings his Bow,

A third upon his Quiver wreaks his Hate
As the ſad cauſes of his haſty Fate:
This plucks his bloody Garments off, that brings
Water in veſſels from the neighb'ring Springs,
Some waſh his Wounds, ſome fan him with
their Wings:
All equally their Mothers loſs bemoan,
All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.
Sad *Hymen* too the fatal Loſs does mourn,
His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,
And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn:
His gay and airy Songs are heard no more,
But mournful Strains, that hopeleſs Love deplore.
Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part
With wretched *Venus* in her Pain and Smart:
The poor Adonis *dead!* by turns they cry,
And ſtrive in Grief the Goddeſs to outvy.
The *Muſes* too in ſofteſt Lays bewail
The hapleſs Youth, and his fled Soul recall:
But all in vain; —— ah! numbers are too weak
To call the loſt, the dead *Adonis* back.

Not

Not all the Pow'rs of Verſe, or Charms of Love,
The deaf remorſleſs *Proſerpine* can move.
Ceaſe then, ſad Queen of Love, thy Plaints
give o'er,
Till the next Year reſerve thy Grief in ſtore:
Reſerve thy Sighs and Tears in ſtore till then,
Then thou muſt ſigh, then thou muſt weep again.

Paraphraſe upon the 137 Pſalm.

I.

V. 1. FAr from our pleaſant native *Paleſtine*,
Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty
Current flows,
And does in watry Limits *Babylon* confine,
Curs'd *Babylon!* the cauſe, and author of our Woes:
There on the Rivers ſide
Sate wretched, Captive We,
And in ſad Tears bewail'd our Miſery.

Tears, whoſe vaſt ſtore increas'd the neighb'ring Tide:
We wept, and ſtrait our Grief before us brought
A thouſand diſtant Objects to our Thought.
As oft as we ſurvey'd the gliding Stream,
Lov'd *Jordan* did our ſad remembrance claim:
As oft as we th' adjoyning City view'd,
Dear *Sion*'s razed Walls our Grief renew'd:
We thought on all the Pleaſures of our happy Land,
Late raviſh'd by a cruel Conqu'rors Hand:
We thought on every piteous, every mournful thing,
That might Exceſs to our enlarged Sorrows bring.

2. Deep Silence told the Greatneſs of our Grief,
Of Grief too great by Vent to find Relief:
Our Harps as mute and dumb as we,
Hung uſeleſs and neglected by,
And now and then a broken String would lend a Sigh,
As if with us they felt a Sympathy,
And mourn'd their own and our Captivity:

The gentle River too, as if compaſſionate grown,
As 'twould its Natives Cruelty atone,
As it paſs'd by, in Murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

II.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us Chains,
Who all our Suff'rings and Misfortunes gave,
Did with rude Inſolence our Sorrows brave,
And with inſulting Raillery thus mock'd our Pains:
Play us (ſaid they) *ſome briſk, and airy Strain,*
Such as your Anceſtors were wont to hear
On Shilo's *pleaſant Plain,*
Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:
Or one of thoſe,
Which your illuſtrious David *did compoſe,*
While he fill'd Iſrael's *happy Throne,*
Great Soldier, Poet, and Muſician, all in one:
Oft (have we heard) he went with Harp in hand,
Captain of all th' harmonious Band,
And vanquiſh'd all the Choir with's ſingle skill alone:
4 Forbid it Heaven! forbid thou great thrice hallow' Name,

We ſhould thy Sacred Hymns defame,
Or them with impious Ears profane.
No, no, inhumane Slaves, is this a time
(O cruel, and prepoſterous demand!)
When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,
A Treaſon to our poor unhappy native Land?
Is this a time for ſprightly Airs,
When every look the Badge of Sorrow wears,
And Livery of our Miſeries,
Sad Miſeries that call for all our Breath in ſighs,
And all the Tribute of our Eyes,
And moiſture of our Veins, our very Blood in Tears?
When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jeruſalem*, but thou,
Nought, but thy ſad Deſtruction, Fall, and Overthrow?

III.

Oh deareſt City! late our Nation's juſteſt Pride!
Envy of all the wond'ring World beſide!

Oh

Oh ſacred Temple, once th' Almighty's bleſs'd
abode,
Now quite forſaken by our angry God!
Shall ever diſtant Time or Place
Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?
Shall they not ſtill take up my Breaſt
As long as that, and Life, and I ſhall laſt?
Grant Heav'n (nor ſhall my Prayers the Curſe
withſtand)
That this my learned, skilful Hand
(Which now o'er all the tuneful Strings can boaſt
command,
Which does as quick, as ready and unerring prove,
As Nature, when it would its Joynts or Fingers
move)
Grant it forgets its Art and Feeling too,
When I forget to think, to wiſh, to pray for you:
6. For ever tied with Dumbneſs be my Tongue,
When it ſpeaks ought that ſhall not to your Praiſe
belong,
If that be not the conſtant Subject of my Muſe
and Song.

IV.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember *Edom* on that
Day,
And with like Sufferings their Spight repay,
Who made our Miſeries their cruel Mirth and
Scorn,
Who laugh'd to ſee our flaming City burn,
And wiſh'd it might to Aſhes turn:
Raze, raze it (was their curſed cry)
Raze all its ſtately Structures down,
And lay its Palaces and Temple level with the
Ground,
Till Sion *buried in his diſmal Ruine lie,*
Forgot alike its Palace, its Name, and Memory.
8. And thou proud *Babylon!* juſt Object of our
Hate,
Thou too ſhalt feel the ſad Reverſe of Fate;
Tho' thou art now exalted high,
And with thy lofty Head o'ertop'ſt the Sky,
As if thou would'ſt the Pow'rs above deſie;
Thou (if thoſe Pow'rs (and ſure they will)
prove juſt,

If my Prophetick Grief can ought foreſee)
Ere long ſhalt lay that lofty Head in Duſt,
And bluſh in Blood for all thy preſent Cruelty:
How loudly then ſhall we retort theſe bitter
Taunts!
How gladly to the Muſick of thy Fetters dance!

V.

A Day will come (oh might I ſee't!) ere long
That ſhall revenge our mighty Wrong:
Then bleſt, for ever bleſt be he
Whoever ſhall return't on thee.
And give it deep, and pay't with bloody Uſury:
May neither Aged Groans nor Infants Cries,
Nor piteous Mothers Tears, nor raviſh'd Virgins
Sighs,
Soften thy unrelenting Enemies:
Let them as thou to us inexorable prove,
Nor Age nor Sex their deaf Compaſſion move;
Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,
And all thou doſt attempt within our *Sion*'s Walls
May'ſt thou endure, and more, till joyful we
Confeſs thy ſelf out-done in artful Cruelty.

Bleſt,

Blest'd, yea thrice blessed be that barbarous
Hand
(Oh Grief, that I such dire Revenge commend!)
Who tears out Infants from their Mothers Womb,
And hurls them yet unborn into their Tomb:
Blest'd he who plucks them from their Parents
Arms,
That Sanctuary from all common harms,
Who with their Skulls, and Bones shall pave thy
Streets all o'et,
And fill thy glutted Channels with their scatter'd
Brains and Gore.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon the HYMN *of St.* AMBROSE.

ODE.

I.

TO Thee, O God, we thy juſt Praiſes ſing,
To Thee we thy great Name rehearſe:
We are thy Vaſſals, and this humble Tribute bring,
To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowledg'd ſole and ſovereign Monarch of the Univerſe.

All Parts of this wide Univerſe adore,
Eternal Father, thy Almighty Power:
The Skies and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea,
With all their numerous nameleſs Progeny.
Confeſs, and their due Homage pay to thee;
For why? thou ſpak'ſt the Word, and mad'ſt them all from Nothing be.

To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on high,
Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,

And

And whatſoever Spirits be
Of leſſer Honour, leſs Degree;
To thee in heav'nly Lays
They ſing loud Anthems of immortal Praiſe:
Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hoſts they cry;
This is their bus'neſs, this their ſole employ,
And thus they ſpend their long and bleſt Eternity.

II.

Farther than Natures utmoſt Shoars and Limits ſtretch,
The Streams of thy unbounded Glory reach;
Beyond the ſtraits of ſcanty Time and Place,
Beyond the ebbs and flows of Matter's narrow Seas
They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and Space.

Infus'd like ſome vaſt mighty Soul,
Thou do'ſt inform and actuate this ſpacious whole:
Thy unſeen Hand does the well-joynted Frame ſuſtain,
Which elſe would to its primitive Nothing ſhrink again.

But

But moſt thou do'ſt thy Majeſty diſplay
In the bright Realms of everlaſting Day:
There is thy Reſidence, there do'ſt thou reign,
There on a State of dazling Luſtre ſit,
There ſhine in Robes of pure refined Light;
Where Sun's coarſe Rays are but a Foil and Stain,
And refuſe Stars the Sweepings of thy glorious Train.

III.

There all thy Family of menial Saints,
Huge Colonies of bleſs'd Inhabitants,
Which Death through countleſs Ages has tranſplanted hence;
Now on thy Throne for ever wait,
And fill the large Retinue of thy heavenly State,
There reverend Prophets ſtand, a pompous goodly Show,
Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,
Who brought thy ſacred Embaſſies of Peace and War,
That to th' Obedient, this the Rebel World below,

By

By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,
Companions once of the Incarnate ſuff'ring God;
Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,
As they on Earth did in his Miſeries ſhare.
Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Choir,
Illuſtrious Heroes, who have gain'd
Through Dangers, and Red Seas of Blood, the
Promis'd Land,
And paſs'd through Ordeal Flames to thy Eternity
in Fire.
There all make up the Conſort of thy Praiſe,
To Thee they ſing (and never ceaſe)
Loud Hymns, and Hallelujahs of applauſe:
An Angel-Laureat does the Senſe and Strains compoſe,
Senſe far above the reach of mortal Verſe,
Strains far above the reach of mortal Ears,
And all a Muſe unglorified can fancy or rehearſe.

IV.

Nor is this Conſort only kept above,
Nor is it to the Bleſt alone confin'd;
But Earth and all the Faithful here are joyn'd,
And ſtrive to vye with them in Duty and in Love:

And,

And, tho' they cannot equal Notes and Meaſures raiſe,
Strive to return th' imperfect Ecchoes of thy Praiſe.
They through all Nations own thy glorious Name,
And every where the great Three-One proclaim;
Thee Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who muſt Mankind, whom thou didſt make, Redeem,
Thee, bleſſed Saviour, the ador'd true only Son,
To Man debas'd, to reſcue Man undone:
And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
Who do'ſt by Grace exalted Man reſtore
To all, he loſt by the old Fall, and Sin before:
You bleſs'd and glorious Trinity,
Riddle to baffled Knowledge and Philoſophy,
Which cannot comprehend the mighty Myſtery
Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three.
Vaſt topleſs Pile of Wonders! at whoſe ſight
Reaſon it ſelf turns giddy with the height,

Above

Above the fluttering pitch of humane Wit,
And all but the ſtrong Wings of Faith, that Eagle's towring flight.

V.

Bleſt Jeſu! how ſhall we enough adore,
Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded Pow'r?
Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art th' Almighty's Heir,
Thou art th' Eternal Off-ſpring of th' Eternal Sire:
Hail thou the World's Redeemer! whom to free
From Bonds of Death and endleſs Miſery,
Thou thought'ſt it no diſdain to be
Inhabitant of low Mortality:
Th' Almighty thought it no diſdain
To dwell in the pure Virgin's ſpotleſs Womb,
There did the boundleſs Godhead, and whole Heav'n find room,
And a ſmall point the Circle of Infinity contain.
Hail Ranſom of Mankind, all-great, all-good!
Who didſt atone us with thy Blood,
Thy ſelf the Offering, Altar, Prieſt, and God:

Thy

Thy ſelf didſt die to be our glorious Bain
From Death's Arreſts, and the eternal Flaming Jail:
Thy ſelf thou gav'ſt the ineſtimable Price,
To purchaſe and Redeem our mortgag'd Heav'n and Happineſs,
Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had end,
When Death it ſelf was ſlain and dead,
And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
Thou didſt again triumphantly aſcend:
There do'ſt Thou now by Thy great Father ſit on high,
With equal Glory, equal Majeſty,
Joynt-Ruler of the everlaſting Monarchy.

VI.

Again from thence thou ſhalt with greater Triumph come,
When the laſt Trumpet ſounds the general Doom:
And (lo!) thou com'ſt, and (lo!) the direful Sound does make
Through Death's wide Realm Mortality awake:

To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,
But ſet thy Watch of Angels on the Place,
And keep the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden
Ground.
Ever, O Lord, to us thy Mercies grant,
Never, O Lord, let us thy Mercies want,
Ne'er want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
But let them ever on us be,
Conſtant as our own Hope and Truſt on Thee:
On Thee we all our Hope and Truſt repoſe;
O never leave us to our Foes,
Never, O Lord, deſert our Cauſe:
Thus aided and upheld by thee,
We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Miſery;
Fearleſs we thus will ſtand a falling World
With cruſhing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
And face wide gaping Hell, and all its ſlighted
Pow'rs defie.

A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town, giving an Account of the Author's Inclinations to POETRY.

Written in *July*, 1678.

AS to that *Poet* (if ſo great a one, as he,
May ſuffer in compariſon with me)
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,
To which he from ungrateful *Rome* was ſent.
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore ſubſcrib'd ſome known and faithful Name;
That like a pow'rful Cordial did infuſe
New life into his ſpeechleſs gaſping Muſe,
And ſtrait his Genius which before did ſeem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,
Diſſolv'd apace, and in ſoft numbers flow'd:
Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With me ſhut up in cloſe conſtraint as bad:
Not eager Lovers, held in long ſuſpence,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender Senſe,

Meet thoſe kind Lines, which all their Wiſhes bleſs,
And Sign, and Seal deliver'd Happineſs:
My grateful Thoughts ſo throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the crowd:
To you with haſty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the dreſs of Words will ſtay.
Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,
That while you praiſe too much, you are leſs kind:
Conſider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over-lay a young and tender Muſe:
Praiſe, the fine Diet which we're apt to love,
If given to exceſs does hurtful prove:
Where it does weak, diſtemper'd Stomachs meet,
That ſurfeits, which ſhould nouriſhment create.
Your rich Perfumes ſuch fragrancy diſpence,
Their Sweetneſs overcomes, and palls my Senſe;
On my weak Head you heap ſo many Bays,
I ſink beneath 'em, quite oppreſs'd with Praiſe,
And a reſembling Fate with him receive,
Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,
Smother'd with Garlands which Applauders gave.

To you theſe Praiſes juſtlier belong,
By alienating which, your ſelf you wrong:
Whom better can ſuch Commendations fit
Than you, who ſo well teach and practiſe Wit?
Verſe, the great boaſt of drudging Fools, from ſome,
Nay moſt of Scriblers, with much ſtraining come;
They void 'em dribling, and in pain they write,
As if they had a Strangury of Wit:
Your Pen uncall'd they readily obey,
And ſcorn your Ink ſhould flow ſo faſt as they:
Each Strain of yours ſo eaſie does appear,
Each ſuch a graceful Negligence does wear,
As ſhews you have none, and yet want no care.
None of your ſerious Pains or Time they coſt,
But what thrown by you can afford for loſt:
If ſuch the Fruits of your looſe Leiſure be,
Your careleſs Minutes yield ſuch Poetry;
We gueſs what proofs your Genius would impart,
Did it employ you, as it does divert:
But happy you, more prudent, and more wiſe,
With better aims have fix'd your noble choice.

While ſilly I all thriving Arts refuſe,
And all my Hopes, and all my Vigour loſe
In ſervice on that worſt of Jilts, a Muſe:
For gainful Buſineſs court ignoble Eaſe,
And in gay Trifles waſt my ill-ſpent Days.

Little I thought, my deareſt Friend, that you
Would thus contribute to my Ruin too:
O'er-run with filthy Poetry and Rhyme,
The preſent reigning Evil of the Time,
I lack'd, and (well I did my ſelf aſſure)
From your kind Hand I ſhould receive a Cure;
When (lo!) inſtead of healing Remedies,
You cheriſh and encourage the Diſeaſe:
Inhumane you help the Diſtemper on,
Which was before but too inveterate grown:
As a kind looker on, who Int'reſt ſhares,
Tho' not in's Stake, yet in his Hopes and Fears,
Would to his Friend a puſhing Gameſter do,
Recall his Elbow when he haſtes to throw;
Such a wiſe courſe you ſhould have took with me,
A raſh and vent'ring Fool in Poetry.

Poets

Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheadles with deluding Hopes to win:
But, when they hit, and moſt ſucceſsful are,
They ſcarce come off with a bare ſaving ſhare.
Oft (I remember) did wiſe Friends diſſuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
Oft have I try'd (Heav'n knows) to mortifie
This vile, and wicked Luſt of Poetry:
But ſtill unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit, or ſome darling Sin.
In vain I better Studies there would ſow,
Often I've tried, but none will thrive, or grow:
All my beſt Thoughts, when I'd moſt ſerious be,
Are never from its foul Infection free:
Nay (God forgive me) when I ſay my Prayers,
I ſcarce can help polluting them with Verſe:
That fabulous *Wretch* of old revers'd I ſeem,
Who turn whate'er I touch to Droſs and Rhyme.
Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try
If Sovereign Wiſdom and Philoſophy,
Rightly apply'd, will give a Remedy:

Strait

Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand,
Seek Nature and my ſelf to underſtand:
Much I reflect on his vaſt Worth and Fame,
And much my low and groveling Aims condemn,
And quarrel that my ill-pack'd Fate ſhould be
This vain, this worthleſs Thing call'd Poetry:
But when I find this unregarded Toy
Could his important Thoughts and Pains employ,
By reading there I am but more undone,
And meet that Danger which I meant to ſhun.
Oft when ill Humour, Shagrin, Diſcontent,
Give leiſure my wild Follies to reſent,
I thus againſt my ſelf my Paſſion vent.
" Enough, mad rhyming Sot, enough, for ſhame
" Give o'er, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks Damn;
" Didſt ever thou the Altar rob, or worſe,
" Kill the Prieſts there and Maids receiving force?
" What elſe could merit this ſo heavy Curſe?
" The greateſt Curſe, I can, I wiſh on him,
" (If there be any greater than to rhyme)

" Who

" Who firſt did of the lewd Invention think,
" Firſt made two Lines with Sounds reſembling Clink,
" And, ſwerving from the eaſie Paths of Proſe,
" Fetters, and Chains did on free Senſe impoſe:
" Curs'd too be all the Fools, who ſince have went
" Miſled in Steps of that ill Preſident:
" Want be entail'd their Lot:—— and on I go,
Wreaking my Spight on all the jingling Crew:
Scarce the beloved *Cowley* ſcapes, tho' I
Might ſooner my own Curſes fear, than he:
And thus reſolv'd againſt the ſcribling vein,
I deeply ſwear never to write again.

But when bad Company and Wine conſpire
To kindle, and renew the fooliſh Fire,
Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving Fit
Return, and ſtrait I all my Oaths forget:
The Spirit which I thought caſt out before
Enters again with ſtronger force and power,
Worſe than at firſt, and tyrannizes more.
No ſober good Advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:

Cool

Cool Reaſon's dictates me no more can move
Than Men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love:
Deaf to all Means which might moſt proper ſeem
Towards my cure, I run ſtark mad in Rhyme:
A ſad poor haunted Wretch, whom nothing leſs
Than Prayers of the Church can diſpoſſeſs.

Sometimes, after a tedious Day half ſpent,
When Fancy long was hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull and fruitleſs chaſe of Thought,
Deſpairing I grow weary, and give out:
As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my ſtore,
I loath the thing, 'cauſe I can do no more:

But, when I once begin to find again
Recruits of Matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager I the Haunt purſue,
And with freſh Vigour the lov'd Sport renew:
Tickled with ſome ſtrange Pleaſure, which I find,
And think a Secreſie to all Mankind,
I pleaſe my ſelf with the vain falſe Delight,
And count none happy but the Fops that write.

'Tis endleſs, Sir, to tell the many ways
Wherein my poor deluded ſelf I pleaſe;

How,

How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throes brings its rude Iſſue forth:
How after, when imperfect ſhapeleſs Thought
Is by the Judgment into Faſhion wrought:
When at firſt Search I traverſe o'er my Mind,
None but a dark and empty Void I find:
Some little Hints at length, like Sparks, break thence,
And glimm'ring Thoughts juſt dawning into Senſe:
Confus'd a while the next Idea's lie,
With nought of mark to be diſcover'd by,
Like Colours undiſtinguiſh'd in the Night,
Till the dusk Images, mov'd to the Light,
Teach the diſcerning Faculty to chuſe
Which it had beſt adopt, and which refuſe.
Here rougher Strokes, touch'd with a careleſs daſh,
Reſemble the firſt ſetting of a Face:
There finiſh'd Draughts in form more full appear,
And to their Juſtneſs ask no farther Care.
Mean while with inward Joy I proud am grown,
To ſee the Work ſucceſsfully go on;

And

And prize my ſelf in a creating Power
That could make ſomething, what was nought before.

Sometimes a ſtiff unwieldy Thought I meet,
Which to my Laws will ſcarce be made ſubmit:
But when, after expence of Pains and Time,
'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhyme,
I triumph more than joyful Warriors wou'd,
Had they ſome ſtout and hardy Foe ſubdu'd:
And idly think leſs goes to their Command,
That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd Order ſtand,
Than to the Conduct of my Words, when they
March in due Ranks, are ſet in juſt Array.

Sometimes on Wings of Thought I ſeem on high,
As Men in ſleep, though motionleſs they lie,
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly:
So Witches ſome enchanted Wand beſtride,
And think they through the Airy Regions ride,
Where Fancy is both Traveller, Way and Guide:

Then

Then ſtrait I grow a ſtrange exalted thing,
And equal in conceit, at leaſt a King:
As the poor Drunkard, when Wine ſtums his Brains,
Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.
Bewitch'd by theſe Deluſions 'tis I write,
(The Tricks ſome pleaſant Devil plays in ſpight)
And when I'm in the freakiſh Trance, which I
Fond ſilly Wretch, miſtake for Ecſtaſie,
I find all former Reſolutions vain,
And thus recant them and make new again.

" What was't, I raſhly vow'd? ſhall ever I
" Quit my beloved Miſtriſs, Poetry?
" Thou ſweet beguiler of my lonely Hours,
" Which thus glide unperceiv'd with ſilent courſe:
" Thou gentle Spell, which undiſturb'd do'ſt keep
" My Breaſt, and charm intruding Care aſleep:
" They ſay, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what tho'?
" For thee I this vain worthleſs World forego:

Let

" Let Wealth, and Honour be for Fortunes Slaves
" The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves:
" To me thou art, whate'er th'ambitious crave,
" And all that greedy Misers want, or have:
" In Youth or Age, in Travel or at Home,
" Here or in Town, at *London* or at *Rome*;
" Rich or a Beggar, free or in the Fleet,
" Whate'er my Fate is, 'tis my Fate to Write.

Thus I have made my shrifted Muse confess,
Her secret Feebless and her Weaknesses:
All her hid Faults she sets expos'd to view,
And hopes a gentle Confessor in you;
She hopes an easie Pardon for her Sin,
Since 'tis but what she is not wilful in,
Nor yet has scandalous nor open been:
Try if your ghostly Counsel can reclaim
The heedless Wanton from her Guilt and Shame:
At least be not ungenerous to reproach
That wretched Frailty which you've help'd de-
bauch,
'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,

That

Than travell'd Fops, when far-fetch'd Lyes they prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets when they dedicate.
No dull Forgiveneſs I preſume to crave,
Nor vainly for my tireſome Length ask leave:
Leſt I, as often formal Coxcombs uſe:
Prolong that very Fault I would excuſe:
May this the ſame kind Welcome find with you,
As yours did here, and ever ſhall; Adieu.

Upon a PRINTER *that expoſed him by Printing a Piece of his groſly mangled and faulty.*

DUll and unthinking! had'ſt thou none but me
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?
Had I ſome tame and ſneaking Author been,
Whoſe Muſe to Love and Softneſs did incline,

Some ſmall Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out in charming Lines,
Fit to divert mine Hoſtefs, and miſlead
The Heart of ſome poor tawdry Waiting-Maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou hadſt ſcap'd from my Reſentments free.

But I, whom Spleen and manly Rage inſpire,
Brook no Affront, at each Offence take fire:
Born to chaſtiſe the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to laſh Knaves of all degrees, and ſpare
None of the kind, however great they are:
Satyr's my only Province and Delight,
For whoſe dear ſake alone I've vow'd to write:
For this I ſeek Occaſions, court Abuſe,
To ſhew my Parts, and ſignalize my Muſe:
Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:
And did'ſt thou think I would a Wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tender'ſt part of Honour, Wit?
No, Villain, may my Sins ne'er pardon'd be
By Heav'n it ſelf, if e'er I pardon thee.

Members

Members from breach of Privilege deter
By threatning *Topham* and a Meſſenger:
Scrogs, and the Brothers of the Coif oppoſe,
By force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:
Strumpets of *Billingſgate* redreſs their Wrongs
By the ſole noiſe, and foulneſs of their Tongues:
And I go always arm'd for my defence,
To puniſh, and revenge an Inſolence.
I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,
To each affronting Sot, I meet, the Word
Is *Satisfaction*: ſtrait to Thruſts I go,
And pointed Satyr runs him through and through.
Perhaps thou hop'dſt that thy obſcurity
Should be thy Safeguard, and ſecure thee free.
No, Wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like ſentenc'd Felons to be drag'd about:
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn, and Shame,
I mean to hang, and gibbit up thy Name.
If thou to live in Satyr ſo much thirſt
Enjoy thy Wiſh, and Fame, till Envy burſt,
Renown'd as he whom baniſh'd *Ovid* curſt:

Or he, whom old *Archilochus* ſo ſtung
In Verſe, that he for ſhame, and madneſs hung:
Deathleſs in Infamy, do thou ſo live,
And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive.
Thou thought'ſt perhaps my Gall was ſpent and gone,
My Venom drain'd, and I a ſtingleſs Drone:
Thou thought'ſt I had no Curſes left in ſtore;
But to thy ſorrow know, and find I've more,
More, and more dreadful yet, able to ſeare,
Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Deſpair:
Such thou ſhalt feel, are ſtill reſerv'd by me,
To vex and force thee to thy Deſtiny:
Since thou haſt brav'd my Vengeance thus; prepare,
And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.
Thou, who with ſpurious Nonſence durſt prophane
The genuine iſſue of a Poets Brain,
May'ſt thou hereafter never deal in Verſe,
But what hoarſe Bell-men in their Walks rehearſe,
Or *Smithfield* Audience ſung on Crickets hears:

May'ſt thou print *H*——, or ſome duller Aſs,
Jorden, or him that wrote *Dutch Hudibras:*
Or next vile Scribler of the Houſe, whoſe Play
Will ſcarce for Candles, and their ſnuffing pay:
May you each other Curſe; thy ſelf undone,
And be the Laughing-ſtock of all the Town.

May'ſt thou ne'er riſe to Hiſtory, but what
Poor *Grubſtreet* Penny Chronicles relate,
Memoirs of *Tyburn* and the mournful State
Of Cut-purſes in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
Till thou thy ſelf be the ſame Subject made.

Compell'd by Want, may'ſt thou print Popery,
For which, be the Carts Arſe and Pillory,
Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy Deſtiny.
Maul'd worſe than *Reading*, *Chriſtian*, or *Cellier*,
Till thou, daub'd o'er with loathſome filth, appear
Like Brat of ſome vile Drab in Privy found,
Which there has lain three Months in Ordure drown'd.

The Plague of Poets, Rags, and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arreſts, and Serjeants, light on thee;

For others bound, may'ſt thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoe:
And may'ſt thou never from the Goal get free,
Till thou ſwear out thy ſelf by Perjury:
Forlorn, abandon'd, pitileſs, and poor,
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore;
May'ſt thou an Halter want for thy Redreſs,
Forc'd to ſteal Hemp to end thy Miſeries,
And damn thy ſelf to baulk the Hangman's Fees.

And may no ſawcy Fool have better Fate,
That dares pull down the Vengeance of my Hate.

F I N I S.

POEMS
AND
Tranſlations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1703.

Advertiſement.

THE Author of the following Pieces muſt be excuſed for their being hudled out ſo confuſedly. They are Printed juſt as he finiſhed them off, and ſome things there are which he deſign'd not ever to expoſe, but was fain to do it to keep the Preſs at work, when it was once ſet a going. If it be their Fate to periſh, and go the way of all mortal Rhimes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been plac'd, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satyr* have the honour of Wiping firſt. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be ſo happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together; perhaps he may then think them worth the ſorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkiſh Dedication, if he can but get himſelf

ſelf known to ſome Great Man, that will give a good parcel of Guineas for being handſomly flatter'd. Then likewiſe the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to ſee him appear with all the Pomp and Trappings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verſes in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and paſs it for Authentick. This at preſent is content to come abroad naked, Undedicated, and Unprefac'd, without one kind Word to ſhelter it from Cenſure; and ſo let the Criticks take it amongſt them.

The

The EIGHTH,

SATYR

OF

Monſieur *BOILEAU*, Imitated.

Written in *October*, 1682.

The POET brings himſelf in, as diſcourſing with a Doctor of the Univerſity upon the Subject enſuing.

OF all the Creatures in the World that be,
Beaſt, Fiſh, or Fowl, that go, or ſwim, or fly
Throughout the Globe from *London* to *Japan*,
The arrant'ſt Fool in my opinion's MAN.
What? (ſtrait I'm taken up) *an Ant, a Fly,*
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly ſee
Without a Perſpective, a ſilly Aſs,
Or freakiſh Ape? Dare you affirm, that theſe
Have greater Senſe than Man? Ay queſtionleſs.

Doctor,

Doctor, I find you're ſhock'd at this Diſcourſe:
Man is (you cry) *Lord of the Univerſe;*
For him was this fair frame of Nature made,
And all the Creatures for his uſe and aid:
To him alone of all the living kind,
Has bounteous Heav'n the reas'ning gift aſſign'd.
True Sir, that Reaſon ever was his Lot,
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.
This idle talk, (you ſay) *and rambling ſtuff*
May paſs in Satyr, and take well enough
With Sceptick Fools, who are diſpos'd to jeer
At ſerious things: but you muſt make't appear
By ſolid proof. Believe me, Sir I'll do't:
Take you the Desk, and let's diſpute it out.
Then by your Favour, tell me firſt of all,
What 'tis, which you grave Doctors Wiſdom call?
You anſwer: *'Tis an evenneſs of Soul,*
A ſteddy Temper, which no Cares controul,
No Paſſions ruffle, nor Deſires inflame,
Still conſtant to its ſelf, and ſtill the ſame,
That does in all its ſlow Reſolves advance,
With graver ſteps, than Benchers, when they dance.

Moſt

Moſt true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
Leſs us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.
The wiſer Emmet, quoted juſt before,
In Summer time ranges the Fallows o'er
With pains, and labour, to lay in his Store;
But when the bluſt'ring North with ruffling blaſts
Saddens the Year, and Nature overcaſts;
The prudent Inſect, hid in privacy,
Enjoys the Fruits of his paſt Induſtry.
No Ant of Senſe was e'er ſo awkard ſeen,
To drudge in Winter, loiter in the Spring.
But ſillier Man, in his miſtaken way,
By Reaſon, his falſe Guide, is led aſtray:
Toſt by a thouſand guſts of wavering doubt,
His reſtleſs Mind ſtill rolls from Thought to Thought:
In each Reſolve unſteddy, and unfixt,
And what he one day loaths, deſires the next.
Shall I, ſo fam'd for many a tuant jeſt
On Wiving, now go take a Jilt at laſt?
Shall I turn Husband, and my Station chooſe,
Amongſt the reverend Martyrs of the Nooſe!

No,

No, there are Fools enough beſides in Town,
To furniſh work for Satyr, and Lampoon:
Few Months before cry'd the unthinking Sot;
Who quickly after, hamper'd in the Knot,
Was quoted for an Inſtance by the reſt,
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the beſt;
And thought, that Heav'n from ſome miraculous ſide,
For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.
This is our Image juſt: ſuch is that vain,
That fooliſh, fickle, motly Creature, Man:
More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
Ne'er wakes with the ſame Thoughts, he went to bed.
Irkſome to all beſide, and ill at eaſe,
He neither others, nor himſelf can pleaſe:
Each minute round his whirling Humours run,
Now he's a Trooper, and a Prieſt anon,
To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.
Yet pleas'd with idle whimſies of his Brain,
And puft with Pride, this haughty thing would fain

Be thought himſelf the only ſtay, and prop,
That holds the mighty frame of Nature up:
The Skies and Stars his properties muſt ſeem,
And turn-ſpit Angels tread the Spheres for him:
Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
More abſolute, than the *French* King of his.
And who is there (ſay you) *that dares deny*
So own'd a Truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controverſie here,
Whether, if met, the Paſſenger and Bear,
This or the other ſtands in greater fear:
Or, if an Act of Parliament ſhould paſs
That all the *Iriſh* Wolves ſhould quit the place,
They'd ſtrait obey the Statutes high command,
And at a minutes warning rid the Land:
This boaſted Monarch of the World, that aws
The Creatures here, and with his beck gives Laws;
This titular King, who thus pretends to be
The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?
The Luſt of Mony, and the Luſt of Power,
With Love, and Hate, and twenty Paſſions more,
Hold him their Slave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce

Scarce has ſoft Sleep in ſilence clos'd his Eyes,
Up! (ſtrait ſays Avarice) *'tis time to riſe.*
Not yet: one minute longer. *Up!* (ſhe cries)
Th'Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.
No matter: Riſe! But after all, for what?
D'ye ask? cut the Line, *double the* Cape,
Traverſe from end to end the ſpacious Deep:
Search both the Indies, Bantam, *and* Japan:
Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, *Wines from* Spain.
What need all this? I've Wealth enough in ſtore,
I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
You cannot have too much, this point to gain,
You muſt no Crime, no Perjury refrain.
Hunger you muſt endure, Hardſhip, and Want,
Amidſt full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
And though you've more than B-----m *ſpent,*
Or C----n *got, like ſtingy* B----el *ſave,*
And grudge your ſelf the charges of a Grave,
And the ſmall Ranſom of a ſingle Groat,
From Sword or Halter to redeem your Throat.
And pray, why all this ſparing? *Don't you know?*
Only t'enrich a ſpendthrift Heir, or ſo:

Who

Who ſhall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
With his gilt Coach and Six, amuſe the Town,
Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
More for a Night, than you to fine for Sheriff.
But you loſe time; the Wind and Veſſel waits,
Quick, let's abroad! Hey for the Downs, *and*
Streights.

Or, if all-powerful Mony fail of Charms
To tempt the Wretch, and puſh him on to Harms:
With a ſtrong Hand does fierce Ambition ſeize,
And drag him forth from ſoft Repoſe and Eaſe:
Amidſt ten thouſand Dangers ſpurs him on,
With loſs of Blood and Limbs to hunt Renown.
Who for Reward of many a Wound and Maim,
Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;
And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,
To ſtand recorded in the next Gazette.

But hold (cries one) *your paltry gibing Wit,*
Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:
If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,
Which through all Ages has been ever thought
The Hero's Virtue, and chief Excellence:

Pray,

Pray, what was Alexander *in your ſenſe?*
A fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the ſame:
A crack brain'd Huff, that ſet the world on flame;
A Lunatick broke looſe, who in his fit
Fell foul on all, invaded all he met.
Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,
Lack'd elbow-room and ſeem'd too cloſely pent.
What madneſs was't, that born to a fair Throne,
Where he might rule with Juſtice, and renown,
Like a wild Robber, he ſhould chooſe to roam,
A pitied wretch, with neither houſe, nor home.
And hurling War and Slaughter up and down,
Through the wide world make his vaſt folly known?
Happy for ten good reaſons had it been
If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:
That there with Keepers under cloſe reſtraint
He might have been from frantick miſchief pent.
But that we mayn't in long digreſſions now
Diſcourſe all *Rainolds*, and the Paſſions through,
And ranging them in method ſtiff and grave.
Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;

Let's quit the preſent Topick of Diſpute,
For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
And take a view of Man in his beſt light,
Where in he ſeems to moſt advantage ſet.
'Tis he alone, (you'll ſay) *'tis happy he,*
That's fram'd by Nature for Society:
He only dwells in Towns, is only ſeen
With Manners and Civility to ſhine;
Does only Magiſtrates, and Rulers chooſe,
And lives ſecur'd by Government, and Laws.
'Tis granted, Sir; but yet without all theſe,
Without your boaſted Laws, and Policies,
Or fear of Judges, or of Juſtices;
Who ever ſaw the Wolves, that he can ſay,
Like more inhuman Us, ſo bent on prey,
To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?
Who ever ſaw *Church* and *Fanatick* Bear,
Like ſavage Mankind one another tear?
What Tyger e'er, aſpiring to be great,
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?
Or when was't heard upon the *Libyan* Plains,
Where the ſtern Monarch of the Deſart reigns,

That

That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars
Madly engag'd for choiſe of Sheriffs and May'rs?
The fierceſt Creatures, we in Nature find,
Reſpect their figure ſtill in the ſame kind;
To others rough, to theſe they gentle be,
And live from Noiſe, from Feuds, from Actions free.
No Eagle does upon his Peerage ſue,
And ſtrive ſome meaner Eagle to undo:
No Fox was e'er ſuborn'd by ſpite, or hire,
Againſt his Brother Fox his life to ſwear:
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
Did e'er the Stag into the Arches put;
Where a grave Dean the weighty Caſe might ſtate,
What makes in Law a carnal Job complete:
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ:
To ſhake their ancient privilege and right:
No Courts of Seſſions, or Aſſize are there,
No *Common-Pleas*, *Kings Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar*:
But happier they, by Natures Charter free,
Secure, and ſafe in mutual peace agree,
And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'Tis Man alone, that worſt of Brutes,
Who firſt brought up the trade of cutting Throats,
Did Honor firſt, that barbarous term deviſe,
Unknown to all the gentle Savages;
And, as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from Hell
Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,
Farther to plague the world, he muſt ingroſs
Huge Codes and bulky Pandects of the Laws,
With Doctors Gloſſes to perplex the Cauſe.
Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,
Under vaſt Reams of non-ſenſe buried quite.
Gently, good Sir! (cry you) *why all this rant?*
Man has his freaks and paſſions; that we grant;
He has his frailties, and blind ſides; who doubts?
But his leaſt Virtues balance all his Faults.
Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
That meaſur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to ſcan,
Whoſe boundleſs wit, with ſoaring wings durſt fly,
Beyond the flaming borders of the Sky;
Turn'd Nature o'er, and with a piercing view
Each cranny ſearch'd, and lookt her through and through

Which

Which of the Brutes have Univerſities,
When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
Or were Profeſſors of the Faculties?
By Law, or Phyſick were they ever known
To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown?

No, queſtionleſs; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates made,
By Patent to profeſs the pois'ning Trade:
No Doctors in the Desk there held diſpute
About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout
Liſten to hear the knotty Truth made out:
Nor Virtuoſo's teach deep myſteries
Of Arts for pumping Air, and ſmothering Flies.

But not to urge the matter farther now,
Nor ſearch it to the depth, what 'tis to know,
And whether we know any thing or no;
Anſwer me only this, What man is there
In this vile thankleſs Age, wherein we are,
Who does by Senſe and Learning value bear?
Would'ſt thou get Honour, and a fair Eſtate,
And have the looks and favours of the Great?

Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
Take the right courſe, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools:
How much is threeſcore Nobles? Twenty pound.
Well ſaid, my Son, the Anſwer's moſt profound:
Go, thou know'ſt all that's requiſite to know;
What Wealth on thee, what Honors haſte to flow!
In theſe high Sciences thy ſelf employ,
Inſtead of Plato, *take thy* Hodder, *Boy.*
Learn there the Art to audit an Account,
To what the Kings Revenue does amount:
How much the Cuſtoms and Exciſe bring in,
And what the Managers each year purloin.
Get a Caſe-hard'ned Conſcience, Iriſh *proof,*
Which nought of pity, ſenſe, or ſhame can move;
Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, *or* Jew,
Unjuſt, inhuman, treacherous, baſe, untrue;
Ne'r ſtick at wrong; hang Widows ſighs and tears,
The Cant of Prieſts to frighten Uſurers:
Boggle at nothing to encreaſe thy Store,
Not Orphans ſpoils, nor plunder of the Poor:

And

And ſcorning paltry Rules of Honeſty,
By ſurer methods raiſe thy Fortune high.
When ſhoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
Doctors, Divines, Aſtrologers, and Lawyers,
Authors of every ſort, and every ſize,
To thee their Works, and Labors ſhall addreſs,
With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly in Greek *and* Latin *tell*
Lies to thy face, that thou haſt deeep inſight,
And art a mighty judg of what they write.
He that is rich, is every thing that is,
Without one grain of Wiſdom, he is wiſe,
And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:
He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, ſtout,
Well-born, well-bred, well-ſhaped, well-dreſt, what not?
Loved by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
For none that e'er had Riches found diſpair:
Gold to the loathſom'ſt object gives a grace,
And ſets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey *pleaſe:*
But tatter'd Poverty they all deſpiſe,
Love ſtands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.

Thus a ſtanch Miſer to his hopeful Brat
Chalks out the way that leads to an Eſtate:
Whoſe knowledg oft with utmoſt ſtretch of Brain
No high'r than his vaſt ſecret can attain,
Five and four's nine, take two, and ſeven remain,

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel *Scripture* with induſtrious pains:
On muſty *Fathers* waſt your fruitleſs hours,
Correct the Criticks, and Expoſitors:
Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in ſome vaſt *Tome*,
And there confound both *Bellarmine* and *Rome*;
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned ſtore,
To find what Father *Simon* had paſt o'er;
Then at the laſt ſome bulky piece compile,
There lay out all your time, and pains and ſkill;
And when 'tis done and finiſh'd for the Preſs,
To ſome Great Name the mighty Work addreſs;
Who for a full reward of all your toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious nod or ſmile;
Juſt recompence of life too vainly ſpent!
An empty *Thank you* Sir, and Complement;

But, if to higher Honours you pretend,
Take the advice and counſel of a Friend;
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
And to ſome gainful courſe your ſelf apply.
Go, practiſe with ſome Banker how to cheat,
There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-ſtreet*
Let *Scot* and *Ockham* wrangle as they pleaſe,
And thus in ſhort with me conclude the caſe,
A Doctor is no better than an Aſs.

A Doctor, Sir? your ſelf: Pray have a care,
This is to puſh your Raillery too far.
But not to loſe the time in trifling thus,
Beſides the point, come now more home and cloſe;
That Man has Reaſon is beyond debate,
Nor will your ſelf, I think, deny me that:
And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to ſteer,
His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here!

All this I grant; but if in ſpight of it
The wretch on every Rock he ſees will ſplit,
To what great purpoſe does his Reaſon ſerve,
But to miſ guide his courſe, and make him ſwerve?

What

What boots it *H.* when it ſays, *Give o'er,*
Thy ſcribling itch, and play the fool no more,
If her vain councels, purpos'd to reclaim,
Only avail to harden him in ſhame?
Lampoon'd, and hiſs'd, and damn'd the thouſandth time,
Still he writes on, is obſtinate in Rhime:
His Verſe, which he does every where recite,
Puts all his Neighbours, and his Friends to flight;
Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haſte away,
Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to ſtay.

The Aſs, whom Nature Reaſon has deny'd,
Content with inſtinct for his ſurer guide,
Still follows that, and wiſelier does proceed:
He ne'er aſpires with his harſh braying Note,
The Songſters of the Wood to challenge out:
Nor, like this awkard ſmatterer in Arts,
Sets up himſelf for a vain Aſs of parts;
Of Reaſon void, he ſees, and gains his end,
While Man, who does to that falſe light pretend,
Wildly gropes on, and in broad day is blind.

By whimſey led he does all things by chance
And acts in each againſt all common ſenſe.
With every thing pleas'd, and diſpleas'd at once,
He knows not what he ſeeks, nor what he ſhuns:
Unable to diſtinguiſh good, or bad,
For nothing he is gay, for nothing ſad:
At random loves, and loaths, avoids, purſues,
Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.
Did we, like him, e'er ſee the Dog, or, Bear,
Chimera's of their own deviſing fear?
Frame needleſs doubts, and for thoſe doubts forgo
The Joys, which prompting Nature call them to?
And with their Pleaſures awkardly at ſtrife,
With ſcaring Fantoms pall the ſweets of Life?
Tell me, grave Sir, did ever Man ſee Beaſt
So much below himſelf, and ſenſe debas'd,
To worſhip Man with ſuperſtitious Fear,
And fondly to his Idol Temples rear?
Was he e'er ſeen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice
Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,
To beg for Rain, or Sun-ſhine on his knees?

No never: but a thouſand times has Beaſt,
Seen Man, beneath the meaneſt Brute debas'd,
Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,
And madly his own Workmanſhip adore;
In *Egypt* oft has ſeen the Sot bow down,
And reverence ſome deified Baboon;
Has often ſeen him on the Banks of *Nile*
Say pray'rs to the almighty Crocodile:
And now each day in every ſtreet abroad
Sees proſtrate Fools adore a breaden God.

But why (ſay you) *theſe ſpiteful Inſtances*
Of Egypt, *and its groſs Idolatries?*
Of Rome, *and her as much ridiculous?*
What are theſe lewd Buffooneries to us?
How gather you from ſuch wild proofs as theſe,
That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Aſs?
An Aſs! that heavy, ſtupid, lumpiſh Beaſt,
The Sport, and mocking ſtock of all the reſt?
Whom they all ſpurn, and whom they all diſpiſe,
Whoſe very name all Satyr does comprize?

An Aſs, Sir? Yes: Pray what ſhould make us laugh?
Now he unjuſtly is our jeer, and ſcoff,

But

But, if one day he ſhould occaſion find
Upon our Follies to expreſs his mind;
If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,
By miracle ſhould give him Speech again;
What would he ſay, d'ye think, could he ſpeak out,
Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?
What would he ſay, were he condemn'd to ſtand
For one long howr in *Fleetſtreet*, or the *Strand*,
To caſt his eyes upon the motly throng,
The two-leg'd Herd, that daily paſs along;
To ſee their old Diſguiſes, Furs and Gowns,
Their Caſſocks, Cloaks, Lawn-ſleeves, and Pantaloons?
What would he ſay to ſee a Velvet Quack
Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;
Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the Crowd?
What would he think on a Lord Mayor's day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry ſurvey?
Or view the Judges, and their ſolemn Train,
March with grave decency to kill a Man?

What would he think of us, ſhould he appear
In Term amongſt the crowds at *Weſtminſter*,
And there the helliſh din, and Jargon hear,
Where *J.* and his pack with deep mouth'd Notes
Drown *Billinſgate*, and all its Oyſter-Boats?
There ſee the Judges, Sergeants, Barriſters,
Attorneys, Councellers, Sollicitors,
Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
Which wretched Man at his own charge undo?
If after proſpect of all this, the Aſs
Should find the voice he had in *Eſop*'s days;
Then, Doctor, then, caſting his eyes around
On human Fools, which every where abound.

Content with Thiſtles, from all envy free,
And ſhaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry
Good faith, Man is a Beaſt as much as we.

THE

THE Thirteenth SATYR OF JUVENAL, IMITATED,

Written in *April*, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend that is overmuch concerned for the loſs of a conſiderable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been Cheated by a Perſon, to whom he intruſted the ſame. This he does by ſhewing, that nothing comes to paſs in the World without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they ſeem to eſcape its Puniſhments here) yet ſuffer abundantly in the Torments of an evil Conſcience. And by the way takes occaſion to laſh the Degeneracy, and Villany of the preſent Times.

THere is not one baſe *Act*, which *Men* commit,
But carries this ill ſting along with it,
That to the Author it creates regret:
And this is ſome Revenge at leaſt, that he
Can ne'er acquit himſelf of Villany,
Tho a brib'd Judg and Jury ſet him free.

All

All people, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but juſt)
Your faithleſs Friend, who lately broke his Truſt,
And curſe the treacherous Deed: but thanks to Fate,
That has not bleſs'd you with ſo ſmall Eſtate,
But that with patience you may bear the Croſs,
And need not ſink under ſo mean a Loſs.
Beſides your Caſe for leſs concern does call,
Becauſe 'tis what does uſually befal:
Ten thouſand ſuch might be alledg'd with eaſe,
Out of the common croud of Inſtances.
Then ceaſe for ſhame, immoderate regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your Senſe forget:
'Tis womaniſh, and ſilly to lay forth
More coſt in Grief than a Misfortune's worth.
You ſcarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,
It goes ſo deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:
And all this trouble, and this vain ado,
Becauſe a Friend (forſooth) has prov'd untrue.
Shame o' your Beard! can this ſo much amaze?
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy*'s days?
And are not you at length yet wiſer grown,
When threeſcore *winters* on your head have ſnown?

Almighty

Almighty Wiſdom gives in Holy Writ
Wholeſome Advice to all, that follow it:
And thoſe, that will not its great Councel hear,
May learn from meer experience how to bear
(Without vain ſtrugling) Fortunes yoak, and how
They ought her rudeſt ſhocks to undergo.
There's not a day ſo ſolemn thro' the year,
Not one red Letter in the Kalender,
But we of ſome new Crime diſcover'd hear.
Theft, Murder, Treaſon, Perjury, what not?
Money by Cheating, Padding, Pois'ning got.
Not is it ſtrange; ſo few are now the Good,
That fewer ſcarce were left at *Noah*'s Flood:
Should *Sodom*'s Angel here in Fire deſcend,
Our Nation wants ten Men to ſave the Land.
Fate has reſerv'd us for the very Lees
Of time, where Ill admits of no degrees:
An Age ſo bad old Poets ne'er could frame,
Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.
This your experience knows, and yet for all
On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,

Louder than on Queen *Bess*'s day the Rout
For *Antichriſt* burnt in Effigie ſhout:
But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
Do you not know what Lech'ry men enjoy
In ſtolen Goods? For God's ſake don't you ſee
How they all laugh at your ſimplicity,
When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty names,
Exploded now for idle threadbare ſhams,
Devis'd by Prieſts, and by none elſe believ'd,
E'er ſince great *Hobbs* the word has undeceiv'd?
This might have paſt with the plain ſimple Race
Of our Foreſathers in King *Arthur*'s days:
E'er mingled with corrupted foreign Seed,
We learnt their Vice, and ſpoil'd our native Breed.
E'er yet bleſs'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
With her firſt Innocence, reſign'd her Name.
Fair dealing then, and downright Honeſty,
And plighted Faith were good Security:
No vaſt Ingroſſments for Eſtates were made,
Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they convey'd:

To

To bind a Truſt there lack'd no formal ties
Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witneſſes,
Nor ready Coin, but ſterling Promiſes:
Each took the other's word, and that would go
For currant then, and more than Oaths do now;
None had recourſe to *Chanc'ry* for defence,
Where you forego your Right with leſs Expence;
Nor traps were yet ſet up for Perjurers,
That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.
Then Knave, and Villain, things unheard of were,
Scarce in a Century did one appear,
And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing Star.

If a young Stripling put not off his Hat
In high reſpect to every Beard he met,
Though a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,
That ſcarce deſerv'd its Clergy in that time?
So venerable then was four years odds,
And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.
Now if a Friend once in an Age prove juſt,
If he miraculouſly keep his Truſt,
And without force of Law deliver all
That's due, both Intereſt, and Principal;

Prodigious wonder! fit for *Stow* to tell,
And ſtand recorded in the Chronicle;
A thing leſs memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.
A Man of Faith, and Uprightneſs is grown
So ſtrange a Creature both in Court and Town,
That he with Elephants may well be ſhown.
A Monſter, more uncommon than a Whale
At *Bridg*, the laſt great Comet, or the Hail,
Than *Thames* his double Tide, or ſhould he run
With Streams of Milk, or Blood to *Graveſend* down.
You're troubled that you've loſt five hundred pound
By treacherous Fraud: another may be found,
Has loſt a thouſand: and another yet,
Double to that; perhaps his whole Eſtate.
Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
If they but 'ſcape the knowledge of Mankind:
Obſerve, with how demure, and grave a look
The Raſcal lays his hand upon the Book:

Then

Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye
Claps on his Lips, and Seals the Perjury:
If you perſiſt his Innocence to doubt,
And boggle in belief; he'll ſtrait rap out
Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make
Pale Atheiſts ſtart, and trembling Bullies quake;
And more than would a whole Ships Crew maintain
To the *Eaſt-Indies* hence, and back again.
As God ſhall pardon me, Sir, I am free
Of what you charge me with; let me ne'er ſee
His Face in Heaven elſe: may theſe hands rot,
Theſe eyes drop out; if I e'er had a Groat
Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or ſaw't.
Thus he'll run on two hours in length, till he
Spin out a Curſe long as the Litany:
Till Heav'n has ſcarce a Judgment left in ſtore
For him to wiſh, deſerve, or ſuffer more.
There are, who diſavow all Providence,
And think the world is only ſteer'd by chance:
Make God at beſt an idle looker on,
A lazy Monarch lolling in his Throne:

Who his Affairs does neither mind, nor know,
But leaves them all at random here below;
And such at every foot themselves will damn,
And Oaths no more than common Breath esteem:
No shame, nor loss of Ears can frighten these,
Were every Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear:
Thus to himself, says one, *Let Heaven decree*
What doom soe'er, its pleasure will, of me;
Strike me with Blindness, Palsie, Leprosies,
Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies
Of both the Spittles; so I get my Prize
And hold it sure; I'll suffer these, and more;
All Plagues are light to that of being poor.
There's not a begging Cripple in the streets
(Unless he with his Limbs has lost his Wits,
And is grown fit for Bedlam *) but no doubt,*
To have his Wealth would have the Rich man's Gout.
Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho?
The heaviest things move slowliest still we know;
And, if it punish all, that guilty be,
'Twill be an Age before it comes to me:

God

God too is merciful, as well as juſt;
Therefore I'll rather his forgiveneſs truſt,
Than live deſpis'd, and poor, as thus I muſt:
I'll try, and hope he's more a Gentleman
Than for ſuch trivial things as theſe, to damn.
Beſides, for the ſame Fact, we've often known
One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne;
And fowleſt Deeds, attended with ſucceſs,
No longer are reputed wickedneſs,
Diſguis'd with Virtues Livory, and Dreſs.

With theſe weak Arguments they fortifie,
And harden up themſelves in Villany:
The raſcal now dares call you to account,
And in what Court you pleaſe, joyn iſſue on't:
Next Term he'll bring the Action to be try'd,
And twenty Witneſſes to ſwear on's ſide:
And, if that Juſtice to his Cauſe be found,
Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.
Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
For Innocent ſhall with the Rabble paſs:
While you, with Impudence, and ſham run down,
Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail,
Louder that J——— at the Bar does bawl:
Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?
To what vain end do we with Pray'rs adore?
And on our bended knees his aid implore?
Where is his Rule, if no reſpect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad?
And who henceforth will any credit ſhow
To what his lying Prieſts teach here below?
If this be Providence; for ought I ſee,
Bleſs'd Saint Vaninus! *I ſhall follow thee;*
Little's the odds 'twixt ſuch a God, and that,
Which Atheiſt Lewis *us'd to wear in's Hat.*

Thus you blaſpheme, and rave: But pray, Sir, try
What Comforts my weak Reaſon can apply,
Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly ſaw,
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*,
In caſes dangerous and hard of cure
We haye recourſe to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*;
But if they don't ſo deſperate appear,
We truſt to meaner Doctors skill, and care.

If

If there were never in the world before
So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:
A God's name then let both your ſluces flow,
And all the extravagance of ſorrow ſhow;
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful Breaſt,
As if your deareſt Firſt-born were deceas'd.
'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends
Departed Moneys than departed Friends:
None ever counterfeits upon this ſcore,
Nor need he do't; the thought of being poor
Will ſerve alone to make the eyes run o'er.
Loſt Moneys griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
More true, than ſorrow of expecting Heirs
At their dead Father's Funerals, tho here
The Back, and Hands no pompous Mourning wear,
But if the like Complaints be daily found
At *Weſtminſter*, and in all Courts abound;
If Bonds and Obligations can't prevail,
But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,
Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedegree
Of their dead Anceſtors to vouch the Lye;

If *Temple-Walks*, or *Smithfield* never fail
Of plying Rogues, that ſet their Souls to ſale
To the firſt Paſſenger that bids a price,
And make their livelihood of Perjuries;
For God's ſake why are you ſo delicate,
And think it hard to ſhare the common Fate?
And why muſt you alone be Fav'rite thought
Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates caſt out?

The wrong you bear is hardly worth regard,
Much leſs your Juſt reſentment, if compar'd
With greater out-rages to others done,
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:
Compare the Villains who cut Throats for Bread,
Or Houſes fire, of late a gainful Trade,
By which our City was in Aſhes laid:
Compare the ſacrilegious Burglary,
From which no place can Sanctuary be,
That rifles Churches of Communion-Plate,
Which good King *Edward*'s days did dedicate:
Think, who durſt ſteal S. *Alban*'s Font of Braſs,
That Chriſten'd half the Royal *Scotiſh* Race:

Who

Who ſtole the Chalices at *Chicheſter*,
In which themſelves receiv'd the day before:
Or that bold daring Hand, of freſh Renown,
Who ſcorning common Booty, ſtole a Crown:
Compare too, if you pleaſe, the horrid Plot,
With all the Perjuries to make it out,
Or make it nothing, for theſe laſt three years;
Add to it *Thinn*'s and *Godfrey*'s Murderers;
And if theſe ſeem but ſlight and trivial things,
Add thoſe, that have, and would have murder'd Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villany,
To what our Judges oft in one day try?
This to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Human Kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Eſſex* Hundreds live.
Or *Sheppy* Iſland, to have Agues riſe;

Nor

Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and ſhort flat Noſes ſaw:
Becauſe 'tis ſo by Nature of each place;
And therefore there for no ſtrange thing they paſs,
In Lands, where Pigmies are, to ſee a Crane
(As Kites do Chickens here) ſweep up a Man,
In Armour clad, with us would make a ſhow,
And ſerve to entertain at *Bartholomew*:
Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
Where the whole Nation is but one foot high:
Then, why, fond Man, ſhould you ſo much admire
Since Knave is of our growth, and common here?

But muſt ſuch Perjury eſcape (ſay you)
And ſhall it ever thus unpuniſh'd go?
Grant, he were dragg'd to Jayl this very hour,
To ſtarve, and rot, ſuppoſe it in your Pow'r
To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,
To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you pleaſe;
(And what would your Revenge it ſelf have more?)
Yet this, all this would not your Caſh reſtore:
And where would be the comfort, where the good,
If you could waſh your Hands in's reaking Blood?

But,

But, Oh, Revenge more ſweet than Life! 'Tis true,
So the unthinking ſay, and the mad Crew
Of hect'ring Blades, who for ſlight cauſe, or none,
At every turn are into Paſſion blown:
Whom the leaſt Trifles with Revenge inſpire,
And at each ſpark, like Gunpowder, take fire:
Theſe unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,
For being ſo ſawcy, as to walk the ſtreet;
And at the ſummons of each tiny Drab,
Cry, *Damme! Satisfaction!* draw, and ſtab.
Not ſo of old, the mild good *Socrates*,
(Who ſhew'd how high without the help of Grace,
Well cultivated Nature might be wrought)
He a more noble way of ſuff'ring taught,
And, tho he Guiltleſs drank the poiſonous Doſe
Ne'er wiſh'd a drop to his accuſing Foes.
Not ſo our great good *Martyr'd King* of late
(Could we his bleſs'd Example imitate)
Who, tho the great'ſt of mortal ſufferers,
Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and bleſs'd them with his dying Pray'rs.

Thus,

Thus we, by ſound Divinity and Senſe
May purge our minds, and weed all Errors thence;
Theſe lead us into right, nor ſhall we need
Other than them thro Life to be our Guide.
Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd, and ſickly minds, the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to ſurmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront:
And this you may infer, becauſe we find,
'Tis moſt in poor unthinking Woman-kind;
Who break their feeble ſpight on all they can,
And are more kin to Brute than braver Man.

But why ſhould we imagin, Sir, that thoſe
Eſcape unpuniſh'd, who ſtill feel the Throes
And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worſe
Than all the Pains which can the Body curſe)
The ſecret gnawings of unſeen Remorſe?
Believ't, they ſuffer greater Puniſhment
Than *Rome*'s Inquiſitors cou'd e'er invent:
Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
Which ancient Perſecutors could deviſe,

Nor

Nor all, that *Fox* his Bloody Records tell,
Can match what *Bradſhaw* and *Ravillac* feel,
Who in their Breaſts carry about their Hell.

I've read this Story, but I know not where,
Whether in *Hackwel*, or *Beard*'s Theatre:
A certain Spartan, *whom a Friend, like you,*
Had truſted with a Hundred pound or two;
Went to the Oracle to know if he
With ſafety might the Sum in truſt deny.
'Twas anſwer'd, No; that if he durſt forſwear,
He would e'er long for's knavery pay dear:
Hence Fear, not Honeſty, made him refund;
Yet to his coſt the Sentence true he found:
Himſelf, his Children, all his Family,
Ev'n the remoteſt of his whole Pedigree,
Periſh'd (as there 'tis told) *in miſery.*
Now to apply: if ſuch be the ſad end
Of Perjury, tho but in Thought deſign'd,
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your Treach'rous Friend,
Who has not only thought, but done to you
All this, and more; think, what he ſuffers now,

And

And think, what every Villain ſuffers elſe,
That dares, like him, be faithleſs, baſe, and falſe
Pale Horror, ghaſtly Fear, and black Deſpair,
Purſue his ſteps, and dog him whereſoe'er
He goes, and if from his loath'd ſelf he fly,
To herd, like wounded Deer, in company,
Theſe ſtrait creep in and pall his mirth, and joy.
The choiceſt Dainties, ev'n by *Lumly* dreſt,
Afford no Reliſh to his ſickly Taſt,
Inſipid all, as *Damocles* his Feaſt.
Ev'n Wine, the greateſt bleſſing of Mankind,
The beſt ſupport of the dejected mind,
Applied to his dull ſpirits, warms no more
Than to his Corps it could paſt Life reſtore.
Darkneſs he fears, nor dares he truſt his Bed
Without a Candle watching by his ſide:
And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breaſt
To his toſs'd Limbs allow one moments Reſt,
Straitways the groans of Ghoſts, and hideous Screams
Of tortur'd Spirits haunt his frightful Dreams:

Strait

Strait there return to his tormented mind
His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:
Strait he imagins you before his Eyes,
Ghaſtly of ſhape, prodigious of ſize,
With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monſtrous Tail,
And bigger than the Giants at *Guild-Hall*;
Stalking with horrid ſtrides acroſs the Room,
And Guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom:
Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members ſeize:
Then ſtarting wakes, and with a diſmal cry,
Calls to his aid his frighted Family;
There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees
The ſacred Pledg next morning to releaſe.

These are the Men, whom the leaſt Terrors daunt,
Who at the ſight of their own ſhadows faint;
Theſe, if it chance to Lighten, are aghaſt,
And quake for fear, leſt every Flaſh ſhould blaſt:
Theſe ſwoon away at the firſt Thunder-clap,
As if 'twere not, what uſually does hap,

The casual cracking of a Cloud, but sent
By angry Heaven for their Punishment:
And if unhurt they scape the Tempest now,
Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue:
These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,
Water high-colour'd, want of rest at night,
Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink,
And presently for fear they're ready sink
Into their Graves; their time (think they) is come,
And Heav'n in judgment now has sent their Doom.
Nor dare they, tho in whisper, waft a Pray'r,
Lest it by chance should reach th' Almighty's ear,
And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which before
So long has their impieties forbore.

These are the thoughts which guilty wretches haunt,
Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent:
After a Crime perhaps they now and then
Feel pangs and strugglings of Remorse within,
But strait return to their old course again:
They, who have once thrown Shame and Conscience by,
Ne'er after make a stop in Villany:

Hurried

Hurried along, down the vaſt ſteep they go,
And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt
Will not with ſingle wickedneſs give out;
Have patience but a while, you'll ſhortly ſee
His hand held up at Bar for Felony:
You'll ſee the ſentenc'd wretch for Puniſhment
To *Scilly* Iſles, or the *Caribbes* ſent:
Or (if I may his ſurer Fate divine)
Hung like *Boroski*, for a Gibbet Sign:
Then may you glut Revenge, and feaſt your Eyes
With the dear object of his Miſeries:
And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'll find,
That the juſt God is neither deaf nor blind.

DAVID's Lamentation

For the DEATH of

SAUL and *JONATHAN*,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Written in *September* 1677.

ODE.

I.

AH wretched *Israel!* once bleſt and happy State,
The Darling of the Stars, and Heaven's Care,
Then all the bord'ring world thy Vaſſals were,
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear.
How ſoon art thou (alas!) by the ſad turn of Fate
Become abandon'd and forlorn?
How art thou now become their Pity, and their Scorn?
Thy Luſtre all is vaniſh'd, all thy Glory fled,
Thy Sun himſelf ſet in a blood-red,

Too

Too ſure Prognoſtick! which does ill portend
Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,
Left naked, and defenceleſs now to each invading Hand.

A fatal Battel, lately fought,
Has all theſe Mis'ries and Misfortunes brought,
Has thy quick Ruin and Deſtruction wrought:
There fell we by a mighty Overthrow
A Prey to an enrag'd, relentleſs Foe,
The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,
Till they no more could kill, and we no longer die:
Vaſt ſlaughter all around th' enlarged Mountain ſwells,
And numerous Deaths increaſe its former Hills.

II.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known
Nor publiſh'd in the ſtreets of *Askalon*;
May Fame it ſelf be quite ſtruck dumb!
Oh may it never to *Philiſtia* come,
Nor any live to bear the curſed Tydings home!

Leſt the proud Enemies new Trophies raiſe,
And loudly triumph in our freſh Diſgrace;
No captive *Iſraelite* their pompous Joy adorn,
Nor in ſad Bondage his loſt Country mourn:
No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
No Hymns to *Aſhdod*'s Idol ſung.
Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.
Kind Heav'n forbid! leſt the baſe Heathen Slaves blaſpheme
Thy ſacred and unutterable Name,
And above thine extol their *Dagon*'s Fame,
Leſt the vile *Fiſh*'s Worſhip ſpread abroad,
Who fell a proſtrate Victim once before our conqu'ring God:
And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and Kingdoms write,
Who all their Actions to ſucceeding Age tranſmit,
Conceal the bluſhing Story, ah! conceal
Our Nations loſs, and our dread Monarch's fall;
Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,
When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown away:

Nor

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's Crime
Be ever mention'd in the Regiſters of future Time.

III

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curſt thy hated Name,
Th' eternal Monument of our Diſgrace and Shame!
For ever curſt be that unhappy Scene,
Where Slaughter, Blood and Death did lately reign!
No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top appear,
But what may make thee mourning wear:
Let them ne'er ſhake their dewy Fleeces there,
But only once a year
On the ſad Anniverſe drop a remembring Tear:
No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine attone;
Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereafter ſtay
On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beaſts of prey,

Or men more ſavage, wild and fierce than they;
A Deſart may'ſt thou prove, and lonely waſt,
Like that, our ſinful, ſtubborn Fathers paſt,
Where they the Penance trod for all, they there tranſgreſt:
Too dearly waſt thou drench'd with precious Blood
Of many a *Jewiſh* Worthy, ſpilt of late,
Who ſuffered there by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul diſhonour at too high a rate:
Great *Saul*'s ran there amongſt the common Flood,
His Royal ſelf mixt with the baſer Crowd;
He, whom Heav'ns high and open ſuffrage choſe,
The Bulwark of our Nation, to oppoſe
The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes;
Ev'n He, on whom the ſacred Oyl was ſhed,
Whoſe myſtick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head
Lies now (oh Fate, impartial ſtill to Kings!)
Huddled, and undiſtinguiſh'd in the heap of meaner things.

IV.

IV.

Lo! there the mighty Warriour lies,
With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,
To ravenous Fowls, or worſe, to his proud Foes, a Prize:
How chang'd from that great *Saul!* whoſe generous Aid,
A conqu'ring Army to diſtreſſed *Jabeſh* led,
At whoſe approach *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant fled:
How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whom we ſaw bring
From vanquiſh'd *Amaleck* their captive Spoils, and King;
When unbid Pity made him *Agag* ſpare:
A Pity, more than Cruelty found guilty there:
Oft has he made theſe conquer'd Enemies bow,
By whom himſelf lies conquer'd now:
At *Micmaſh* his great Might they felt, and knew,
The ſame they felt at *Dammin* too:
Well I remember, when from *Helah*'s Plain
He came in triumph, met by a numerous Crowd,
Who with glad ſhouts proclaim'd their Joy aloud;

A dance of beauteous Virgins led the ſolemn Train,
And ſung, and prais'd the man *that had his Thouſands ſlain.*

Seir, *Moab*, *Zobah* felt him, and where-e'er
He did his glorious Standards bear,
Officious Vict'ry follow'd in the rere:
Succeſs attended ſtill his brandiſh'd Sword,
And, like the Grave, the gluttonous Blade devour'd:
Slaughter upon its point in triumph ſate,
And ſcatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor leſs in high Repute and Worth was his great Son,
Sole Heir of all his Valour and Renown,
Heir too (if cruel Fate had ſuffer'd) of his Throne:
The matchleſs *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud tongu'd Fame
Amongſt her chiefeſt Heroes joys to name,
E'er ſince the wond'rous Deeds at *Seneh* done,
Where he, himſelf an Hoſt, o'ercame a War alone;

The

The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,
But fix'd amazement ſtopt, and made them die.
Great Archer He! to whom our dreaded skill we owe,
Dreaded by all, who *Iſrael*'s warlike Proweſs know;
As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, ſo many kill'd:
Quick and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams flew,
As if he gave 'em ſight and ſwiftneſs too.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows threw,

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally ally'd
On Nature, and on Valour's ſide:
Great *Saul*, who ſcorn'd a Rival in Renown,
Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,
By him endur'd to be ſurpaſs'd alone:
He gallant Prince, did his whole Father ſhew,
And faſt, as he could ſet, the well-writ Copies drew,
And bluſh'd, that Duty bid him not out-go:

Toge-

Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,
Together hunted in the noble Chace,
Together finiſh'd their united Raçe:
There only did they prove unfortunate,
Never till then unbleſs'd by Fate,
Yet there they ceas'd not to be great;
Fearleſs they met, and brav'd their threaten'd fall,
And fought when having revolted, Fortune durſt rebel.
When publick ſafety, and their Countries care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils of War;
As Parent-Eagles, ſummon'd by their Infants cries,
Whom ſome rude hands would make a Prize,
Haſt to Relief, and with their wings out-fly their eyes;
So ſwift did they their ſpeedy ſuccour bear,
So ſwift the bold Aggreſſors ſeize,
So ſwift attack, ſo ſwift purſue the vanquiſh'd enemies:
The vanquiſh'd enemies with all the wings of Fear

Mov'd

Mov'd not ſo quick as they:
Scarce could their ſouls fly faſt enough away,
Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
Thro Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Harveſts ſet,
Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their generous Heat:
Like thoſe, they march'd undaunted, and like thoſe,
Secure of Wounds, and all that durſt oppoſe,
So to Reſiſters fierce, ſo gentle to their proſtrate Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Iſrael*, mourn thy Monarch's fall,
And all thy plenteous ſtock of ſorrow call,
T' attend his pompous Funeral:
Mourn each, who in his loſs an int'reſt ſhares,
Laviſh your Grief, exhauſt it all in Tears:
You *Hebrew* Virgins too,
Who once in lofty ſtrains did his glad Triumphs ſing,
Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Meaſures now,

Each

Each charming air of Breath, and String,
Bring all to grace the Obſequies of your dead King.

And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow flow.
Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,
Who you with Natures choiceſt Dainties fed,
Who you with Natures gayeſt Wardrobe clad,
By whom you all her Pride, and all her Pleaſures had:

For you the precious Worm his Bowels ſpun,
For you the *Tyrian* Fiſh did Purple run,
For you the bleſt *Arabia*'s Spices grew,
And *Eaſtern* Quarries harden'd Pearly drew;
The Sun himſelf turn'd Labourer for you:
For you he hatch'd his golden Birth alone,
Wherewith you are array'd, whereby you him outſhone,
All this and more you did to *Saul*'s great Conduct owe,
All this you loſt in his unhappy overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death! how vaſt an Harveſt haſt thou reap'd of late?
Never before hadſt thou ſo great,
Ne'er drank'ſt before ſo deep of *Jewiſh* Blood,
Ne'er ſince th' embattled Hoſts at *Gibbeah* ſtood;
When three whole days took up the work of Fate,
When a large Tribe enter'd at once thy Bill,
And threeſcore thouſand Victims to thy Fury fell.
Upon the fatal Mountains Head,
Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:
There my beloved *Jonathan* was ſlain,
The beſt of Princes, and the beſt of Men;
Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely Froſt
On early Fruit, there ſits, and ſmiles a ſullen Boaſt,
And yet looks pale at the great Captive he has ta'en.
My *Jonathan* is dead (oh dreadful word of Fame!
Oh grief! that I can ſpeak't, and not become the ſame!)

He's

He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes
are gone,
And many a wonder, which he muſt have done,
And many a Conqueſt which he muſt have won,
They're all to the dark Grave, and ſilence fled,
And never now in ſtory ſhall be read;
And never now ſhall take their dare,
Snatch'd hence by the preventing hand of envious
Fate.

IX.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had dy'd;
Ah, would I had thy fatal place ſupply'd!
I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,
Repaid a Crown, which Friendſhip taught thee to
forgo:
Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:
Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
For ſure we had the ſame, 'twas very thine,
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wiſh, or think,
or name:
Brother thou waſt, but waſt my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:

Mine

Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Natures ſelf could
make,

Than I, or Fame it ſelf can ſpeak:

Not yearning Mothers, when firſt Throes they
feel

To their young Babes in looks a ſofter Paſſion tell:

Not artleſs undiſſembling Maids expreſs

In their laſt dying ſighs ſuch tenderneſs:

Not thy fair Siſter, whom ſtrict Duty bids me wear

Firſt in my Breaſt, whom holy Vows make mine,

Tho all the Virtues of a loyal Wife ſhe bear,

Could boaſt an Union ſo near,

Could boaſt a Love ſo firm, ſo laſting, ſo Divine.

So pure is that which we in Angels find

To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind:

So pure, but not more great muſt that bleſt Friend-
ſhip prove

(Could, ah! could I to that wiſht Place, and Thee
remove)

Which ſhall for ever joyn our mingled Souls
above.

X.

Ah wretched *Iſrael!* ah unhappy ſtate!
Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!
Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful hate!
Who is there left their Fury to withſtand?
What Champions now to guard thy helpleſs Land?
Who is there left in liſted Fields to head
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory;
Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,
And all thy brave Commanders too:
Lo! how the Glut and Riot of the Grave thus lie,
And none ſurvive the fatall Overthrow,
To right their injur'd Ghoſts upon the barbarous Foe!
Reſt, ye bleſs'd ſhades, in everlaſting Peace,
Who fell your Country's bloody Sacrifice:
For ever Sacred be your Memories,
And may e'er long ſome Avenger riſe
To wipe off Heav'ns and your Diſgrace:

May

May then theſe proud inſulting Foes
Waſh off our ſtrains of Honour with their Blood.
May they ten thouſand-fold repay our loſs;
For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Flood.

THE ODE OF *Ariſtotle* in *Athenæus*, PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

HOnor ! thou greateſt Bleſſing in the gift
of Heaven,
Which only art to its chief Darlings given :
Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou ſought,
Nor canſt at any rate be over-bought.
Thou, ſhining honor, art the nobleſt chaſe
Of all the braver part of Human Race.
Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too.
For thee, bright Goddeſs, for thy charming ſake,
Does *Greece* ſuch wond'rous Actions undertake :

For

For thee no Toils, nor Hardſhips ſhe foregoes,
And Death amidſt ten thouſand ghaſtly Terrors wooes.
So powerfully doſt thou the mind inſpire,
And kindleſt there ſo generous a fire,
As makes thy zealous Votaries
All things, but Thee deſpiſe;
Makes them the love of Thee prefer
Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,
Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,
Before ſoft eaſe, and Love's enticing Charms.
And all, that Men on Earth moſt valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born *Hercules*
And *Leda*'s faithful Twins, in Birth no leſs,
So many mighty Labours underwent,
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high Deſcent.
By thee they reach'd the bleſt Abode,
The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's paths they trod.

By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:
Envied by the Immortals did they go,
Laden with triumph to the ſhades below.
For thee, and thy dear ſake
Did the young *Hermias* worthy of *Atarna* lately ſtake
His Life in Battel to the chance of Fate,
And bravely loſt, what he ſo boldly ſet:
Yet loſt he not his glorious aim,
But by ſhort death purchas'd eternal Fame:
The grateful Muſes ſhall embalm his Memory,
And never let it die:
They ſhall his great Exploits rehearſe,
And conſecrate the Hero in immortal Verſe,

UPON

Upon the WORKS of BEN. JOHNSON.

Written in 1678.

ODE.

I.

GReat Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almoſt to dare to praiſe,
Whoſe firm eſtabliſh'd, and unſhaken Glories ſtand,
And proudly their own Fame command,
Above our pow'r to leſſen or to raiſe,
And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and thy Bays;
Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for ſo I dare
Entitle thee, nor any modern Cenſures fear,
Nor care what thy unjuſt Detractors ſay;
They'll ſay perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
That others did the firſt Foundations lay.
And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin:

But thou alone could'ſt finiſh the deſign,
All the fair Model, and the Workmanſhip was thine:
Some bold Advent'rers might have been before,
Who durſt the unknown world explore;
By them it was ſurvey'd at diſtant view,
And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,
Which only ſerv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
Who waſt reſerv'd to make the full diſcovery:
Art's Compaſs to thy painful ſearch we owe,
Whereby thou went'ſt ſo far, and we may after go,
By that we may Wit's vaſt, and trackleſs Ocean ſpy,
Content no longer, as before,
Dully to coaſt along the ſhore,
But ſteer a courſe more unconfin'd, and free,
Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity,

II.

Never till thee the Theater poſſeſt
A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatneſs bleſt,

No Government, or Laws it had
To ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh it,
Till thy great hand the Scepter ſway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
Unform'd, and void was then its Poeſie,
Only ſome præ-exiſting Matter we
Perhaps could ſee,
That might foretel what was to be;
A rude, and undigeſted Lump it lay,
Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the birth of Light, and Day,
Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,
And undertook the mighty Frame;
No ſhuffled Atoms did the well-built work compoſe
It from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance aroſe
(As ſome of this great Fabrick idly dream)
But wiſe, all-ſeeing Judgment did contrive,
And knowing Art its Graces give:
No ſooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
The dull and heavy Maſs inſpire,
But ſtrait throughout it let us ſee
Proportion, Order, Harmony,

And every part did to the whole agree,
And ſtrait appear'd a beauteous new-made world
of Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
(Thoſe only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
The meer Fanaticks, and Enthuſiaſts in Poetry
(For Schiſmaticks in that, as in Religion be)
Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream,
Let them deſpiſe her Laws, and think
That Rules and Forms the Spirit ſtint:
Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
Which juſtly might deſerve the Chain,
'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temp'rate
Age:
Free, like thy Will, it did all Force diſdain,
But ſuffer'd Reaſon's looſe and eaſie rein,
By that it ſuffer'd to be led,
Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:

Fancy,

Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in moſt, and let at random fly,
Was wiſely govern'd and reclaim'd by thee:
Reſtraint, and Diſcipline was made endure,
And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to lure;
Yet when 'twas at ſome nobler Quarry ſent,
With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
Not leſſen'd at the greateſt height,
Not turn'd by the moſt giddy flights of dazling Wit.

IV.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd with numerous Stars embelliſh'd o'er.
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence bore.
This was the ſtrong Intelligence, whoſe pow'r
Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions ſteer:

Con-

Concurring both like vital Seed and Heat,
The noble Births they joyntly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which moſt of force to the great Generation brought:
So mingling Elements compoſe our Bodies frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
Alike their juſt Proportions ſhare,
Each undiſtinguiſh'd ſtill remains the ſame,
Yet can't we ſay that either's here or there,
But all, we know not how, are ſcatter'd ev'ry where.

V.

Sober and grave was ſtill the Garb thy Muſe put on,
No tawdry careleſs flattern Dreſs,
Nor ſtarch'd, and formal with Affectedneſs,
Nor the caſt Mode, and Faſhion of the Court, and Town:
But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,
Well fitted, it ſate cloſe in every place,
And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:

Rich,

Rich, coſtly and ſubſtantial was the ſtuff,
Nor barely ſmooth, nor yet too coarſly rough:
No refuſe, ill-patch'd Shreds o' th' Schools,
The motly wear of read, and learned Fools;
No *French* Commodity which now ſo much does take,
And our own better Manufacture ſpoil,
Nor was it ought of forein Spoil;
But Staple all, and all of *Engliſh* Growth and Make;
What Flow'rs ſo'er of Art it had, were found
No tinſel ſlight Embroideries,
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twiſted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

VI.

Plain Humor, ſhewn with her whole various Face,
Not mask'd with any antick Dreſs,
Nor ſcrew'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace

(The gaping Rabbles dull delight,
And more the Actor's than the Poet's Wit)
Such did ſhe enter on thy Stage,
And ſuch was repreſented to the wond'ring Age:
Well waſt thou skill'd, and read in human kind;
In every wild fantaſtick Paſſion of his mind,
Didſt into all his hidden Inclinations dive
What each from Nature does receive,
Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;
What cuſtom too, that mighty Sorcereſs,
Whoſe pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to ſeveral monſtrous Images,
Makes this an odd, and freakiſh Monky turn,
And that a grave and ſolemn Aſs appear,
And all a thouſand beaſtly ſhapes of Foliy wear:
Whate'er Caprice or Whimſie leads awry
Perverted and ſeduc'd Mortality,
Or does incline, and byaſs it
From what's Diſcreet, and Wiſe, and Right, and Good, and Fit;
All in thy faithful Glaſs were ſo expreſs'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Breaſt,

As

As if they had been ſtamp'd on thy own mind,
And thou the univerſal vaſt Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didſt thou with the ſame Diſh repeated cloy,
Tho every Diſh, well cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could ſound reliſhing Palats be,
Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
Courted the Taſt, and rais'd the Appetite:
Whate'er freſh dainty Fops in ſeaſon were
To garniſh and ſet out thy Bill of Fare,
(Thoſe never found to fail throughout the year,
For ſeldom that ill natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
What thy ſtrict Obſervation e'er ſurvey'd,
From the fine luſcious Spark of high and courtly Breed,
Down to the dull, inſipid Cit,
Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.

VIII. Moſt

VIII.

Moſt Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And ſerve one only Year, one only State;
Another makes them uſeleſs, ſtale, and out of date;
But thine were wiſely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit.
For all ſucceeding Time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vaſt Audience ſit,
And the whole World be juſtly made thy Stage:
Still they ſhall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in vogue in ſpite of all the damning Crew;
Till the laſt Scene of this great Theatre,
Clos'd, and ſhut down,
The numerous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beſhrew thoſe envious Tongues, who ſeek to blaſt thy Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raiſe,

And

And ſay it only ſhines with borrow'd Rays;
Rich in thy ſelf, to whoſe unbounded ſtore
Exhauſted Nature could vouchſafe no more:
Thou could'ſt alone the Empire of the Stage maintain,
Could'ſt all its Grandeur, and its Port ſuſtain,
Nor needeſt others Subſidies to pay,
Needeſt no Tax on forein, or thy native Country lay,
To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raiſe the ſame,
Thy ſole Revenue all the vaſt Expence defray:
Yet like ſome mighty Conqueror in Poetry,
Deſign'd by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new univerſal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didſt the learned World invade,
Whilſt all around thy pow'rful Genius ſway'd,
Soon vanquiſh'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made ſubmit,
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return'dſt in Triumph with her captive Wit.

X.

Unjuſt, and more ill-natur'd thoſe,
Thy ſpiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happieſt Talent fix a lye,
And call that Slowneſs, which was Care and Induſtry.
Let me (with Pride ſo to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wiſh'd Reproach, and ſhare thy ſhame,
If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultleſs muſt deſerve their Blame:
Judge of thy ſelf alone (for none there were
Could be ſo juſt, or could be ſo ſevere)
Thou thy own Works didſt ſtrictly try
By known and unconteſted Rules of Poetry,
And gav'ſt thy Sentence ſtill impartially:
With rigor thou arraign'ſt each guilty Line,
And ſpar'dſt no criminal Senſe, becauſe 'twas thine:
Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too ſeldom we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemiſhes can ſee)
Thou didſt not ſmall'ſt Delinquencies acquit,

But

But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
(For they with Poets in that Title share)
When he would undertake a glorious Frame
Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design,
Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,
And justly then proportions every stroke, and line,
And oft he brings it to review,
And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours dure,
To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious Time secure;
Finish'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can do,
The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
And all surpriz'd about it wond'ring stand,
And tho no name be found below,
Yet strait discern th' unimitable hand,
And strait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:

So thy brave Soul that ſcorn'd all cheap and eaſie ways,
And trod no common road to Praiſe,
Would not with raſh, and ſpeedy Negligence proceed,
(For who e'er ſaw Perfection grow in haſte?
Or that ſoon done which muſt for ever laſt?)
But gently did advance with wary heed,
And ſhew'd that maſtery is moſt in juſtneſs read:
Nought ever iſſued from thy teeming Breaſt,
But what had gone full time, could write exactly beſt,
And ſtand the ſharpeſt Cenſure, and defie the rigid'ſt Teſt.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
Our weak, and meaner Acts with his compare)
When he the World's fair Poem did of old deſign,
That Work, which now muſt boaſt no longer date than thine;
Tho 'twas in him alike to will and do,
Tho the ſame Word that ſpoke, could make it too,

Yet

Yet would he not ſuch quick and haſty methods uſe,
Nor did an inſtant (which it might) the great effect produce:
But when th' All-wiſe himſelf in Council ſate,
Vouchſaf'd to think and be deliberate,
When Heaven conſider'd, and th' Eternal Wit and Senſe,
Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,
It ſhew'd that ſome uncommon Birth,
That ſomething worthy of a God was coming forth;
Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,
No point amiſs did in the large voluminous Piece appear,
And when the glorious Author all ſurvey'd,
Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,
Well-pleas'd he was to find
All anſwer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind:
Pleas'd at himſelf He in high wonder ſtood,
And much his Power, and much his Wiſdom did applaud,
To ſee how all was Perfect, all tranſcendent Good.

XIII.

Let meaner ſpirits ſtoop to low precarious Fame,
Content on groſs and courſe Applauſe to live,
And what the dull, and ſenſleſs Rabble give,
Thou didſt it ſtill with noble ſcorn contemn;
Nor would'ſt that wretched Alms receive,
The poor ſubſiſtence of ſome bankrupt, ſordid name:
Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
And form'd of common Breath,
The falſe, and fooliſh Fire, that's whisk'd about
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
But 'twas a ſolid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
That ſhone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all ſullying Clouds, and fear'd no darkning night;
Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
Who whereſoe'er he does diſplay
His Sovereign Luſtre, and Majeſtick Ray,
Strait all the leſs, and petty Glories nigh

Vaniſh,

Vaniſh, and ſhrink away.

O'erwhelm'd, and ſwallow'd by the greater blaze of Day;

With ſuch a ſtrong, an awful and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever ſhall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,

Who only can endure to look on it.

The reſt o'ercame with too much light,
With too much brightneſs dazled, or extinguiſh'd quite:

Reſtleſs, and uncontroul'd it now ſhall paſs
As wide a courſe about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels ceaſe
Begin a new and vaſter Race,
And ſtill tread round the endleſs Circle of Eternity.

The Ninth ODE of
The Third Book of *HORACE*,
IMITATED.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

I.

Hor. WHile you for me alone had Charms,
And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
Proud with content, I ſlighted Crowns,
And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the bleſs'd Virgins are above.

III. *Hor.*

III.

Hor. Now *Chloes* charming Voice and Art
Have gain'd the conqueſt of my Heart:
For whom, ye Fates, I'd wiſh to die,
If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy.

IV.

Lyd. Thyrſis by me has done the ſame,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame:
For whom a double Death I'd bear;
Would Fate my deareſt *Thyrſis* ſpare.

V.

Hor. But ſay, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before?
Say, I throw off my *Chloes* Chain,
And take you to my Breaſt again?

VI.

Lyd. Why then, tho he more bright appear,
More conſtant than a fixed Star;
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the Stormy Sea.
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

UPON

Upon a LADY,

Who by overturning of a Coach, had her Coats behind flung up, and what was under ſhewn to the View of the Company.

Out of *Voiture.*

I.

PHillis, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave.
This happy moment dates your Reign:
No force of human Pow'r can ſave
My captive Heart, that wears your Chain:
But when my Conqueſt you deſign'd;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjuſt, and too ſevere,
Thus to attack me from behind.

II. Againſt

II.

Againſt the Charms your Eyes impart,
With care I had ſecur'd my Heart;
On all the wonders of your Face
Could ſafely, and unwounded gaze:
But now entirely to enthral
My Breaſt, you had expos'd to view
Another more reſiſtleſs Foe,
From which I had no guard at all.

III.

At firſt aſſault conſtrain'd to yield,
My vanquiſh'd heart reſign'd the Field,
My Freedom to the Conqueror
Became a prey that very hour:
The ſubtle Traitor, who unſpied
Had lurk'd till now in cloſe diſguiſe,
Lay all his Life in ambuſh hid
At laſt to kill me by ſurprize.

IV.

A ſudden Heat my Breaſt inſpir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, ſent
From that new dawning Firmament,
Thro every Vein my Spirits fir'd;
My Heart, before averſe to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove;
When on the Graſs you did diſplay
Your radiant BUM to my ſurvey,
And ſham'd the Luſtre of the Day.

V.

The Sun in Heav'n abaſh'd to ſee
A thing more gay, more bright than He,
Struck with diſgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:
His Beams he now thought uſeleſs grown,
That better were by yours ſupply'd,
But having once ſeen your Back-ſide,
For ſhame he durſt not ſhew his own.

VI. For-

VI.

Forſaking every Wood, and Grove,
The *Sylvans* raviſh'd at the ſight,
In preſſing Crowds about you ſtrove,
Gazing, and loſt in wonder quite:
Fond *Zephyr* ſeeing your rich ſtore,
Of Beauty undeſcried before,
Enamor'd of each lovely Grace,
Before his own dear *Flora*'s face,
Could not forbear to kiſs the place.

VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Roſe,
In bluſhes did her ſhame diſcloſe:
Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,
And ſhrunk for fear into their Beds:
The amorous *Narciſſus* too,
Reclaim'd of fond ſelf-love by you,
His former vain deſire caſhier'd,
And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

VIII. When

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our ſight,
All others loſe their Luſtre quite:
Your Eyes that ſhoot ſuch pointed Rays,
And all the Beauties of your Face,
Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
At the approach of brighter Day,
No more regard, or value bear,
But when its Glories diſappear.

IX.

Of ſome ill Qualities they tell,
Which juſtly give me cauſe to fear;
But that, which moſt begets deſpair,
It has no ſenſe of Love at all:
More hard, than Adamant it is,
They ſay, that no Impreſſion takes,
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
And rarely, very rarely ſpeaks.

X.

Yet I muſt lov't, and own my Flame,
Which to the world I thus rehearſe,

Through-

Throughout the ſpacious coaſts of Fame
To ſtand recorded in my Verſe:
No other ſubject, or deſign
Henceforth ſhall be my Muſes Theme,
But with juſt Praiſes to proclaim
The faireſt ARSE, that e'er was ſeen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phillis* hide
The dazling Beams of your Back-ſide;
For ſhould they ſhine unclouded long,
All human kind would be undone.
Not the bright Goddeſſes on high,
That reign above the ſtarry Sky,
Should they turn up to open view
All their immortal Tails, can ſhew
An *Arſe-h*——— ſo divine as you.

CATUL-

CATULLUS.

EPIGR. VII.

Imitated.

Quæris quot mihi Baſiationes, &c.

NAY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
How many Kiſſes will ſuffice?
Faith, 'tis a queſtion hard to tell,
Exceeding hard, for you as well
May ask what ſums of Gold ſuffice
The greedy Miſer's boundleſs Wiſh:
Think what drops the Ocean ſtore,
With all the Sands that makes its Shore:
Think what Spangles deck the Skies,
When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:
Or think how many Atoms came
To compoſe this mighty Frame:

Let

Let all theſe the Counters be,
To tell how oft I'm kiſs'd by thee:
Till no malicious Spy can gueſs
To what vaſt height the Scores ariſe;
Till weak Arithmetick grow ſcant,
And numbers for the reck'ning want:
All theſe will hardly be enough
For me ſtark ſtaring mad with Love.

A a SOME

SOME

ELEGIES

OUT OF

OVID'S Amours,

IMITATED.

BOOK II. ELEGY IV.

That he loves Women of all ſorts and ſizes.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores, &c.

NOT I, I never vainly durſt pretend,
My Follies and my Frailties to defend:
I own my Faults, if it avail to own,
While like a graceleſs wretch I ſtill go on:
I hate my ſelf, but yet in ſpite of Fate
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate;
In vain I would ſhake off this load of Love,
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:

I want

I want the ſtrength my fierce Deſires to ſhew,
Hurried away by the impetuous ſtream.
'Tis not one Face alone ſubdues my Heart,
But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart:
And whereſoe'er I caſt my Looks abroad,
In every place I find Temptations ſtrow'd.
The modeſt kills me with her down-caſt Eyes,
And Love his ambuſh lays in that diſguiſe.
The brisk allures me with her gaiety,
And ſhews how Active ſhe in bed will be:
If Coy, like cloyſter'd Virgins, ſhe appears,
She but diſſembles, what ſhe moſt deſires:
If ſhe be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,
I long to get a Learned Maidenhead:
Or if untaught, and Ignorant ſhe be,
She takes me then with her ſimplicity:
One likes my Verſes, and commends each Line,
And ſwears that *Cowley*'s are but dull to mine:
Her in meer Gratitude I muſt approve,
For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
Another damns my Poetry, and me,
And plays the Critick moſt judiciouſly:

And ſhe too fires my Heart, and ſhe too charms,
And I'm agog to have her in my arms.
One with her ſoft and wanton Trip does pleaſe,
And prints, in every ſtep ſhe ſets, a Grace:
Another walks with ſtiff ungainly tread;
But ſhe may learn more pliantneſs abed,
This ſweetly ſings; her Voice does Love inſpire,
And ev'ry Breath kindles, and blows the Fire:
Who can forbear to kiſs thoſe Lips, whoſe ſound
The raviſh'd Ears does with ſuch ſoftneſs wound?
That ſweetly plays: and while her Fingers move,
While o'er the bounding Strings their touches rove,
My Heart leaps too, and every Pulſe beats Love:
What Reaſon is ſo pow'rful to withſtand
The magick force of that reſiſtleſs Hand?
Another dances to a Miracle,
And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful skill:
And ſhe, or elſe the Devil's in't, muſt charm,
A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm:
If tall; I gueſs what plenteous Game ſhe'll yield,
When Pleaſure ranges o'er ſo wide a Field:

If

If low; she's pretty: both alike invite,
The Dwarf and Giant both my wishes fit,
Undress'd; I think how killing she'd appear,
If arm'd with all Advantages she were:
Richly attir'd; she's the gay bait of Love,
And knows with Art to set her Beauties off.
I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,
And I can find attractions in the Brown:
If curling Jet adorn'd her snowy Neck,
The beauteous *Leda* is reported Black:
If curling Gold; *Aurora*'s painted so:
All sorts of Histories my love does know.
I like the young with all her blooming Charms,
And Age it self is welcome to my Arms:
There uncropt Beauty in its flow'r assails,
Experience here, and riper sense prevails.
In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
To stock this spacious and well furnish'd Town;
Whatever any single Man can find
Agreeable of all the num'rous kind:
At all alike my haggard Love does fly,
And each is Game, and each a Miss for me.

BOOK II. ELEGY V.

To his Miſtreſs that Jilted him.

Nullus amor tanti eſt: abeas pharetrâtè Cupido, &c.

NAY then the Devil take all Love! if I
So oft for its damn'd ſake muſt wiſh to die
What can I wiſh for but to die, when you,
Dear faithleſs Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
For thee, falſe Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?
'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
Nor ſecret Preſents, which thy Falſhood tell:
Would God! my juſt ſuſpicions wanted cauſe,
That they might prove leſs fatal to my eaſe:
Would God! leſs colour for thy guilt there were,
But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear:
Bleſs'd he, who what he loves can juſtifie,
To whom his Miſtreſs can the Fact deny,
And boldly give his Jealouſie the lye,
Cruel the Man, and uncompaſſionate,
And too indulgent to his own Regret,

Who

Who ſeeks to have her guilt too manifeſt,
And with the murd'ring ſecret ſtabs his Reſt.
I ſaw, when little you ſuſpected me,
When ſleeep, you thought, gave opportunity,
Your Crimes I ſaw, and theſe unhappy eyes
Of all your hidden ſtealths were Witneſſes:
I ſaw in ſigns your mutual Wiſhes read,
And Nods the meſſage of your hearts convey'd:
I ſaw the conſcious Board, which writ all o'er
With ſcrawls of Wine, Love's myſtick Cypher bore:
Your Glances were not mute, but each bewray'd,
And with your Fingers Dialogues were made:
I underſtood the Language out of hand,
(For what's too hard for Love to underſtand?)
Full well I underſtood for what intent
All this dumb Talk, and ſilent Hints were meant:
And now the Gueſts were from the Table fled,
And all the Company retir'd to Bed.
I ſaw you then with wanton Kiſſes greet,
Your Tongues (I ſaw) did in your Kiſſes meet:
Not ſuch as Siſters to their Brothers give,
But Lovers from their Miſtreſſes receive:

Such as the God of War, and *Paphian* Queen
Did in the height of their embraces joyn.
Patience, ye Gods! (cry'd I) what is't I ſee?
Unfaithful! why this Treachery to me?
How dare you let another in my ſight
Invade my native Property, and Right?
He muſt not, ſhall not do't: by Love I ſwear
I'll ſeize the bold uſurping Raviſher:
You are my Free-hold, and the Fates deſign,
That you ſhould be unalienably mine:
Theſe Favours all to me impropriate are;
How comes another then to treſpaſs here?
This, and much more I ſaid, by Rage inſpir'd,
While conſcious ſhame her *Cheeks* with Bluſhes fir'd
Such lovely ſtains the face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's firſt bluſhes paint the baſhful Morn:
So on the Buſh the flaming Roſe does glow,
When mingled with the Lillies neighb'ring Snow:
This, or ſome other Colour, much like theſe,
The ſemblance then of her Complexion was:
And while her Looks that ſweet Diſorder wore
Chance added Beauties undiſclos'd before;

Upon

Upon the ground ſhe caſt her jetty Eyes;
Her Eyes ſhot fiercer Darts in that Diſguiſe:
Her Face a ſad and mournful Air expreſs'd,
Her Face more lovely ſeem'd in ſadneſs dreſs'd:
Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear:
Yet I no ſooner had her Face ſurvey'd,
But ſtrait the tempeſt of my Rage was laid:
A look of her did my reſentments charm,
A look of her did all their Force diſarm:
And I, that fierce outrageous thing ere-while,
Grow calm as Infants, when in ſleep they ſmile:
And now a Kiſs am humbly fain to crave,
And beg no worſe than ſhe my Rival gave:
She ſmil'd, and ſtrait a throng of Kiſſes preſt,
The worſt of which, ſhould *Jove* himſelf but taſte,
The brandiſh'd Thunder from his Hand 'twould wreſt:
Well-pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
For fear my envied Rival felt them ſo:

Bettet

Better they seem'd by far than I e'er taught,
And she in them shew'd something new methought:
Fond jealous I my self the Pleasure grudch:
And they displeas'd, because they pleas'd too much:
When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,
My wounded Thoughts it with suspicion stung:
Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,
More reason for complaint remains behind:
I grieve not only that she Kisses gave,
Tho that affords me cause enough to grieve:
Such never could be taught her but in Bed,
And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher had.

Book

BOOK II. ELEGY X.

To a Friend, acquainting him, that he is in Love with two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè (memini) Græcine, negabas, &c.

I'VE heard, my Friend, and heard it ſaid by you,
No Man at once could ever well love two:
But I was much deceiv'd upon that ſcore,
For ſingle I, at once love one, and more:
Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breaſt,
Both handſom are, both charming, both well-dreſs'd,
And hang me, if I know, which takes me beſt:
This fairer is than that, and that than this,
That more than this, and this than that does pleaſe:
Toſt, like a Ship, by diff'rent guſts of Love,
Now to this point, and now to that I move.
Why, Love, why doſt thou double thus my pains?
Was't not enough to bear one Tyrants Chains?
Why, Goddeſs, doſt thou vainly laviſh more
On one, that was top-full of Love before?

Yet

Yet thus I'd rather love, than not all,
May that ill Curſe my Enemies befal:
May my worſt Foe be damn'd to love of one,
Be damn'd to Continence, and lie alone:
Let Loves alarms each night diſturb my Reſt,
And drowſie ſleep never approach my Breaſt,
Or ſtrait-way thence be by new Pleaſure chas'd.
Let Pleaſures in ſucceſſion keep my Senſe
Ever awake, or ever in a Trance:
Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,
Riot in bliſs, and ſurfeit on her Charms:
Let her undo me there without controul,
Drain nature quite, ſuck out my very Soul:
And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,
Give me another, clap more Leeches on.
The Gods have made me of the ſporting kind,
And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs deſign'd:
What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
In Sinews, and in Vigor is ſupplied:
And ſhould my Strength be wanting to deſire,
Pleaſure would add new Fuel to the Fire;

Oft in ſoft Battels have I ſpent the Night,
Yet roſe next morning vig'rous for the Fight,
Freſh as the Day, and active as the Light,
No Maid, that ever under me took pay,
From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.
Bleſs'd he, who in Loves ſervice yields his Breath,
Grant me, ye Gods, ſo ſweet, ſo wiſh'd a death!
In bloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,
To purchaſe dear-bought Honor at the rate:
Let greedy Merchants truſt the faithleſs Main,
And ſhipwrack Life and Soul for ſordid gain:
Dying, let me expire in gaſps of Luſt,
And in a guſh of Joy give up the ghoſt:
And ſome kind pitying Friend ſhall ſay of me,
So did he live, and ſo deſerv'd to die.

A FRAGMENT of PETRONIUS, PARAPHRAS'D.

Fœda eſt in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.

I Hate Fruition, now 'tis paſt,
'Tis all but naſtineſs at beſt;
The homelieſt thing, that Man can do,
Beſides, 'tis ſhort, and fleeting too:
A ſquirt of ſlippery Delight,
That with a moment takes its flight;
A fulſom Bliſs, that ſoon does cloy,
And make us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Paſſion blindly hurried on,
Like Beaſts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Luſt incites them to:

For

For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd:
But thus, let's thus together lie,
And kiſs out long Eternity:
Here we dread no conſcious Spies,
No bluſhes ſtain our guiltleſs Joys:
Here no Faintneſs dulls Deſires,
And Pleaſure never flags, nor tires:
This has pleas'd, and pleaſes now,
And for Ages will do ſo:
Enjoyment here is never done,
But freſh, and always but begun.

An

AN ODE OF ANACREON, PARAPHRAS'D.

The CUP.

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύσας, &c.

MAke me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large as my capacious Soul,
Vaſt, as my thirſt is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;
I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there,

Let

Let it of Silver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me;
Worthy to adorn the Spheres;
As that bright Cup among the Stars:
That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place;
Next the Sun its greateſt Grace.
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:
Let mine be ſo, and give me light,
That I may drink; and revel by't:
Yet draw no ſhapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not ſuch rough Exerciſe;
But gentler Sieges, ſofter Wars,
Fights, that cauſe no Wounds, or Scars:
I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
Leſt ſight of them ſhould Brawls create;
Leſt that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it ſelf enough can do.

Draw me no Conſtellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monſtrous fry
Of Animals, which ſtock the sky :
For what are Stars to my Deſign?
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-ſhine,
Out-ſhone by every drop of Wine :
I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,
But would for ever there be toſt;
And wiſh no Haven, ſeek no Coaſt.
Yet, gentle Artiſt, if thou'lt try
Thy Skill, then draw me (let me ſee)
Draw me firſt a ſpreading Vine,
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,
With kind embraces, ſuch as I
Twiſt about my loving ſhe,
Let its Boughs o'erſpread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love :
Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
Draw *Bacchus*, and ſoft *Cupid* by ;

Draw them both in toping Shapes,
Their Temples crown'd with cluſter'd Grapes:
Make them lean againſt the Cup,
As 'twere to keep the Figures up:
And when their reeling Forms I view;
I'll think them drunk, and be ſo too;
The Gods ſhall my examples be,
The Gods, thus drunk in Effigie.

An Alluſion to

MARTIAL.

Book I. Epig. 118.

AS oft, Sir *Tradewel*, as we meet,
You'r ſure to ask me in the ſtreet,
When you ſhall ſend your Boy to me,
To fetch my Book of Poetry,
And promiſe you'll but read it o'er,
And ~~faithfully~~ ~~the~~ Loan reſtore:
But let me tell ye as a Friend,
You need not take the pains to ſend:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of *Clarkenwel*:
There in a Garret near the Sky,
Above five pair of Stairs I lie.
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:

In

In *Cornhil*, where you often go,
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
A Shop of Rhime, where you may ſee
The Poets all clad in Poetry;
There *H*——— lives of high renown,
The notedſt TORY in the Town:
Where, if you pleaſe, enquire for me,
And he, or's Prentice, preſently
From the next Shelf will reach you down
The Piece well bound for half a Crown:
The Price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the Book, and me:
Yes doubtleſs for ſuch Vanities,
We know, Sir, you are too too wiſe.

THE DREAM.

Written *March* 10, 1677.

LAte as I on my Bed repoſing lay,
And in ſoft ſleep forgot the Toils of Day,
My ſelf, my Cares, and Love all charm'd to Reſt,
And all the Tumults of my waking Breaſt,
Quiet and calm, as was the ſilent Night,
Whoſe ſtillneſs did to that bleſs'd ſleep invite;
I dreamt, and ſtrait this viſionary Scene
Did with delight my fancy entertain.

I ſaw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
Remote alike from Man's, and Heavens Eye,
Girt with the covert of a ſhady Grove,
Dark as my Thoughts, and ſecret as my Love:
Hard by a Stream did with that ſoftneſs creep,
As 'twere by its own murmurs huſh'd aſleep;

On

On its green Bank under a ſpreading Tree,
At once a Pleaſant, ſhelt'ring Canopy,
There I, and there my dear *Coſmelia* ſate,
Nor envied Monarchs in our ſafe Retreat:
So heretofore were the firſt Lovers laid
On the ſame Turf of which themſelves were made.
And while I did her charming Glories view,
Which to their former Conqueſts added new;
And while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove
Thro all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;
Ten thouſand Kiſſes on her Lips I fix'd,
Which ſhe with interfering Kiſſes mix'd,
Eager as thoſe of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Souls too with the Breath.

Love by theſe Freedoms firſt became more bold,
At length unruly, and too fierce to hold;
See then (ſaid I) *and pity, charming Fair,*
Yield quickly, yield, I can no longer bear
Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliſs ſo near;
You muſt, and you alone, theſe ſtorms appeaſe,
And lay thoſe Spirits which your Charms could raiſe;

Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our flame,
Come let's----and unawares I went to name
The Thing, but ſtopt and bluſh'd methought in Dream.

At firſt ſhe did the rude Addreſs diſown,
And check'd my Boldneſs with an angry Frown,
But yielding Glances, and conſenting Eyes
Prov'd the ſoft Traitors to her forc'd Diſguiſe;
And ſoon her looks with anger rough e're while,
Sunk in the Dimples of a calmer ſmile:
Then with a ſigh into theſe words ſhe broke,
And Printed melting Kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke:

Too ſtrong, Philander, *is thy pow'rful Art*
To take a feeble Maids ill-guarded Heart:
Too long I've ſtruggled with my Bliſs in vain,
Too long oppos'd what I oft wiſh'd to gain;
Loath to conſent, yet loather to deny,
At once I court, and ſhun Felicity:
I cannot, will not yield; ---- *and yet I muſt,*
Leſt to my own Deſires I prove unjuſt;
Sweet Raviſher! what Love commands thee, do;
Tho I'm diſpleas'd, I ſhall forgive thee too,

Too

Too well thou know'ſt ;----- and there my hand ſhe preſs'd,

And ſaid no more, but bluſh'd and ſmil'd the reſt.

Raviſh'd at the new grant, fierce eager I

Leap'd furious on, and ſeiz'd my trembling Prey ;

With guarding Arms ſhe firſt my Force repell'd,

Shrunk, and drew back, and would not ſeem to yield ;

Unwilling to o'ercome, ſhe faintly ſtrove,

One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove :

So feeble are the ſtruglings, and ſo weak

In ſleep we ſeem, and only ſleep to make :

Forbear ! (ſhe ſaid) *ah, gentle Youth, forbear*

(And ſtill ſhe hug'd, and claſp'd me ſtill more near)

Ah ! will you ? will you force my Ruin ſo ?

Ah ! do not, do not, do not ;----- let me go.

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verſe,

Above the reach of Fancy to rehearſe :

Not dying Saints enjoy ſuch Extaſies,

When they in Viſion antedate their Bliſs ;

Not

Not Dreams of a young Prophet are ſo bleſt,
When holy Trances firſt inſpire his Breaſt,
And the God enters there to be a Gueſt.
Let duller Mortals other Pleaſures prize,
Pleaſures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night ſuch ſweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

A SATYR TOUCHING NOBILITY.

Out of Monſieur *BOILEAU.*

'TIS granted, that Nobility in Man,
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain,
Where he, deſcended of an ancient Race,
Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,
By Virtues Rules guiding his ſteddy Courſe,
Traces the ſteps of his bright Anceſtors.
But yet I can't endure an haughty Aſs,
Debauch'd with Luxury, and ſlothful Eaſe,
Who beſides empty Titles of high Birth,
Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,

Shou'd

Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others ſought,
And boaſt of Honor which himſelf ne'er got:
I grant, the Acts which his Forefathers did
Have furniſh'd matter for old *Hollinſhead*,
For which their Scutcheon, by the *Conque'ror* grac'd
Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Creſt:
But what does this vain maſs of Glory boot
To be the Branch of ſuch a noble Root,
If he of all the Heroes of his Line
Which in the Regiſter of Story ſhine,
Can offer nothing to the World's regard,
But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have ſpar'd?
If ſprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
He does his own Original diſgrace,
And, ſwoln with ſelfiſh Vanity and Pride,
To greatneſs has no other claim beſide,
But ſquanders Life, and ſleeps away his days,
Diſſolv'd in Sloth, and ſteep'd in ſenſual eaſe?
Mean while to ſee how much the Arrogant
Boaſts the falſe Luſtre of his high deſcent,

You'd

You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And form'd by Heaven of other Clay than me.
Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be thought
So much above the mean and humble Rout.
Of all the Creatures which do men eſteem?
And which would you your ſelf the nobleſt deem?
Put caſe of Horſe: No doubt, you'll anſwer ſtrait,
The Racer, which has often'ſt won the Plate:
Who full of mettle, and of ſprightly Fire,
Is never diſtanc'd in fleet Career:
Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,
And crowds of Vent'rers ſtake upon his Head:
But if the Breed of *Dragon*, often caſt,
Degenerate, and prove a Jade at laſt;
Nothing of Honour, or Reſpect (we ſee)
Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:
But maugre all his great Progenitors,
The worthleſs Brute is baniſh'd from the Courſe:
Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,
To drag ſome Cart, or bear ſome Carrier's Load.
Then how can you with any ſenſe expect:
That I ſhould be ſo ſilly to reſpect

The

The ghoſt of Honor, periſh'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may paſs,
Caught with mere ſhew, and vain Appearances:
Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heaven deſign'd,
That's always ſtampt upon a noble mind:
If you from ſuch illuſtrious Worthies came,
By copying them your high extract proclaim:
Shew us thoſe generous Heats of Gallantry,
Which Ages paſt did in thoſe Worthies ſee;
That zeal for Honor, and that brave diſdain,
Which ſcorn'd to do an Action baſe or mean:

Do you apply your Intereſt aright,
Not to oppreſs the Poor with wrongful Might?
Would you make Conſcience to pervert the Laws,
Tho brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cauſe?
Dare you, when juſtly call'd, expend your Blood
In ſervice for your King's and Countries good?
Can you in open Field in Armour ſleep,
And there meet danger in the ghaſtlieſt Shape?
By ſuch illuſtrious Marks as theſe, I find,
You're truly iſſued of a noble kind:

Then

Then fetch your Line from *Albanact*, or *Cnute*,
Or, if theſe are too freſh, from older *Brute*:
At leiſure ſearch all Hiſtory to find
Some great and glorious Warriour to your mind:
Take *Cæſar*, *Alexander*, which you pleaſe,
To be the mighty Founder of your Race:
In vain the World your Parentage bely,
That was, or ſhould have been your Pedigree.
But, if you could with eaſe derive your Kin
From *Hercules* himſelf in a right Line;
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
Worthy the name of your high Progeny;
All theſe great Anceſtors, which you diſgrace,
Againſt you are a cloud of Witneſſes:
And all the Luſtre of their tarniſh'd Fame
Serves but to light and manifeſt your Shame:
In vain you urge the merit of your Race,
And boaſt that Blood, which you your ſelves debaſe.
In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
The Spoils and Plunder of another's Fame;
If, where I look'd for ſomething Great, and Brave,
I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
A Traitor, Villain, Sychophant, or Slave;

A freakiſh Madman, fit to be confin'd,
Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind:
Or (to ſpeak all at once) a barren Limb,
And rotten Branch of an illuſtrious Stem.

But I am too ſevere, perhaps you'll think,
And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink:
We ſpeak to men of Birth, and Honor here,
And thoſe nice Subjects muſt be touch'd with care:
Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;
But how far backwards can you trace it down?
You anſwer: For at leaſt a thouſand year,
And ſome odd hundreds you can mak't appear:
'Tis much: But yet in ſhort the proofs are clear:
All Books with your Fore-Fathers Titles ſhine,
Whoſe names have ſcap'd the general wreck of Time:
But who is there ſo bold that dares engage
His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age
No one of all his Anceſtors deceas'd
Had e'er the fate to find a Bride unchaſt?

That

That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,
And nothing e'er of ſpurious Blood crept in,
To mingle and defile the Sacred Line:

Curs'd be the day, when firſt this vanity
Did primitive ſimplicity deſtroy,
In the bleſs'd ſtate of infant time, unknown,
When Glory ſprung from Innocence alone:
Each from his merit only Title drew,
And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too:
Then, ſcorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,
The Hero from himſelf deriv'd his Fame:
But merit by degenerate time at laſt,
Saw Vice ennobled, and her ſelf debas'd:
And haughty Pride falſe pompous Titles feign'd,
T'amuſe the World, and Lord it o'er mankind:
Thence the vaſt Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name:
Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did Blazoning and Armory deviſe,
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
And made a Language of their Terms apart,

Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Base*,
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Fess*;
And whatsoe'er of hideous Jargon else
Mad *Guillim*, and his barbarous Volume fills.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,
Plain down-right Honor out of fashion grew:
But to keep up its Dignity and Birth,
Expence and Luxury must set it forth:
It must inhabit stately Palaces,
Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,
And carrying vast Retinues up and down,
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.

Thus Honor to support it self is brought
To its last shifts, and thence the Art has got
Of borrowing every where, and paying nought:
'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
To be an honest Man, and keep his Word;
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection safe,
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave:
While daily Crowds of starving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors:

Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands
Are forfeited into the Banker's hands:
Then to redreſs his wants, the Bankrupt Peer
To ſome rich trading Sot turns Penſioner:
And the next News, you're ſure to hear that he
Is nobly wed into the Company:
Where for a portion of ill-gotten Gold,
Himſelf and all his Anceſtors are ſold:
And thus repairs his broken Family
At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want Eſtate to ſet it forth,
In vain you boaſt the ſplendor of your Birth:
Your priz'd Gentility for madneſs goes,
And each your Kindred ſhuns and diſavows:
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the ſtreet,
Tho he, nor none of his e'er mention'd were,
But in the Pariſh-Book or Regiſter.

D —— *le* by help of Chronicle ſhall trace
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A SATYR

Addreſs'd to a Friend *that is about to leave the Univerſity, and come abroad in the World.*

IF you're ſo out of love with Happineſs,
To quit a College life, and learned eaſe;
Convince me firſt, and ſome good Reaſons give,
What methods and deſigns you'll take to live:
For ſuch Reſolves are needful in the Caſe,
Before you tread the worlds myſterious Maze:
Without the Premiſſes in vain you'll try
To live by Syſtems of Philoſophy:
Your *Ariſtotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,
And *Euclid* too in little ſtead will ſtand.

How many men of choice, and noted parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and Arts,
Deſigning high Preferment in their mind,
And little doubting good ſucceſs to find,
With vaſt and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd to *Town*,
But to their coſt ſoon found themſelves undone,
Now to repent, and ſtarve at leiſure left,
Of Miſeries laſt Comfort, Hope, bereſt?

Theſe

Theſe fail'd for want of good Advice, you cry,
Becauſe at firſt they fix'd on no employ:
Well then, let's draw the Proſpect, and the Scene,
To all advantage poſſibly we can:
The world lies now before you, let me hear,
What courſe your Judgment counſels you to ſteer:
Always conſider'd, that your whole Eſtate,
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:
Were you the Son of ſome rich Uſurer,
That ſtarv'd, and damn'd himſelf to make his Heir,
Left nought to do, but to interr the Sot,
And ſpend with eaſe what he himſelf had got;
'Twere eaſie to adviſe how you might live,
Nor would there need inſtruction then to give:
But you, that boaſt of no Inheritance,
Save that ſmall ſtock, which lies within your Brains,
Learning muſt be your Trade, and therefore weigh
With heed, how you your Game the beſt may play;
Bethink your ſelf a while, and then propoſe
What way of Life is fitt'ſt for you to chooſe.
If you for Orders, and a Gown deſign,
Conſider only this, dear Friend of mine,

The Church is grown so overstock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet
More Porters now than Parsons in the street.
At every corner they are forc'd to ply
For Jobs of hav'kering Divinity:
And half the number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to strowl, and wander unpreferr'd.

If this, or thoughts of such a weighty Charge
Make you resolve to keep your self at large,
For want of better opportunity,
A School must your next Sanctuary be;
Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewel, and a Wife,
And there beat *Greek* and *Latin* for your life:
With birchen Scepter there command at will,
Greater than *Busby*'s self, or Dr. *Gill*:
But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound
Where there so small encouragement is found?
Where you for recompence of all your pains
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains?
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:

A Dancing-Maſter ſhall be better paid,
Tho he inſtructs the Heels, and you the Head:
To ſuch Indulgence are kind Parents grown,
That nought coſts leſs in breeding than a Son:
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
Shall more upon a Setting-dog allow:
And with a freer hand reward the Care
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.
Some think themſelves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in ſome noble Family:
Diet, an Horſe, and thirty pounds a year,
Beſides th' advantage of his Lordſhip's ear,
The credit of the buſineſs, and the State,
Are things that in a Youngſter's Senſe ſound great.
Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What ſlavery he oft muſt undergo:
Who tho in Silken Scarf, and Caſſock dreſt,
Wears but a gayer Livery at beſt:
When Dinner calls, the Implement muſt wait,
With holy words to conſecrate the Meat:
But hold it for a Favour ſeldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honor to ſit down,

Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw:
Thoſe Dainties are not for a ſpiritual Maw:
Obſerve your diſtance, and be ſure to ſtand
Hard by the Ciſtern with your Cap in hand:
There for diverſion you may pick your Teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:
For meer Board-wages ſuch their Freedom ſell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vaſſals to a Bell:
And if th' enjoyment of one day be ſtole,
They are but Pris'nets out upon Parole:
Always the marks of Slavery remain,
And they, tho looſe, ſtill drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Proſpect after all,
A Chaplainſhip ſerv'd up, and ſeven years Thrall?
The menial thing perhaps for a Reward,
Is to ſome ſlender Benefice preferr'd,
With this Proviſo bound, that he muſt wed
My Lady's antiquated Waiting-Maid,
In Dreſſing only skill'd, and Marmalade.

Let others who ſuch meanneſſes can brook,
Strike Countenance to every Great Man's Look:

Let

Let those that have a mind, turn slaves to eat,
And live contented by another's Plate:
I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food and Raiment truck my Liberty.
But, if I must to my last shifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm ty'd up, I'll chuse to beg:
I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be
The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency.
'Thas ever been the top of my Desires,
The utmost height of which my wish aspires,
That Heav'n would bless me with a small Estate,
Where I might find a close obscure retreat;
There, free from Noise, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends.
Lord of my Self, accountable to none,
But to my Conscience, and my God alone:
There live unthought of, and unheard of die,
And grudg Mankind my very memory.
But since the Blessing is (I find) too great
For me to wish for, or expect of Fate:

Yet,

Yet, maugre all the ſpight of Deſtiny,
My Thoughts, and Actions are, and ſhall be free.
A certain Author, very grave and ſage,
This Story tells: no matter what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth e'er break of day,
The Wolf and Dog encounter'd on the way:
Famiſh'd the one, meager and lean of plight,
As a caſt Poet, who for Bread does write:
The other fat and plump, as Prebend was,
Pamper'd with Luxury and holy Eaſe.

Thus met, with Complements, too long to tell,
Of being glad to ſee each other well:

How now, Sir Towzer? (ſaid the Wolf) *I pray,*
Whence comes it, that you look ſo ſleek and gay?
While I, who do as well (I am ſure) deſerve,
For want of livelyhood am like to ſtarve?
Troth Sir (reply'd the Dog) *'thas been my Fate,*
I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late
On a kind Maſter, to whoſe care I owe
All this good Fleſh, wherewith you ſee me now:
From his rich Voider every day I'm fed
With Bones of Fowls, and Cruſts of fineſt Bread:

With

With Frigaſee, Ragouſt, *and whatſoe'er*
Of coſtly Kickſhaws now in faſhion are:
And more variety of Boil'd and Roſt,
Than a Lord Mayor's *Waiter e'er could boaſt.*
Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
How I'm reſpected and belov'd by all:
I'm the Delight of the whole Family,
Not darling Shock *more Favourite than I:*
I never ſleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
But in my warm apartment am inclos'd:
There on freſh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
Of Hutch above, like Dog of State I lie.

Beſides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
To generous Sports of Youth I am inſpir'd,
All the proud ſhees are ſoft to my Embrace
From Bitch of Quality down to Turn ſpit Race:
Each day I try new Miſtreſſes and Loves,
Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.
Thus happy I of all enjoy the beſt,
No mortal Cur on Earth yet half ſo bleſs'd;
And farther to enhance the Happineſs,
All this I get by idleneſs, and eaſe.

Troth!

Troth! (said the Wolf) *I envy your Estate,*
Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,
That I might happily admitted be
A Member of your bless'd Society!
I would with Faithfulness discharge my place
In any thing that I might serve his Grace:
But, think you, Sir, it might be feasible,
And that my Application might prevail?

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
I make no question but to bring't about:
Only rely on me, and rest secure,
I'll serve you to the utmost of my Pow'r;
As I'm a Dog of Honor, Sir: ——— *but this*
I only take the Freedom to advise,
That you'd a little lay your Roughness by,
And learn to practise Cemplaisance, like me.

For that let me alone: I'll have a care,
And top my part, I warrant, to a hair:
There's not a Courtier of them all shall vie
For fawning, and for subtileness with me.

And thus resolv'd at last, the Travellers
Towards the House together shape their course:

The

The Dog, who breeding well did underſtand,
In walking gives his Gueſt the upper hand:
And as they walk along, they all the while
With Mirth, and pleaſant Raillery beguile
The tedious Time, and Way, till day drew near
And Light came on; by which did ſoon appear
The Maſtiff's Neck to view all worn and bare.

This when his Comrade ſpy'd, *What means* (ſaid he)
This Circle bare, which round your Neck I ſee?
If I may be ſo bold;----Sir, you muſt know,
That I at firſt was rough, and fierce, like you;
Of Nature curs'd, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and elſe, who ever came in ſight:
For this I was tied up, and underwent
The Whip ſometimes, and ſuch like Chaſtiſement:
Till I at length by Diſcipline grew tame,
Gentle, and tractable, as now I am:
'Twas by this ſhort, and ſlight ſeverity,
I gain'd theſe Marks and Badges, which you ſee:
But what are they? Allons Monſieur! *let's go.*
Not one ſtep farther: Sir, excuſe me now.

Much

Much joy t'ye of your envy'd, bleſs'd Eſtate:
I will not buy preferment at that rate:
A Gods name, take your golden Chain for me:
Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free:
Sir Dog, your humble Servant, ſo God bw'y.

Some VERSES.

Written in *Septemb.* 1676.

Presenting a Book to *COSMELIA.*

GO, humble Gift, go to that matchleſs Saint,
Of whom thou only waſt a Copy meant:
And all, that's read in thee, more richly find
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind;
That living Syſtem, where are fully writ
All thoſe high Morals, which in Books we meet:
Eaſie, as in ſoft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Braſs they graven were,
Nor is her Talent lazily to know
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;
She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,
And Theory to Practice does tranſlate:
Nor her own Actions more obey her Will,
Than that obeys ſtrict Virtues dictates ſtill;

Yet

Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,
But ſhe is good, becauſe ſhe will be ſo:
Her Virtue ſcorns at a low pitch to flie,
'Tis all free Choice, nought of Neceſſity:
By ſuch ſoft Rules are Saints above confin'd,
Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.
The ſcatter'd Glories of her happy Sex
In her bright Soul as in their Center mix:
And all that they poſſeſs but by Retail,
She hers by juſt Monopoly can call;
Whoſe ſole Example does more Virtues ſhew,
Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew.

No Act did e'er within her Practice fall,
Which for th' atonement of a Bluſh could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any ear,
But what a Saint at her laſt gaſp might hear:
Scarcely her Thoughts have ever ſullied been
With the leaſt print, or ſtain of native Sin:
Devout ſhe is, as holy Hermits are,
Who ſhare their time 'twixt Extaſie, and Prayer:
Modeſt, as infant Roſes in their Bloom,
Who in a Bluſh their fragrant Lives conſume:

So

So chaſt, the Dead themſelves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power:
So pure, could Virtue in a Shape appear,
'Twould chuſe to have no other Form, but Her:
So much a Saint, I ſcarce dare call her ſo,
For fear to wrong her with a name too low:
Such the Seraphick Brightneſs of her mind,
I hardly can believe her Womankind:
But think ſome nobler Being does appear,
Which to inſtruct the World, has left the Sphere,
And condeſcends to wear a Body here.
Or, if ſhe mortal be, and meant to ſhow
The greater Art by being form'd below;
Sure Heaven preſerv'd her by the Fall uncurſt,
To tell how good the Sex was made at firſt.

THE PARTING.

TOO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
Had made it lasting, as she made it great;
But 'twas the Plot of unkind Destiny,
To lift me to, then snatch me from my Joy:
She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them just in view,
And then in spight the pleasing Scene withdrew:
So *He* of old the *promis'd Land* survey'd,
Which he might only see, but never tread:
So Heav'n was by that damned *Caitiff* seen,
He saw't, but with a mighty Gulf between,
He saw't to be more wretched, and despair agen:
Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,
Assur'd of endless Miseries below,
Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,
Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.
As some young Merchant, whom his Sire unkind
Resigns to every faithless Wave and Wind;

If

If the kind Mistress of his Vows appear,
And come to bless his Voyage with a Prayer,
Such sighs he vents as may the Gale increase,
Such Floods of Tears as may the Billows raise.
And when at length the launching Vessel flies,
And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes;
Long he looks back to see what he adores,
And, while he may, views the beloved Shores.
Such just concerns I at your Parting had,
With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:
Reviewing, they pursu'd you out of sight,
Then sought to trace you by left Tracks of Light:
And when they could not Looks to you convey,
Tow'rds the lov'd Place they took delight to stray,
And aim'd uncertain Glances still that way.

Complaining of

ABSENCE.

TEN days (if I forget not) waſted are
(a Year in any Lover's Kalendar)
Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu
To all my Joy and Happineſs in you:
And ſtill by the ſame Hindrance am detain'd,
Which me at firſt from your lov'd Sight conſtrain'd:
Oft I reſolve to meet my Bliſs, and then
My Tether ſtops, and pulls me back agen:
So, when our raiſed Thoughts to Heav'n aſpire,
Earth ſtifles them, and choaks the good deſire.
Curſe on that Man, who Bus'neſs firſt deſign'd,
And by't enthrall'd a free born Lover's mind!
A curſe on Fate, who thus ſubjected me,
And made me ſlave to any thing but thee!
Lovers ſhould be as unconfin'd as Air,
Free as its wild Inhabitants from Care:

So free thoſe happy Lovers are above,
Exempt from all Concerns but thoſe of Love:
But I, poor Lover militant below,
The Cares and Troubles of dull Life muſt know;
Muſt toil for that, which does on others wait,
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:
Yet I'll no more to her a Vaſſal be,
Thou now ſhalt make, and rule my Deſtiny:
Hence troubleſome Fatigues! all Bus'neſs hence!
This very hour my Freedom ſhall commence:
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
And made me by neglectful Abſence ſin;
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
Nor that, nor Fate it ſelf ſhall hinder me,
Henceforth from ſeeing, and enjoying thee.

Promiſing a

VISIT

SOoner may Art, and eaſier far divide
The ſoft embracing Waters of the Tide,
Which with vuited Friendſhip ſtill rejoyn,
Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips from thine:
Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,
In which it marches with unalter'd courſe,
Or ſever this from the ſucceeding Day,
Than from thy happy Preſence force my ſtay.
Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)
With greater Rev'rence trembles to its Pole,
Nor Flames with ſurer inſtinct upwards go,
That mine, and all their motives tend to you.
Fly ſwift, ye minutes, and contract the ſpace
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there I'll bid you kindly ſtay,
I'll bid you reſt, and never glide away.

Thither

Thither when Bus'neſs gives me a Releaſe,
To loſe my Cares in ſoft and gentle Eaſe,
I'll come, and all arrears of Kindneſs pay,
And live o'er my whole Abſence in one day.
Not Souls, releas'd from human Bodies, move
With quicker haſt to meet their Bliſs above;
Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me now,
Eager to ſeize my Happineſs, will go.
Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder ſtand,
And threaten Vengeance with his brandiſh'd hand,
To ſtop the entrance to my Paradiſe;
I'll venture, and his ſlighted Bolts deſpiſe,
Swift as the wings of Fear, ſhall be my Love,
And me to her with equal ſpeed remove:
Swift, as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,
I'll thither fly, and leave ſlow Thought behind.

THE
Careleſs Good-Fellow.

Written *March* 9. 1680.

SONG

I.

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother and ſtir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run-mad with Suſpicions, and Fears,
Let them ſcuffle and jar, till they go by the ears:
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II.

What Coxcombs were thoſe, who would barter their eaſe
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs?
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to ſwing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King;

A Friend and a Bottle is all my design;
He has no room for Treaſon, that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
Let them ſit or Prorogue, as his Majeſty pleaſe:
Let them damn us to Wollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging, when dead, ſo alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curſe them for making my Claret ſo dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Aſſes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the trifles of State;
We've a good King already: and he deſerves laughter
That will trouble his head with who ſhall come after:
Come, here's to his Health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we.

V. What

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollanders* go?
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and Monſieur *D'Avaux*?
What concerns it my Drinking, if *Caſel* be ſold,
If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold?
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aſpires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and Treat,
To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-houſe Chat:
He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier than He.

VII. Come

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat:
No, I ſwear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuſe me for that.
I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet and Halter.
This is the Profeſſion that never will alter.

A

SATYR.

The Perſon of Spencer *is brought in, Diſſuading the Author from the Study of* POETRY; *and ſhewing how little it is eſteem'd and encourag'd in this preſent Age.*

ONE night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapleſs Fate,
Curſing my rhiming Stars, raving in Vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:
In came a ghaſtly Shape, all pale and thin,
As ſome poor Sinner, who by Prieſt had been
Under a long Lent's Penance, ſtarv'd and whip'd,
Or parboil'd Lecher, late from Hot-houſe crept
Famiſh'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes ſunk in,
Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin,
A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
A Book, inſcrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.

By

By this I knew him, roſe, and bow'd, and ſaid,
Hail reverend Ghoſt! all hail moſt ſacred Shade!
Why this great Viſit? why vouchſaf'd to me,
The meaneſt of thy Britiſh Progeny?
Com'ſt thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muſe,
Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuſe;
If ſo; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
For the high Cure, and Miniſtry of Wit:
Let me (I beg) thy great Inſtructions claim,
Teach me to tread the glorious paths of Fame.
Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
How, like thy ſelf, I may immortal grow.

Thus did I ſpeak, and ſpoke it in a ſtrain,
Above my common-rate, and uſual vein;
As if inſpir'd by preſence of the Bard,
Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,
In ſtile of Satyr, ſuch wherein of old
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubberd* told.

I come, fond Ideot, ere it be too late,
Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate:
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
To ſhun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:

Had

Had I the choice of Flesh and Blood again,
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,
A Groom, or any thing, but Poet here:
Hast thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,
Who thro the streets with dismal Scream and Tone
Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shoes and Boots,
Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and Votes?
So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
And nothing but the Register tell, who:
Rather that poor unheard of Wretch I'd be,
Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,
With all its boasted Immortality:
Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia*'s Shore,
The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:
Or he of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols
For praising Jockies, and *New-market* Fools.
So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,
'Tis scandal to be of the Company:
The foul Disease is so prevailing grown,
So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,

That

That ſcarce a man well-bred in either's deem'd:
But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has rhim'd:
The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
And on each Paper ſquirt their filthy ſenſe:
A leaſh of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon,
Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown:
Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verſe each year
Deſcribes the Pageants, and my good *Lord May'r*,
Whoſe Works muſt ſerve the next Election-day
For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,
Yet counts himſelf of the inſpired Train,
And dares in thought the ſacred Name profane.
But is it nought (thou'lt ſay) *in Front to ſtand,*
With Lawrel crown'd by White, *or* Loggan's *hand?*
Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro the wond'ring Town,
By all the Rabble paſſing up and down?
So *Oats* and *Bedloe* have been pointed at,
And every buſie Coxcomb of the State:

The

The meaneſt Felons who thro *Holborn* go,
More eyes and looks than twenty Poets draw:
If this be all, go have thy poſted Name
Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;
To be the ſtop of gaping Prentices,
And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piſs;
Or elſe to be expos'd on trading Stall,
While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,
'Mongſt Spaniels loſt, that Author does not ſell.
Perhaps, fond Fool, thou ſooth'ſt thy ſelf in dream,
With hopes of purchaſing a laſting Name?
Thou think'ſt perhaps thy Trifles ſhall remain,
Like ſacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*?
But who of all the bold Adventurers,
Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verſe
Can be enſur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
Where there ſo many loſt and ſhipwrack'd be?
How many Poems writ in ancient time,
Which thy Fore-fathers had in great eſteem,
Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
And ſold like News-Books, and Affairs of State.

Have

Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
As *Pordage*, *Fleckno*, or the *British Prince*:
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Haywood*, *Withers* had Applause,
And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former days;
But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs and Wares,
And curst by all their broken Stationers:
And so may'st thou perchance pass up and down,
And please a while th' admiring Court and Town,
Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,
And truck for pots of Ale next *Stourbridg-Fair*.
Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal Name
To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame?
And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,
Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper-Kite?
But, grant thy Poetry should find success,
And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks please;
Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be
By this nice Age, and all Posterity;
If thou expectest ought but empty Fame;
Condemn thy Hopes, and Labours to the Flame:

The rich have now learn'd only to admire,
He, who to greater Favours does aſpire,
Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
Would'ſt thou to raiſe thine, and thy Countries Fame,
Chuſe ſome old *Engliſh* Hero for thy Theme,
Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward's* greater Son,
Or our fifth *Harry*, matchleſs in Renown;
Make *Agincourt*, and *Creſſy* Fields outvie
The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;
What *Scipio*, what *Mæcenas* would'ſt thou find,
What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?
Bleſs me! how great his Genius! how each Line
Is big with Senſe! how glorious a Deſign
Does thro the whole, and each proportion ſhine!
How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inſpir'd!
Pity, ſuch wondrous Thoughts are not preferr'd:
Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail
For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
Should he ſtarve there, and rot; who if a Brief
Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
To the whole Tribe would ſcarce a Teſter give.

But

But fifty Guineas for a Whore and Clap!
The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous cheap:
A Poet would be dear, and out o' th' way,
Should he expect above a Coach-man's pay:
For this will any dedicate, and lye,
And dawb the gawdy Aſs with Flattery?
For this will any proſtitute his Sence
To Coxcombs void of Bounty, as of Brains?
Yet ſuch is the hard Fate of Writers now,
They're forc'd for Alms to each great Name to bow:
Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glaſs,
By which ſhe every morning primes her Face:
Sneak to his Honor, call him Witty, Brave,
And Juſt, tho a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
And praiſe his Lineage, and Nobility,
Whoſe Arms at firſt came from the Company.
'Tis ſo, 'twas ever ſo, ſince heretofore
The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
Was fain to ſing for Bread from door to door.

The needy Muſes all turn'd Gipſies then,
And of the begging Trade e'er ſince have been:
Should mighty *Sappho* in theſe days revive,
And hope upon her ſtock of Wit to live;
She muſt to *Creſwel*'s trudg to mend her Gains,
And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.
What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who
By Wit and Senſe did ever Lord Mayors grow?
My own hard Uſage here I need not preſs,
Where you have every day before your face
Plenty of freſh reſembling Inſtances:
Great *Cowley*'s Muſe the ſame ill Treatment had,
Whoſe Verſe ſhall live for ever to upbraid
Th' ungrateful World, that left ſuch Worth unpaid.
Waller himſelf may thank Inheritance
For what he elſe had never got by Senſe.
On *Butler* who can think without juſt Rage,
The Glory and the Scandal of the Age?
Fair ſtood his hopes, when firſt he came to Town,
Met every where with welcome of Renown.

Courted

Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promiſes of Princely Favour fed:
But what Reward for all had he at laſt,
After a Life in dull expectance paſs'd?
The Wretch at ſumming up his miſ-pent days
Found nothing left, but Poverty and Praiſe:
Of all his Gains by Verſe he could not ſave
Enough to purchaſe Flannel, and a Grave:
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell ſick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick:
And well might bleſs the Fever that was ſent,
To rid him hence, and his worſe Fate prevent.

You've ſeen what Fortune other Poets ſhare;
View next the Factors of the Theatre:
That conſtant Mart, which all the year does hold,
Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and ſold;
Here trading Scriblers for their Maintenance,
And Livelihood truſt to a Lott'ry-chance:
But who his Parts would in the Service ſpend,
Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?
Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,
Has the Prerogative to cry him down?

Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
Nor care ſhould an ill judging Audience damn:
But *Settle*, and the reſt, that write for Pence,
Whoſe whole Eſtate's an ounce, or two of Brains,
Should a thin Houſe on the third day appear,
Muſt ſtarve, or live in Tatters all the year.
And what can we expect that's brave and great,
From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?
Who the ſucceſs of the next Play muſt wait
For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths: and whoſe chief care
Is how to ſpunge for the next Meal, and where?

Hadſt thou of old in flouriſhing *Athens* liv'd,
When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did ſway,
And Poets by the State were held in pay;
'Twere worth thy pains to cultivate thy Muſe,
And daily wonders then it might produce;
But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
That's only thought the Nuiſance of the Age?
Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
And toil to bring in thankleſs Ideots means:

Turn o'er dull *Horace*, and the Claſſick Fools,
To poach for Senſe, and hunt for idle Rules:
Be free of Tickets, and the Play-Houſes,
To make ſome tawdry Act'reſs there thy Prize,
And ſpend thy third Days gains 'twixt her clap'd Thighs.

All Trades, and all Profeſſions here abound,
And yet Encouragement for all is found:
Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
Who every where helps to increaſe the Bills,
Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beſide,
For what leſs Villains muſt to *Tyburn* ride.
There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'ergrown
By thriving Knavery, can call his own
A dozen Mannors, and if Fate ſtill bleſs,
Expects as many Counties to poſſeſs.
Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Penſions gain,
And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain:
Laviſh expence on Wit, has never yet
Been tax'd amongſt the Grievances of State,
The *Turky*, *Guinny*, *Indian* Gainers be,
And all but the Poetick Company:

Each place of Traffick, *Bantam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*,
Greenland, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,
And *France*, that ſends us Dildoes, Lace, and Wine,
Vaſt profit all, and large Returns bring in:
Parnaſſus only is that barren Coaſt,
Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's loſt.
Then be adviſ'd, the ſlighted Muſe forſake,
And *Cook* and *Dalton* for thy ſtudy take:
For Fees each Term ſweat in the crowded Hall,
And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl:
Where *M——d* thrives, and pockets more each year
Than forty Laureats at the Theater.
Or elſe to Orders, and the Church betake
Thy ſelf, and that thy future Refuge make:
There fawn on ſome proud Patron to engage
Th' Advowſon of each Punk, and Parſonage:
Or ſooth the Court, and preach up Kingly Right,
To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.
In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canoniſt,
Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Prieſt,

Soldier,

Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,
Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:
Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg,
Cheat, or Thieve;
Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.
But why do I in vain my Counsel spend
On one whom there's so little hope to mend?
Where I perhaps as fruitlesly exhort,
As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court;
Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have try'd,
Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,
Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
Nor seer'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,
Are half so hard, and stubborn to reduce,
As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with Muse.
If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,
Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,
But spight of all thou wilt be obstinate,
And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;
May'st thou go on unpitied, till thou be
Brought to the Parish-Badg, and Beggary:

Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers, thou
Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,
And write Heroick Verſe for *Barthol'mew*.
Then ſlighted by the very Nurſery,
May'ſt thou at laſt be forc'd to ſtarve, like me.

A

A SATYR,

In Imitation of the Third of

JUVENAL.

Written in *May*, 1682.

The Poet brings in a Friend of his, giving him an account why he removes from London *to live in the Country.*

THO much concern'd to leave my dear old Friend,
I muſt however his Deſign commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I
As free to chuſe my Reſidence, as he;
The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,
I would prefer to *Fleetſtreet*, or the *Strand*.
What place ſo deſart, and ſo wild is there,
Whoſe Inconveniences one would not bear,
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,

The

The falls of Houſes, Knavery of Cits,
The Plots of Factions, and the noiſe of Wits,
And thouſand other Plagues, which up and down
Each day and hour infeſt the curſed Town?

As Fate wou'd have't, on the appointed day
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,
Hard by *Mile-end*, the place ſo fam'd of late,
In Proſe and Verſe for the great *Factions Treat*;
Here we ſtood ſtill, and after Complements
Of courſe, and wiſhing his good Journey hence,
I ask'd what ſudden cauſes made him flie
The once lov'd Town, and his dear Company:
When, on the hated Proſpect looking back,
Thus with juſt rage the good old *Timon* ſpake.

Since Virtue here in no repute is had
Since Worth is ſcorn'd, Learning and Senſe unpaid,
And Knavery the only thriving Trade;
Finding my ſlender Fortune every day
Dwindle, and waſt inſenſibly away,
I, like a loſing Gameſter, thus retreat,
To manage wiſelier my laſt ſtake of Fate:

While

While I have ſtrength, and want no ſtaff to prop
My tott'ring Limbs, e'er Age has made me ſtoop
Beneath its weight, e'er all my Thread be ſpun,
And Life has yet in ſtore ſome Sand to run,
'Tis my Reſolve to quit the nauſeous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuſe his dwelling there,
Rich with the ſpoils of ſome young ſpend-thrift Heir:
Let the Plot-mongers ſtay behind, whoſe Art
Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth convert:
Who ever has an Houſe to build, or Set
His Wife, his Conſcience, or his Oath to let:
Who ever has, or hopes for Offices,
A Navy, Guard, or Cuſtom-houſe's Place:
Let ſharping Courtiers ſtay, who there are great
By putting the falſe Dice on King, and State:
Where they, who once were *Grooms*, and *Footboys* known,
Are now to fair Eſtates, and Honors grown;
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
At their fantaſtick Greatneſs, ſince they're ſuch,

Whom

Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks
Is pleas'd to raiſe from Kennels, and the Jakes,
To Wealth and Dignity above the reſt,
When ſhe is frolick and diſpos'd to jeſt.
I live in *London*? What ſhould I do there?
I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forſwear:
I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
(Tho a Lord were the Author) dully writ:
I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,
And caſt Nativities for longing Heirs,
When Fathers ſhall drop off: no *Gadbury*
To tell the minute, when the King ſhall die,
And you know what---come in: nor can I ſteer,
And tack about my Conſcience, whenſoe'er,
To a new Point I ſee Religion veer.
Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,
I'll draw no City Cuckold's Curſe on me:
Nor would I do it, tho to be made great,
And rais'd to be chief Miniſter of State.
Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town
Of one, that is an uſeleſs member grown.

Beſides,

Beſides, who has pretence to Favour now,
But he, who hidden Villany does know,
Whoſe Breaſt does with ſome burning Secret glow?
By none thou ſhalt preferr'd, or valu'd be,
That truſts thee with an honeſt Secreſie:
He only may to great Mens Friendſhip reach,
Who Great Men, when he pleaſes, can impeach.
Let others thus aſpire to Dignity;
For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will coſt,
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage loſt.
What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,
Forego my Quiet, and my eaſe of mind,
Still fear'd, at laſt betray'd by my great Friend.
Another Cauſe, which I muſt boldly own,
And not the leaſt, for which I quit the Town,
Is to behold it made the Common-ſhore,
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure pour:
What Spark of true old *Engliſh* rage can bear
Thoſe, who were Slaves at home, to Lord it here:

We've

We've all our Fashions, Language, Complements,
Our Musick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence;
And we shall have their Pois'ning too ere long,
If still in the improvement we go on.
What would'st thou say, great *Harry*, should'st thou view
Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *English* now,
Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Essences,
Their *Chedreux* Peruques, and those Vanities,
Which thou, and they of old did so despise?
What would'st thou say to see th' infected Town
With the foul Spawn of Foreigners o'er-run:
Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
The Spue and Vomit of their Goals at home;
To Court they flock, and to S. *James* his Square,
And wriggle into great Mens Service there:
Foot-boys at first, till they from wiping Shooes,
Grow by degrees the Master of the House:
Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,
Able with ease to put down either *H*----
Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:

Flippant

Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,
With words at will, no Lawyer better hung:
Softer than flattering Court-Paraſite,
Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat,
No Calling or Profeſſion comes amiſs:
A needy *Monſieur* can be what he pleaſe,
Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer:
Give but the word; the Cur will fetch and bring;
Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King*:
Or, if you pleaſe, fly o'er the Pyramid,
Which *F---n* and the reſt in vain have try'd.

Can I have patience, and endure to ſee
The paltry Forein Wretch take place of me,
Whom the ſame Wind and Veſſel brought aſhore,
That brought prohibited Goods and Dildoes o'er?
Then, pray, what mighty Privilege is there
For me, that at my Birth drew *Engliſh* Air?
And where's the benefit to have my Veins
Run *Britiſh* Blood, if there's no difference
'Twixt me, and him, the Statute Freedom gave,
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?

But nothing ſhocks, and is more loath'd by me
Than the vile Raſcal's fulſom Flattery:
By help of this falſe Magnifying Glaſs,
A Louſe or Flea ſhall for a Camel paſs:
Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
Than thoſe ill Shapes, which in old Hangings are:
He'll make him ſtrait a *Beau Garçon* appear:
Commend his Voice and Singing, tho he bray
Worſe than Sir *Martin Marr-all* in the Play:
And if he Rhime; ſhall praiſe for Standard Wit,
More ſcurvy ſenſe than *Pryn*, and *Vickars* writ.
And here's the miſchief, tho we ſay the ſame,
He is believ'd, and we are thought to ſham:
Do you but ſmile, immediately the Beaſt
Laughs out aloud, tho he ne'er heard the jeſt:
Pretend you're ſad, he's preſently in Tears,
Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
Sorrow in Metaphor: but ſpeak of Heat;
O God! how ſultry 'tis, he'll cry, and ſweat
In depth of Winter: ſtrait, if you complain
Of Cold; the Weather glaſs is ſunk again:

Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and ſwear,
'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here.
Thus he ſhifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day
Can change his Face, than Actors at a Play:
There's nought ſo mean, can 'ſcape the flatt'ring Sot,
Not his Lord's Snuff-box, nor his Powder Spot:
If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth; he'll cry,
How every thing becomes you! let me die,
Your Lordſhip does it moſt judiciouſly:
And ſwear, 'tis faſhionable, if he Sneeze,
Extremely taking, and it needs muſt pleaſe.

Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From the hot Satyr's rampant Lechery:
Nor Wife, nor Virgin Daughter can eſcape,
Scarce thou thy ſelf, or Son avoid a Rape:
All muſt go pad-lock'd: if nought elſe there be,
Suſpect thy very Stables Chaſtity.
By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,
Thus Families in awe they ſtrive to keep.
What living for an *Engliſh* Man is there,
Where ſuch as theſe get head, and domineer,
Whoſe uſe and cuſtom 'tis, never to ſhare

A Friend, but love to reign without diſpute,
Without a Rival, full and abſolute?
Soon as the Inſect gets his *Honor's* ear,
And fly-blows ſome of's pois'nous malice there,
Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, diſcarded,
And all my former Service diſ-regarded.
But leaving theſe *Meſſieurs*, for fear that I
Be thought of the *Silk-Weavers Mutiny*,
From the loath'd ſubject let us haſten on,
To mention other Grievances in Town:
And further, what Reſpect at all is had
Of poor men here? and how's their Service paid,
Tho they be ne'er ſo diligent to wait,
To ſneak, and dance attendance on the Great?
No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
By one, that ſues, and brings an empty hand:
And all his merit is but made a ſport,
Unleſs he glut ſome Cormorant at Court.
'Tis now a common thing, and uſual here,
To ſee the Son of ſome rich Uſurer

Take place of Nobles, keep his firſt rate Whore,
And for a Vaulting Bout or two give more
Than a Guard-Captains Pay: mean while the Breed
Of Peers, reduc'd to Poverty and Need,
Are fain to trudg to the *Bank-ſide*, and there
Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb-Ware.
There ſpend that Blood, which their great Anceſtor
So nobly ſhed at *Creſſy* heretofore,
At Brothel-Fights in ſome foul Common-ſhore.
Produce an Evidence, tho juſt he be,
As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,
Whom Heaven, when whole Nature ſhipwrack'd was,
Thought worth the ſaving, of all human Race;
Or *t'other*, whom the flaming Deluge ſcap'd,
When *Sodom*'s Lechers Angels would have rap'd;
How rich he is, muſt the firſt queſtion be,
Next for his Manners, and Integrity:
They'll ask, *what Equipage he keeps, and what*
He's reckon'd worth in Mony and Eſtate,

Whether for Sheriff he has been known to fine,
And with how many Diſhes he does dine?
For look what Caſh a perſon has in ſtore,
Juſt ſo much Credit has he, and no more:
Should I upon a thouſand Bibles Swear,
And call each Saint throughout the Kalendar,
To vouch my Oath; it won't be taken here;
The poor ſlight *Heav'n*, and *Thunderbolts* (they think)
And Heav'n it ſelf does at ſuch Trifles wink.

Beſides, what ſtore of gibing ſcoffs are thrown
On one that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;
If his Apparel ſeem but overworn,
His Stockings, out at heel, or Breeches torn?
One takes occaſion his ript Shooe to flout,
And ſwears 'twas been at Priſon grates hung out:
Another ſhrewdly jeers his coarſe Crevat,
Becauſe himſelf wears *Point*: a third his Hat,
And moſt unmercifully ſhews his Wit,
If it be old, and does not cock aright:
Nothing in Poverty ſo ill is born,
As its expoſing men to grinning ſcorn,

To

To be by tawdry Coxcombs piſs'd upon,
And made the jeſting-ſtock of each Buffoon.
Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) *the Pew*
Is nor for ſuch mean ſcoundrel Curs, as you:
'Tis for your Betters kept: Belike, ſome Sot,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:
But now is raiſ'd to an Eſtate, and Pride,
But having the kind Proverb on his ſide:
Let *Gripe* and *Cheatwel* take their Places there,
And *Daſh* the Scriv'ners gawdy ſparkiſh Heir,
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his Back:
Meaw while you in the Alley ſtand, and ſneak:
And you therewith muſt reſt contented, ſince
Almighty Wealth does put ſuch difference.
What Citizen a Son in-Law will take,
Bred ne'er ſo well, that can't a Joynter make?
What man of ſenſe, that's poor, e'er ſummon'd is
Amongſt the Common-Council to adviſe?
At Veſtry-Conſults when does he appear,
For chooſing of ſome Pariſh-Officer,
Or making Leather Buckets for the Choir?

'Tis hard for any man to riſe, that feels
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at heels:
But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where
A ſorry Lodging, coarſe, and ſlender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:
Yet ſuch as theſe an earthen Diſh diſdain,
With which their Anceſtors in *Edgar*'s Reign,
Were ſerv'd, and thought it no diſgrace to dine,
Tho they were rich, had ſtore of Leather-Coin.
Low as their Fortune is, yet they deſpiſe
A man that walks the ſtreets in homely Frize:
To ſpeak the truth, great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will ſcarce vouchſafe to go:
Only, the Statutes Penalty to ſave,
Some few perhaps wear Wollen in the Grave.
Here all go daily dreſt, altho it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The moſt in borrow'd Gallantry are clad,
For which the Tradeſmen's Books are ſtill unpaid:
This fault is common in the meaner ſort,
That they muſt needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, tho they want Income for't.

Sir,

Sir, to be ſhort, in this expenſive Town
There's nothing without Mony to be done:
What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to ſpeech of ſome Court-Miniſter?
What will you give to have the quarter-face,
The ſquint and nodding go-by of his *Grace*?
His Porter, Groom, and Steward muſt have Fees,
And you may ſee the *Tombs*, and *Tow'r* for leſs:
Hard Fate of Suitors! who muſt pay, and pray
To Livery-ſlaves, yet oft go ſcorn'd away.
Who e'er at *Barnet*, or S. *Albans* fears,
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,
Unleſs a ſudden Hurricane befal,
Or ſuch a Wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell?
Here we build ſlight, what ſcarce out laſts the Leaſe
Without the help of Props, and Buttreſſes:
And Houſes now adays as much require
To be enſur'd from Falling, as from Fire.
There Buildings are ſubſtantial, tho leſs neat
And kept with care both Wind and Water-tight:
There you in ſafe ſecurity are bleſt,
And nought, but Conſcience, to diſturb your Reſt.

I am

I am for living where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my sleep at night:
I scarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,
But strait I'm rous'd by the next House on Fire:
Pale, and half dead with Fear, my self I raise,
And find my Room all over in a blaze;
By this 'thas seiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now discern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window to get free:
For if the Mischief from the Cellar came,
Be sure the Garret is the last takes flame.

The moveables of *P*----ge were a Bed
For him, and's Wife, a Piss-pot by its side,
A Looking-glass upon the Cupboards Head,
A Comb-case, Candlestick, and Pewter-spoon,
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:
A Box without a Lid serv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican*:
And there his own immortal Works were laid,
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger prey'd.
P---- had nothing all the World does know;
And yet should he have lost his Nothing too,

No

No one the wretched Bard would have ſupply'd
With Lodging, Houſe-room, or a Cruſt of Bread.
But if the Fire burn down ſome Great Man's Houſe,
All ſtrait are intereſſed in the loſs:
The Court is ſtrait in Mourning ſure enough,
The Act, Commencement, and the Term put off:
Then we miſchances of the Town lament,
And Faſts are kept, like Judgments to prevent.
Out comes a Brief immediately, with ſpeed
To gather Charity as far as *Tweed*.
Nay, while, 'tis burning, ſome will ſend him in
Timber and Stone to build his Houſe agen:
Others choice Furniture: here ſome rare piece
Of *Rubens*, or *Vandike* preſented is:
There a rich Suit of *Moreclack*-Tapeſtry,
A Bed of Damask, or Embroidery:
One gives a fine Scrutore, or Cabinet,
Another a huge mighty Diſh of Plate,
Or Bag of Gold: thus he at length gets more
By kind misfortune than he had before,

And all ſuſpect it for a laid Deſign,
As if he did himſelf the Fire begin.
Could you but be adviſ'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be drawn;
An handſom Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surrey, or *Eſſex*, at a cheaper Rent
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half year
To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here:
A Garden there, and Well, that needs no Rope,
Engin, or Pains to Crane its Waters up:
Water is there thro Natures Pipes convey'd,
For which no Cuſtom, or Exciſe is paid:
Had I the ſmalleſt Spot of Ground, which ſcarce
Would Summer half a dozen Graſhoppers,
Not larger than my Grave, tho hence remote,
Far as S. *Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,
Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.
Here want of Reſt anights more People kills
Than all the College, and the weekly Bills:
Where none have privilege to ſleep, but thoſe,
Whoſe Purſes can compound for their Repoſe:

In

In vain I go to Bed, or cloſe my eyes,
Methinks the place the middle Region is,
Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder riſe:
The reſtleſs Bells ſuch Din in Steeples keep,
That ſcarce the Dead can in their Church yards ſleep:
Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight Rhimes,
The noiſe of Shops, with Hawkers early Screams,
Beſides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they meet'
And ſtop in turnings of a narrow Street,
Such a loud medley of confuſion make,
As drowſie *A---r* on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'neſs ne'er ſo great,
Ten thouſand ſtops you muſt expect to meet:
Thick crowds in every place you muſt charge thro,
And ſtorm your Paſſage whereſoe'er you go:
While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
And, preſſing on your heels, ſhove you along:
One with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another with his Elbow bores your Side;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in ſport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o'er with Dirt,

Here

Here you the March of a ſlow Funeral wait,
Advancing to the Church with ſolemn State:
There a Sedan, and Lacquies ſtop your way,
That bears ſome Punk of Honor to the Play:
Now you ſome mighty piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring threatens ruin to the Street:
Next a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Pauls*,
It ſelf almoſt a Rock, on Carriage rowls:
Which, if it fall, would cauſe a Maſſacre,
And ſerve at once to murder, and inter.

If what I've ſaid can't from the Town affright,
Conſider other dangers of the Night:
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows: you have cauſe to bleſs
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piſs:
So many Fates attend, a man had need,
Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his ſide:
And he can hardly now diſcreet be thought,
That does not make his Will, ere he go out

If this you 'ſcape, twenty to one, you meet
Some of the drunken Scowrers of the Street,

Fluſh'd

Flush'd with ſucceſs of warlike Deeds perform'd,
Of Conſtables ſubdu'd, and Brothels ſtorm'd:
Theſe, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be miſt,
Are ill at eaſe a nights, and want their Reſt.
For miſchief is a Lechery to ſome,
And ſerves to make them ſleep like *Laudanum.*
Yet heated, as they are, with Youth and Wine,
If they diſcern a train of Flambeaus ſhine,
If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,
And a ſtrong Guard of Foot-boys in the rere,
The Raſcals ſneak, and ſhrink their Heads for fear,
Poor me, who uſe no Light to walk about,
Save what the Pariſh, or the Skies hang out,
They value not: 'tis worth your while to hear
The ſcuffle, if that be a ſcuffle, where
Another gives the Blows, I only bear:
He bids me ſtand: of force I muſt give way,
For 'twere a ſenſleſs thing to diſobey,
And ſtruggle here, where I'd as good oppoſe
My ſelf to *P*--- and his Maſtiffs looſe.
Who's there? he cries, and takes you by the Throat,
Dog! are you dumb? Speak quickly, elſe my Foot

Shall

Shall march about your Buttocks: whence d'ye come,
From what bulk-ridden Strumpet reeking home?
Saving your reverend Pimpſhip, where d'ye ply?
How may one have a Job of Lechery?
If you ſay any thing, or hold your peace,
And ſilently go off; 'tis all a caſe:
Still he lays on: nay well, if you ſcape ſo:
Perhaps he'll clap an Action on you too
Of Battery, nor need he fear to meet
A Jury to his turn, ſhall do him right,
And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe
Worn out, beſides the pains in kicking you.
A Poor Man muſt expect nought of redreſs,
But Patience: his beſt way in ſuch a caſe
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg
That they would mercifully ſpare one Leg,
Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next day.
Nor is this all, which you have cauſe to fear,
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here:

When

When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are close,
And the rich Tradesman in his Counting-house
To view the Profit of the day withdraws.
Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,
To seek their Prize, and Booty nearer home:
Your Purse! they cry; 'tis madness to resist,
Or strive, with a cock'd Pistol at your Breast:
And these each day so strong and numerous grow,
The Town can scarce afford them Jail-room now.
Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,
Ere *London* knew so much of Villany:
Then fatal Carts thro *Holborn* seldom went,
And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content:
A less, and single Prison then would do,
And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

These are the Reasons, Sir, which drive me hence,
To which I might add more, would Time dispense
To hold you longer; but the Sun draws low,
The Coach is hard at hand, and I must go:
Therefore, dear Sir, farewel; and when the Town
From better Company can spare you down,

To make the Country with your Preſence bleſt,
Then viſit your old Friend amongſt the reſt:
There I'll find leiſure to unlade my mind
Of what Remarks I now muſt leave behind:
The Fruits of dear Experience, which with theſe
Improv'd will ſerve for hints, and notices;
And when you write again, may be of uſe
To furniſh Satyr for your daring Muſe.

A

DITHYRAMBICK.

The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.

Written in *Aug.* 1677.

Οὐκ ἔστι διθυραμβος ἂν ὑδωρ πίνῃ.

I.

YES, you are mighty wise, I warrant, mighty wise!
With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant Vice.
Hence holy Sham! in vain's your fruitless Toil:
Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,
To some raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenness and Wine.
I've try'd, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:
It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute lose, not I,
To hear your troublesome Divinity:

Fill me a top-full Glaſs, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confuſion to the next that ſpoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life, and Vigor ſent:
I feel it warm at once my Head and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.
Let the vile Slaves of Bus'neſs toil, and ſtrive,
Who want the Leiſure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey ſhorter make,
And reap thoſe Joys which they lack ſenſe to take.
Thus live the Gods (if ought above our ſelves there be)
They live ſo happy, unconcern'd, and free:
Like us they ſit, and with a careleſs Brow
Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below:
Like us they ſpend their Age in gentle Eaſe,
Like us they drink; for what were all their Heav'n, alas!
If ſober, and compell'd to want that Happineſs.

III. Aſſiſt

III.

Aſſiſt almighty Wine, for thou alone haſt Power,
And other I'll invoke no more,
Aſſiſt, while with juſt Praiſe I thee adore;
Aided by thee, I dare their worth rehearſe,
In Flights above the common pitch of groveling Verſe.

Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'nly Fire,
Which doſt our dull half-kindled maſs inſpire.
We nothing gallant, and above our ſelves produce,
Till thou do'ſt finiſh Man, and Reinfuſe.
Thou art the only ſource of all the world calls great,
Thou didſt the *Poets* firſt, and they the Gods create:
To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they owe,
Thou muſt half ſhare with Art, and Nature too.
They owe their Glory, and Renown to thee;
Thou giv'ſt their Verſe, and them Eternity.

Great *Alexander*, that big'ſt Word of Fame,
That fills her Throat, and almoſt rends the ſame,
Whoſe Valour found the World too ſtrait a Stage
For his wide Victories and boundleſs Rage,
Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,
He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,
And drunk as well as fought for univerſal Monarchy.

IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret!* how it ſtays!
Were it again to paſs the Seas;
'Twould ſooner be in Cargo here,
'Tis now a long *Eaſt-India* Voyage, half a year.
'Sdeath! here's a minute loſt, an Age, I mean,
Slipt by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again.
For pity ſuffer not the precious Juice to die,
Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality:
Like it, our Life with ſtanding and Sobriety is pall'd,
And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.
Puſh on the Glaſs, let it meaſure out each hour,
For every Sand an Health let's pour:

Swift

Swift as the rowling Orbs above,
And let it too as regularly move:
Swift as Heav'ns drunken red-fac'd Traveller, the Sun,
And never reſt, till his laſt Race be done,
Till time it ſelf be all run out, and we
Have drunk our ſelves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a hand begin! we'll drink it twice apiece,
A Health to all that love and honor Vice.
Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine.
(A God he was, I'm ſure, or ſhould have been)
The ſecond Father of Mankind I meant,
He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge ſent,
When for their Crimes our ſinful Race was drown'd,
The only bold and vent'rous man was found,
Who durſt be drunk agen, and with new Vice the World replant.
The mighty Patriarch 'twas of bleſſed Memory,
Who ſcap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,
And ſtock'd the Globe afreſh with a brave drinking Progeny.

In vain would ſpightful Nature us reclaim,
Who to ſmall Drink our *Iſle* thought fit to damn;
And ſet us out o' th' reach of Wine,
In hope ſtrait Bounds could our vaſt Thirſt confine,
He taught us firſt with Ships the Seas to roam,
Taught us from Forein Lands to fetch ſupply.
Rare Art! that makes all the wide World our Home,
Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reaſon! tumble down!
This Glaſs ſhall all thy proud uſurping Powers drown,
And Wit on thy caſt Ruins ſhall erect her Throne;
Adieu, thou fond Diſturber of our Life?
That check'ſt our Joys, with all our Pleaſures art at ſtrife:
I've ſomething brisker now to govern me,
A more exalted noble Faculty,
Above thy Logick, and vain boaſted Pedantry.

Inform

Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
That guides th' unerring Deities:
They no baſe Reaſon to their Actions bring,
But move by ſome more high, more heavenly thing,
And are without Deliberation wiſe:
Ev'n ſuch is this, at leaſt 'tis much the ſame,
For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find a name,
Call ye this madneſs? damn that ſober Fool,
('Twas ſure ſome dull Philoſopher, ſome reas'ning Tool)
Who the reproachful Term did firſt deviſe,
And brought a ſcandal on the beſt of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,
When they with holy Frenzy reel:
Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,
They rave, and ſtaggar, and are mad, like me.

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?
Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,

Let

Let the vaſt Ocean be our mighty Cup;
We'll drink't, and all its Fiſhes too like Loaches up,
Bid the *Canary* Fleet land here: we'll pay
The Freight, and Cuſtom too defray;
Set every man a Ship, and when the Store
Is emptied, let them ſtrait diſpatch, and Sail for more;
'Tis gone: and now have at the *Rhine*,
With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:
The *Empire*'s Forces with the *Spaniſh* we'll combine,
We'll make their Drink too in confederacy joyn.
'Ware *France* the next: this Round *Bordeaux* ſhall ſwallow,
Champagn, *Langon*, and *Burgundy* ſhall follow.
Quick let's foreſtal *Lorrain*;
We'll ſtarve his Army, all their Quarters drain,
And without Treaty put an end to the Campaign.
Go, ſet the Univerſe a tilt, turn the Globe up,
Squeeſe out the laſt, the ſlow unwilling Drop:
A pox of empty Nature! ſince the World's drawn dry,

'Tis

'Tis time we quit mortality,

'Tis time we now give out, and die,

Leſt we are plagu'd with Dulneſs and Sobriety.

Beſet with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,

A Troop of ſtagg'ring Ghoſts down to the Shades below :

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,

Natures convenient dark Retiring Room ;

And there, from Noiſe remov'd, and all tumultuous ſtrife,

Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of Life.

[Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls aſleep.

FINIS.

REMAINS

OF

Mr. *John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

LONDON:

Printed for *D. Brown*, *J. Nicholſon*, *B. Tooke* and *G. Strahan.* MDCCIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a through paced Fanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England *purely for Conscience sake) but for securing the Reputation of Mr.* Oldham; *which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his Friend since he had the good fortune to publish first his Pieces.*

He confesses it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to Print these following Misscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He

Advertiſement.

He is not of the ſame perſwaſion with ſeveral others of his own profeſſion, that never care how much they leſſen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the value of the Book; that ranſack the Studies of the deceaſed, and Print all that paſſed under the Author's hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley *has expreſt it) think a rude heap of ill-placed Stones a better Monument that a neat Tomb of Marble.*

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *OLDHAM:*

FArewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the ſlippery place, (Race.
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error and but ſeldom made.
When Poets are by too much force betray'd:
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd e're their prime
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rhime.
Once more, hail and farewel; farewel you young,
But ah too ſhort, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

John Dryden.

Authori Epitaphium.

HOC, ô Viator, marmore conditæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviæ brevem
Viventis (oh! ſors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cælum animâ petentis.
Nec præpedita eſt Mens celeris diù,
Quin Puſtularum mille tumoribus
Effloruit, portiſque mille
Præpes iter patefecit altum.
Muſarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus
Inſtructus almis, quas, ſtudio pio,
Atque aure quàm fidâ repoſtas,
Oxonii *coluit Parentis.*
Hic quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepit, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris ſigna, necnon
Innocui ſimulacra cordis.
Sed manè montis ſumma cacumina
Aſcendit ardens, Pierio jugo.
Inſedit, atque ore multo
Ipſum Helicona *ſcatere vidit.*
Nunc pura veri Flumina perſpicit,
Nunc mira Mundi ſemina concipit,
Pulchraſque primævi figuras,
In ſpeculo ſpecies, creante,
At Tu, viator, Numina poſcito,
Ut diſſolutis reliquiis, vaga
Dum mens remigret, detur —— ah ſit
Terra levis, placiduſque ſomnus.

On

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

A Pindarique Paſtoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miſerable *Aſtragon*!
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderneſs to roam,
While all thy Boſom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would not ſtay,
Joy of thy Life, and pleaſure of thine Eyes,
Dear *Alexis* went away
With an invincible Surprize;
Th' Angel-like Youth early diſlik'd this State,
And chearfully ſubmitted to his Fate,
Never did Soul of a Celeſtial Birth
Inform a purer piece of earth.
O that 'twere not in vain
To wiſh what's paſt might be retriev'd again!
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had anſwer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy ſilver Hairs,
Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, haſt left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even thou,
Of whom ſo loudly Fame has ſpoke
Records of her immortal Book.

Whoſe diſregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Laſh of thy poetick Rage.
Th' untutor'd World in after Times
May live uncenſur'd for their Crimes,
Free from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again. (Lyre
Of all th'inſtructive Bards, whoſe more than *Theban*
Could ſavage Souls with many Thoughts inſpire,
Menalcas worthy was to live,
Say, you his Fellow Shepherds that ſurvive,
Tell me, you mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,
In all theſe penſive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:
Which of you all did more Majeſtick Shew,
Or wore the Garland on a ſweeter Brow?

III.

..... But wayward *Aſtragon* reſolves no more
The loſs of his *Menalcas* to deplore:
He' s altogether bleſt;
There no Clouds o'er whelm his Breaſt,
No midnight Cares can break his Reſt;
For all is Everlaſting cheerful Dawn.
The Poet's bliſs there ſhall he long poſſeſs,
Perfect Eaſe and ſoft Receſs?
The treacherous World no more ſhall him deceive,
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:

And

And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spight,
And the dull wealthy Fool's Diſdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muſes Friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no Pyramid
His ſacred Duſt to hide,
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foreſee his Praiſe can never end.

Thomas Flatman.

In Memory of the Author.

TAke this ſhort ſummon'd looſe unfiniſht Verſe,
Cold as thy Tomb, and ſudden as thy Herſe;
From my ſick thoughts thou canſt no better crave,
Who ſcarce drag Life and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inſpire,
And gave my narrow Breaſt more ſcanty Fire. (Spoil,
My *Hybla* Muſe through humble Meads ſought
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil;
Yet when ſome Friend's juſt Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice among the tow'ring Swains was heard,
In vain for ſuch Attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;
Yet, ſweet *Alexis*, my Eſteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love to me.
Death is my Gain--that Thought affects me moſt,
I care not what th' ill natur'd World has loſt.

For Wit with thee expir'd how ſhall I grieve;
Who grudge th' ungrateful Age what thou didſt leave,
The Tribute of their Verſe let others ſend,
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
Enjoy the Fate--thy Predeceſſors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to ſerve a grateful Age?
For ſuch Rewards what Task will Authors ſhun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?
Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raiſe;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo*'s Praiſe.
Let me retire, while ſome ſublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou haſt done for *Homer*,
and for *Ben*.

N T.

On the enſuing Poems *of Mr.* John Oldham, *and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious Author.*

OBſcure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven deſign'd to blot it from the year;
The Elements all ſeem'd to diſagree,
At leaſt, I'm ſure, they were at ſtrife in me:
Poſſeſt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead.
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a ſweet Bloſſom from the Earth,
Where late he grew, delighting every Eye
In his rare Garden of Philoſophy.

The

The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuſe,
And all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
For we with mutual Arms of Friendſhip ſtrove,
Friendſhip the true and ſolid part of Love;
And he ſo many Graces had in ſtore,
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
His Wit in his immortal Verſe appears,
Many his Virtues were, tho few his Years;
Which were ſo ſpent as if by Heaven contriv'd
To laſh the Vices of the longer liv'd.
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
A Poet in its ſacred Quality.
Inſpir'd above, and could command each Paſſion,
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature ſtill poſſeſt his Soul,
No canker'd envy did his Breaſt controul:
Modeſt as Virgins that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauſeous Town;
And eaſie as his Numbers that ſublime
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime.
Till the Time's Ignominy inſpir'd his Pen,
And rouz'd the drowſie Satyr from his Den;
Then fluttering Fops were his Averſion ſtill,
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
The Spark, whoſe Noiſe proclaims his empty Pate,
That ſtruts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;
And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muſe in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Perſon, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a conſtant Friend,
And as he well could judge, could well commend,

The mighty *Homer* he with care Perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o' th' Soul his Reaſon knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts aſſail,
With *Horace* ſing, and laſh with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But Pride to know he underſtood it well.
Adieu thou modeſt Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd ſo ſoon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n, from whence thy *Genius* came,
Aſſign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality.
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below
Juſt as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their Reward;
And Heaven in *Oldham*'s Fortune ſeem'd to ſhow,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ungrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey.

On

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

HArk! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or ſome Death's ſad Alarum that I hear;
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham*'s fatal Knell;
It rings aloud, eternally farewel:
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Iſle,
Whoſe forward Parts made all our Nation ſmile.
In whom both Wit and Knowledg did conſpire,
And Nature gaz'd as if ſhe did admire
How ſuch few years ſuch Learning could acquire:
Nay ſeem'd concern'd that we ſhould hardly find
So ſharp a Pen, and ſo ſerene a Mind.
Oh then lament; let each diſtracted Breaſt
With univerſal Sorrow be poſſeſt.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muſes, and your Songs give o'er:
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant years,
Cold, pale and ghaſtly as the Grave appears:
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring Stream,
Your daily pleaſure, and your mighty Theme,
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known;
No ſooner ſeen, but in a moment gone:
Like to ſome tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes more fragrant, and moſt fair;

Long

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Eſteem'd ſecure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;
Then comes a Blaſt, and all the Work is vain:
But Oh! my Friend, muſt we no more rehearſe
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleaſing Verſe?
In Love how ſoft, in Satyr how ſevere?
In Paſſion moving, and in Rage auſtere:
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An eaſie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetneſs, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* muſt each Heart engage!
Juſt in his Praiſes, and what moſt deſire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatneſs, Love, or Hire:
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to ſee,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modeſty.
So far from Oſtentation he did ſeem,
That he was meaneſt in his own Eſteem.
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Miſery?
Our Miſery in loſing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
For ſhou'd a Soul celeſtial Joys poſſeſs,
And ſtrait be baniſh'd from that Happineſs,
Oh, where would be its Pleaſure? where its Gain?
The Bliſs once taſted but augments the Pain:
So having once ſo great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier muſt our Sorrows be?
For if ſuch Flights were in thy younger Days,
What if thou'dſt liv'd, O what had been thy Praiſe
Eternal Wreaths of never dying Bays:
But thoſe are due already to thy Name,
Which ſtands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;

And

And though thy great Remains to Aſhes turn,
With laſting Praiſes we'll ſupply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps ſhall ever burn.
But hold! methinks, great Shade, I ſee thee rove
Through the ſmooth Path of Plenty, Peace and Love;
Where *Ben* ſalutes thee firſt, o'erjoy'd to ſee
The Youth that ſung his Fame and Memory:
Great *SPENCER* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

DAMON an ECLOGUE

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.

Corydon. *Alexis.*

BEneath a diſmal Yew the Shepherds ſate,
And talk'd of *Damon*'s Muſe and *Damon*'s Fate.
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Eaſe;
For ſometimes Melancholy it ſelf does pleaſe:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to diſtreſs,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in muſick they expreſs.
Cor. I'll ſing no more ſince Verſes want a Charm.
The Muſes could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At leaſt I'll touch this uſeleſs Pipe no more,
Unleſs, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades reſtore.
A. Rather, like *Orpheus* celebrate your Friend,
And with your Muſick Hell it ſelf ſuſpend:
Tax *Proſerpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And ſing of *Damon*'s Muſe, and *Damon*'s Fate.
C. When *Damon* ſang, he ſang with ſuch a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London* brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.
A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be ſhown;
He would have charm'd their Sence a nobler way,
Taught Virgins how to ſigh, and Prieſts to pray.
C. Let Prieſts and Virgins then to him addreſs,
And in their Songs their Gratitude expreſs,
While we that know the worth of eaſie Verſe,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herſe.
A. Codrus, you know, that ſacred Badge does
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there; (wear,
But ſince no Merit can ſtrike Envy Dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.
C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected
Majeſtick, ſad, and ſuited to the Time, (Rhime,
His Name to future Ages conſecrate,
By praiſing of his Muſe, and mourning of his Fate.
A. Alas, I never muſt pretend to this,
My Pipe ſcarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon*'s ſake,
From his own Works a juſt *Idea* take.
Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be ſhown,
And from his meaneſt part his Size be known.
C. 'Twill be your Duty then to ſet it down.

A. Once

A. Once and but once (ſo Heaven and Fate ordain,)
I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
Kindly cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
And though I know you not you muſt be he;
Too long already we have Strangers been,
This Day, at leaſt, our Friendſhip muſt begin.
Let Buſineſs, that perverſe Intruder, wait,
To be above it is poetical and great.
Then with *Aſſyrian* Nard our Heads did ſhine,
While rich *Sabæan* Spice exalts the Wine;
Which to a juſt Degree our Spirits fir'd;
But he was by a greater God inſpir'd:
Wit was he Theme, which he did well deſcribe,
With Modeſty unuſual to his Tribe.
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
When Lovers after firſt Enjoyment part,
Not half content; for this was but a Taſte,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew ſo faſt,
They vow a Friendſhip that ſhall ever laſt.
So we---but oh how much am I accurs'd!
To think that this laſt Office is my firſt.

Occa-

Occaſioned by the preſent Edition of the enſuing Poems; *and the Death of the ingenious* Author.

CUrs'd be the day when firſt this Godly Iſle
Vile Books, and uſeleſs thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waſte,
When all is Pain and Wearineſs at beſt:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger ſtill we ſtumble on,
Too late repent, and are too ſoon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Hereſie.
Avoid the naſty *learned* duſt, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghils did.
The want of Dulneſs will the World undo,
This learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Reſt and Quiet ſteals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindneſs and a Dotage gives.
Worſe than the Pox, or ſcolding Woman fly
The awkward Madneſs of Philoſophy.
That *Bedlam Beſs*, *Religion* never more
Phantaſtick, pie-ball'd, antick Dreſſes wore:
Opinion, Pride, Moroſeneſs gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly, chriſten'd with a modiſh Name.

Let

Let dull Divinity no more delight;
It ſpoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite.*
The chief Profeſſors to Preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the baſeſt *Simony.*
The humble Clown will beſt the Goſpel teach,
And *inſpir'd* Ign'rance ſounder Doctrines preach.
A way to Heaven mere Nature well does ſhew.
Which reaſoning and Diſputes can never know.
Yet ſtill proud Tyrant *Senſe* in Pomp appears,
And claims a Tribute of full threeſcore Years.
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkneſs circl'd round,
Each man muſt be with *Snakes* and *Monkies* drown'd:
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
To waſte that Life whoſe longeſt Date's too ſhort.
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
What Death unravels ſoon, and renders vain.
We blindly hurry on in Myſtick ways,
Nor wiſely tread the Paths of ſolid Praiſe.
There's nought deſerves one precious drop of ſweat
But Poetry, the nobleſt Gift of Fate,
Which after Death does a more laſting Life beget.
Not that which ſudden, frantick Heats produce
VVhere Wine and Pride, not Heaven, ſhall raiſe the Muſe.
Not that ſmall Stock which does Tranſlators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt Poetaſters take:
But ſuch, when God his *Fiat* did expreſs,
And powerful Numbers wrought an Univerſe.
With ſuch great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That *Saul* and *Madneſs* could admire.
VVith ſuch great *Oldham* bravely did excel,
That *David*'s Lamentation ſung ſo well.

Oldham

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford*'s Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes in boundleſs keeneſt Satyr bold,
Sometimes as ſoft as thoſe Love-tales he told.
That Vice could praiſe, and Virtue too diſgrace;
The firſt *Exceſs* of Wit that e'er did pleaſe.
Scarce *Cowley* ſuch Pindarique ſoaring knew,
Yet by his Reader ſtill was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove*'s Eagle, liv'd above.
And bearing Thunder ſtill would upward move.
Oh noble *Kingſton!* had thy lovely Gueſt
With a large ſtock of Youth and Life been bleſt;
Not all thy Greatneſs, or thy Vertues ſtore.
Had ſurer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.
But Oh! the date is ſhort of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His ſoul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame
To thoſe lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And ſpight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed ſays only Poets can be ſav'd.
That God has only for a number ſtaid,
To ſtop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.
For none their abſence can ſo well ſupply;
They are all o'er Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not until then the World ſhall burn,
And its baſe Droſs, Mankind, their fortune mourn
While all to their old nothing quick return,
The peeviſh Critick then ſhall be aſham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon, May the 26th. 1684.

T. Wood.

On the Death of Mr. Oldham,

A PASTORAL.

ON the Remains of an old Blaſted Oak
Unmindful of himſelf *Menalcas* lean'd;
He ſought not now in heat the ſhades of Trees,
But ſhun'd the flowing Rivers pleaſing Bank
His Pipe and Hook lay ſcatter'd on the Graſs:
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themſelves they wandred out at large.
In this lamenting ſtate Young *Corydon*
(His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hours)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cauſe.

Corydon.

Thee have I ſought in every ſhady Grove.
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,
Where we have us'd to ſit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blaſted and by Thunder rent?
What curſed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort and not chide my Friend:
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

Menalcas.

Young *Aſtrophel* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophel*,
He that could tune ſo well his charming Pipe:
To hear whoſe Lays Nymphs left their Cryſtal Spring,
The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forſook the Woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd: Swifteſt Streams
With-held their Courſe to hear the Heavenly Sound.
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on,
The following Waves forcing their Way to hear.
Oft the fierce Wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the Purſuit rather than loſe the Sound.
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf and liſtned to the Sound.
He could command a general Peace, and Nature would obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead, the ſame Diſeaſe
That carried ſweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophel*: Oh let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate repuire;
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loſs,
And General the Grief, except by Fame
I knew him not, but ſurely this is he,

VVho

Who ſung learn'd * *Collin's*, or great * *Ægon's* Praiſe?

* *Spencer* and *Johnſon.*

Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.
Did he not mourn lamented * *Bion's* Death; In Verſe equal to what great *Bion* wrote:

* *Rochester.*

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I ſay he was)
He that could ſing the Shepherds deeds ſo well.
Whether to praiſe the Good he turn'd his Pen,
Or laſht the egregious Folly of the Bad,
In both he did excel, ——
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictated more faſt than he could write,
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verſe, and Nature ſhew'd they were her own,
Yet Art he us'd, where Art could uſeful be,
But ſweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught
Of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrote!

Menalcas.

We wiſh for Life, not thinking of its Cares,
I mourn his Death, the loſs of ſuch a Friend;
But for himſelf he dyed in the beſt Hour,

And carryed with him every mans Applauſe,
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,
Nor ſuffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he would have ſeen the World,
Put on its ugliеſt but its trueſt Face:
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen;
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks paſs
Had thrown their ſcornful Jeſts upon his Vein,
And cenſur'd what they did not underſtand.
Such was not my dear *Aſtrophel*: he's dead,
And I ſhall quickly follow him, what's Death;
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream;
Wrapt in a laſting Darkneſs, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Paſſion.

Corydon.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Aſtrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from ſtraying, round thee gaze
And wonder at thy mourning: Drive them Home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with eaſing Sleep
To Morrow chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

To

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *JOHN OLDHAM.*

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too buſie with Immutable Decree,
I could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,
That lent ſo much, to be requir'd ſo ſoon:
The Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are dreſt ſo gay
Altho' they are ſhort liv'd, they live a Day;
Thou, in the Noon of Life was't ſnatch'd away:
Though not before thy Verſe had Wonders ſhown
And bravely made the Age to come their own!
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not ſo charming, not ſo ſweet as thine;
They quickly periſh; yours was ſtill the ſame,
An Everlaſting, but a Lambent Flame;
Which ſomething ſo reſiſtleſs did impart,
It ſtill through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart:
Unlike the Wretch that ſtrives to get Eſteem,
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaſpheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme:
Ah Fooliſh men, (whom thou didſt ſtill deſpiſe)
That muſt be wicked to be counted wiſe!
But thy Converſe was from this Error free;
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be:
None had it, but ev'n with a Tear does own,
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But while we thus thy Native Sweetneſs ſing,
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting:
Thy Satyr ſpar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes;
Satyr! the beſt Reformer of the Times!
How wide ſhoot they, that ſtrive to blaſt thy Fame,
By ſaying, that thy Verſe was rough and lame;
They would have Satyr their Compaſſion move,
And writ ſo plyant, nicely, and ſo ſmooth,
As if the Muſe were in a Flux of Love:
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would ſing,
Muſt Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring;
For 'tis no Satyr if it has no Sting:
In ſhort, who in that Field would Famous be,
Muſt think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.
Let others boaſt of all the Mighty Nine to me:
'Twas thy dear Friendſhip did my Breaſt inſpire,
And warm'd it firſt with a Poetick Fire;
But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire:
For when the Sun is ſet that guides the Day,
The Traveller muſt ſtop, or loſe his Way.

Robert Gould.

COUN-

COUNTERPART
TO THE
SATYR againſt *VERTUE.*
In Perſon of the Author.

I,

PArdon me, Vertue, whatſoe'er thou art
(For ſure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him muſt be
The very Deity)
Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaſpheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,
The beſt Atonement of my penitent humble Muſe,
The beſt that Heaven requires, or mankind can produce.
All my Attempts hereafter ſhall at thy Devotion be
Ready to conſecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee,
Forgive me, ye bleſt Souls that dwell above,

Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove.
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Paſſion now
(but Love.

And you unhappy happy few,
Who ſtrive with Life, and Humane Miſeries below,
Forgive me too,
If I, in ought diſparag'd them, or elſe diſcourag'd
(you.

II.

Bleſt Vertue! whoſe Almighty Power
Does to our fallen Race reſtore
All that in Paradiſe we loſt, and more:
Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
Soft gentle Yoak! which none but reſty Fools re-
(fuſe,
Which before freedom I would ever chuſe.
Eaſie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
Eaſie as thoſe of Lovers are,
(If I with ought leſs pure may thee compare)
Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty.
By ſuch ſoft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;

So

So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does bind.
Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dangerous Rocks of Black Despair.
Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the Threatning Storms that blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

Best Mistress of our Souls! whose Charms and Beauties last,
And are by very Age increast,
By which all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far
Than all the Race of Woman kind e're brought,
Tho' each of them like the first Wife were fraught,
And half the Universe did for her Portion share,
That tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deifie,

Are

Are all but glorious Brutes when un-endow'd with (thee,
'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worſe.
In whoſe Enjoyments tho' we find
A flitting Pleaſure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Conſcience with incurable Remorſe,
(kind.
Or elſe betrays us to the great Trepans of Humane

IV.

'Tis Vice the greater Thraldom, harder Drudgery,
Whereby depoſing Reaſon from its gentle Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we ſhould obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,
And to un-number'd ſervile Paſſions Homage pay,
Theſe with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enſlave,
And govern with unlimited command;
They make us endleſs Toil purſue,
And ſtill their doubled Task renew,
To puſh on our too haſty Fate, and build our Grave,
Or which is worſe, to keep us from the Promis'd Land:

Nor

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
We ſtruggle with our heavy Yoak in vain :
In vain we ſtrive to break that Chain,
Unleſs a Miracle relieve ;
Unleſs the Almighty Wand enlargement give,
We never muſt expect Delivery,
Till Death the univerſal Writ of Eaſe, does ſet us free.

V.

Some ſordid Avarice in Vaſſalage confines,
Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines.
Theſe are in its harſh *Bridewel* laſh'd and puniſhed,
And with hard Labour ſcarce can earn their bread.
Others Ambition that Imperious Dame,
Expoſes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's great Theatre.
Thro' Dangers and thro Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchaſe grinning Honour and an empty Name,
And ſome by Tyrant Luſt are Captive led,
And with falſe Hopes of Pleaſure fed ;

Till

Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Deſires,
Life's o'er charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff
(expires.

VI.

Conſider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby ſhe does attract her Votaries:
All thoſe Allurements and thoſe Charms,
Which pimp Tranſgreſſors to her Arms,
Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Diſguiſe,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for falſe empty Joys betray us to true ſolid
(Harms.

In vain ſhe would her Dowry boaſt,
Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain.
But with unvaluable Coſt;
Which got we never can retain:
But muſt the greater part be loſt,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.
'Tis vaſtly overballanc'd by the Joynture which we make.
In which our lives, our ſouls, our All is ſet at ſtake.

Like

Like ſilly *Indians*, fooliſh we
With a known Cheat, a loſing Traffick hold,
Whilſt led by an ill-judging Eye,
W' admire a trifling Pageantry,
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
For worthleſs Glaſs and Beads, or an *Exchange*'s Frippery.
If we a while maintain th' expenſive Trade,
Such mighty Impoſt on the Cargo's laid,
Such a vaſt Cuſtom to be paid, (out,
Were forc'd at laſt like wretched Bankrupts to give
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance ſhut:

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which ſo eagerly we ſtrive?
What art thou but an empty Shade
By the Reflection of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'ſt us alive;
But like a Ghoſt, walk'ſt only after we are dead.

Poſt

Posthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!
Which only ours can be,
When we our ſelves no more are we!
Fickle as vain! who doſt on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear experience find
More changeable, more veering then the unconſtant Wind.
What art thou, Gold, that clear'ſt the Miſer's eyes?
Which he does ſo devoutly idolize;
For whom he all his Reſt and Eaſe does ſacrifice.
'Tis Uſe alone can all thy value give,
And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
Curſt Mineral! near Neigh'bring Hell begot,
Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood haſt brought.
Thou Baud to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,
And every greater Name of Villany:
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree;
Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes doſt ſtore,
And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cauſe of more.

And what is Pleasure that does most beguile
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering Smile.
We listen to the treacherous Harmony,
Which sings but our own Obsequy.
The danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'scape the fatal Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure.
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
VVho places all his chiefest Happiness
In the Extravagancies of Excess,
VVhich wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease;
O mighty envied Happiness to eat!
VVhich fond mistaken Sots call Great!
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are (fain
To make and keep up Man!

Which, when the Paradiſe above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Diſeaſe the ſickly Joy's deſtroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauſeous and cloy'd,
Empty at beſt, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a ſlumbering Impoſture, we
Fanſie a Feaſt, and great *Regalio*'s by;
And think we taſt, and think we ſee,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

I X.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more ſolid laſting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleaſures of the Mind,
Pleaſures, which only in purſuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance deſtroy.
One Moment in thy bleſt Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliſs,
Which we derive from Senſe,
Which often cloys, and muſt reſign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy State?

Above the Changes and Reverſe of Fate;
Above her Favours and her Hate.
I'll ſcorn the worthleſs Treaſures of *Peru*,
And thoſe of t' other *Indies* too.
I'll pity *Cæſar*'s ſelf with all his Trophies and his (Fame,
And the vile brutiſh Herd of Epicures contemn,
And all the Under-ſhrievalties of Life not worth a (Name.
Nor will I only owe my Bliſs,
Like others to a Multitude,
Where Company keeps up a forced Happineſs;
Should all Mankind ſurceaſe to live,
And none but individual I ſurvive,
Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.
Thus ſhall my Life in pleaſant Minutes wear,
Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,
And gentle as the motions of the upper Air:
Soft as my Muſe, and unconfined as ſhe,
When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty.
And when I ſee pale ghaſtly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Teſt which all muſt bear,
Which beſt diſtinguiſhes the bleſt and wretched here;

I'll ſmile at all its Horrors, court my welcome Deſtiny,
And yield my willing Soul up in an eaſie Sigh;
And Epicures that ſee ſhall envy and confeſs,
That I and thoſe that dare like me be good, the chiefeſt Good poſſeſs.

Virg.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, *Damon*, *Alphæus*, Speakers.

Damon and *Alphæus*, the two Shepherds Strains
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,
Unmindful of their Graſs, in Throngs admir'd.
At which fierce Savages aſtoniſh'd ſtood,
And every River ſtopt its liſt'ning Flood.
For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar
You ſpread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore.
Or with a gentle and a ſteddy hand
In Peace and Plenty rule our Native Land.
Shall ever that auſpicious Day appear,
When I your glorious Actions ſhall declare?
It ſhall, and I throughout the World rehearſe
Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer*'s Verſe.

With you my Muſe began, with you ſhall end:
Accept my Verſe that waits on your Command:
And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find
Among the Laurels which your Temples bind.

'Twas at the time that Night's cool ſhades with-
(drew,
And left the Graſs all hung with Pearly Dew;
When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Ariſe, thou Morning, and drive on the day,
VVhile wretched I with fruitleſs words inveigh
Againſt falſe *Niſa*, while the Gods I call
VVith my laſt Breath, tho' hopeleſs to avail,
Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Menalus ever has its warbling Groves,
And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves
Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty *Pan*,
The firſt that would not let the Reeds untun'd re-
(main,

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Mopſus

Mopſus weds *Niſa*, Gods! What Lover e'er
Need after this have reaſon to deſpair?
Griffins ſhall now leap Mares, and the next Age
The Deer and Hounds in Friendſhip ſhall engage.
Go, *Mopſus*, get the Torches ready ſoon;
Thou, happy Man, muſt have the Bride anon.
Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut ſcramble make,
The Evening-ſtar quits *Oeta* for thy ſake.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
How fitly art thou match'd who waſt ſo nice!
Thou haughty Nymph who did'ſt all elſe deſpiſe!
Why ſlight'ſt ſo ſcornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
My rough grown Eye-brows, and unſhaven Beard,
And think'ſt no God does mortal things regard.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
I ſaw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,
'Twas in our Hedg-rows, I was there with Pride,
To ſhew you to the beſt, and be your Guide.

Then I juſt entring my twelfth Year was found,
I then could reach the tender Boughs from ground,
Heaven's! when I ſaw, how ſoon was I undone!
How to my heart did the quick Poyſon run!
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North*
Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
Or *Africk*'s wildeſt Deſarts gave him Birth,
Among the Canibals and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Country was.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains.
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Children's Blood; a cruel Mother, thou;
Hard 'tis to ſay of both which is the worſt,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurſt.
He a curſt Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
The Devil a whit to chuſe between the two.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Let

Let Wolves by Nature ſhun the Sheep-folds now
On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
Let the coarſe *Alders* bear the *Daffadil*,
And coſtly Amber from the Thorn diſtil:
Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyt'rus Orpheus* be,
In the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Let all the World turn Sea, the Woods adieu!
To ſome high Mountains top I'll get me now,
And thence my ſelf into the Waters throw.
There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
Accept this my laſt dying Will and Legacy.

Ceaſe now my Pipe, ceaſe now thoſe warbling Strains
Which I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

This *Damon*'s Song; relate ye Muſes now
Alpheus Reply: All cannot all things do.

A. Bring Holy Water, ſprinkle all around:
And ſee theſe Altars with ſoft Fillets bound:
Male-Frankincenſe, and juicy Vervain burn,
I'll try if I by Magick force can turn

My ſtubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire
His frozen Breaſt; Nothing but Charms are wanting (here
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Charms in her wonted Courſe can ſtop the Moon,
And from her well fix'd Orb can call her down.
By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulyſſes fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
Snakes, by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,
Oft in the Meads with their own Poiſon burſt.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Firſt, theſe three ſeveral Threads I compaſs round
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound;
Then round theſe Altars thrice thy Image bear;
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Go tie me in three knots three Ribbands now,
And let the Ribands be of diff'rent Hue;

Go,

Go, *Amaryllis*, tie them ſtrait, and cry,
At the ſame time, They're true love knots, I tye.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how
With the ſame Fire this Wax doth ſofter grow;
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do ſo.
Strow Meal and Salt (for ſo theſe Rites require)
And ſet the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire:
This naughty *Daphnis* ſets my Breaſt on flame,
And I this Laurel burnt in *Daphnis* Name.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chaſe,
Of ſeeking her lov'd Steer from place to place.
Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Waſt,
On ſome green River's bank lies down at laſt:
There Lows her Moan, deſpairing, and forlorn,
And tho' belated, minds not to return:
Let *Daphnis*'s Caſe be ſuch, and let not me
Take any Care to give a Remedy.

Bring

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Theſe Garments erſt the faithleſs Traitor left,
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm reft:
Beneath the Threſhold theſe I bury now,
In thee, O Earth; theſe Pledges *Daphnis* owe.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Of *Mæris* I theſe Herbs and Poyſons had,
From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* ſtore are bred:
With theſe I have oft ſeen *Mæris* Wonders do,
Turn himſelf Wolf, and to the Foreſt go:
I've often ſeen him Fields of Corn diſplace,
From whence they grew, and Ghoſts in Church-yards (raiſe.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Aſhes out at door,
And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current (pour,
Over thy Head, and don't look back be ſure:

I'll

ll try, what theſe on *Daphnis* will prevail,
he Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Behold! the Aſhes while we lingring ſtay,
Vhile we neglect to carry them away,
Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood,
That lies upon't: Heav'n ſond it be for good!
Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!
I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.
Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
Which Lovers Fancies are too apt to frame?
Ceaſe now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!
Ceaſe needleſs Charms, my Daphnis *is at home!*

UPON

UPON THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

Prince of *ORANGE*

WITH THE

Lady *MARY.*

I.

AS when of Old ſome bright and Heav'nly Dame
A God of equal Majeſty did Wed;
Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings ſpread,
Strait at the News th' immortal Offspring came,

And

And all the Deities did the High Nuptials grace
With no leſs Pomp, no leſs of Grandure we
Behold this glad Solemnity,
And all confeſs an equal Joy,
And all expect as God-like and as great a Race:
Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
Which riſe in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence they came;
Gladſome next thoſe which brought our Royal Exile home,
When he reſum'd his long uſurped Throne:
Hark how the mighty Vollies rend the Air,
And ſhake at once the Earth and Atmoſphere;
Hark how the Bells harmonious Noiſe
Bear Comfort too with human Joys;
Behold thoſe num'rous Fires, which up and down
Threaten almoſt new Conflagration to the Town.
Well do theſe Emblems, mighty *Orange*, ſpeak thy Fame,
Whoſe Loudneſs, Muſick, Brightneſs, all expreſs the ſame;

'Twas

'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,
In Thunder and in Lightning so approach'd her bed

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'ns great Hoſtages!
Sure Pledges of a firm and laſting Peace!
Call't not a Match, we that low Stile diſdain,
Nor will degrade it with a Term ſo mean;
A League it muſt be ſaid,
Where Countries thus Eſpouſe, and Nations Wed:
Our Thanks, propitious Deſtiny!
Never did yet thy Pow'r diſpence,
A more Plenipotentiary Influence,
Nor Heav'n more ſure a Treaty ratifie:
To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch, (too
An equal ſhare of Thanks is due,
Nought could this mighty Work produce, but
Heav'n and You.
Let others Boaſt
Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter coſt;

This

This Union by no Blood Cemented is,
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise.
Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:
By you to Foreign Countries we're Ally'd,
You make us Continent whom Seas and Waves di-
(vide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Con-
duct prove
What was denied to mighty *Jove*,
Together to be Wife and Love?
In this you higheſt Skill of Choice and Judgment
(ſhew,
'Tis here diſplay'd, and here rewarded too:
Others move only by unbridled guideleſs Heat,
But you mix Love with Policy, Paſſion with State:
You ſcorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts
ſhould tye,
Which oft (and here they muſt) the Original be-
(lye.

For

(For how should Art that Beauty undertake,
Which Heav'n would ſtrive in vain again to make?
Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,
And worſhipp'd not the Image, but the Deity:
Go, envied Prince, your glorious BRIDE receive,
Too great for ought but mighty *TORK* to give:
She, whom if none muſt Wed, but thoſe who merit Her,
Monarchs might ceaſe Pretence, and ſlighted Gods deſpair:
Think You in Her far greater Conqueſts gain,
Than all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your Country ta'en.
In Her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,
And fancy there a Univerſal Monarchy!

IV.

And you, fair Princeſs, who could thus ſubdue,
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,
Enjoy your glorions Prize,
Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes:
From him, and th' Height of your great Mind look (down,
And with neglect deſpiſe a Throne,

And

And think't as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown:
Naſſaw in all which your Deſires or Thoughts can frame,
All Titles lodge within that ſingle Name; (bear,
A Name which *Mars* himſelf would with Ambition
Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War,
To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increaſe,
If Heaven has not already ſet your Happineſs
Above its Pow'r to raiſe)
To You the Zealous humble Muſe
Theſe ſolemn Wiſhes Conſecrates and Vows
And begs you'll not her Offering refuſe,
Which not your want, but her Devotion ſhews.

V.

May your great Conſort ſtill ſucceſsful prove,
In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;
May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear;
May neither Senſe of Grief, or Trouble know,
But what in Pity you to others ſhow;
May you be fruitful in as numerous Store (bore;
Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father

May Heav'n to your juſt Merits kind
Repeal the ancient Curſe on Womankind:
Eaſie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain
May yours ſo prove, and juſt ſo free from Pain:
May no rude Noiſe of War approach your Bed,
But Peace her downy Wings about you ſpread,
Calm as the Seaſon, when fair Halcyons breed.
May you, and the juſt owner of your Breaſt,
Both in as full Content and Happineſs be bleſt,
As the firſt ſinleſs Pair of old enjoy'd:
E're Guilt their Innocence and that deſtroy'd:
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliſs can add,
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made:
Till future Poets who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmoſt Pitch of Flattery ſhew,
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you:
Nor know to frame a skilful Wiſh more great,
Nor think a higher Bleſſing in the Gift of Fate.

AN ODE

For an Anniverſary of MUSICK *on St.* Cecilia's *Day.*

I.

BEgin the Song, your Inſtruments advance,
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,
Touch the ſilent ſleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Meaſures dance.
Bring gentleſt Thoughts that into Language glide,
Bring ſofteſt Words that into Numbers ſlide:
Let every Hand and every Tongue
To make the Noble Conſort throng.
Let all in one Harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Muſicks ſacred Jubile.

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings resound,
And Break the yielding Air,
The ravish'd Sense how pleasingly they wound,
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear;
Each Pulse beats time, and every Heart,
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.
By Harmonies entrancing Power,
When we are thus wound up to Extasie;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower,
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the Charms that Musick lends!
How faint its Pleasures would appear,
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!
Without the Sweets of Melody,
To tune our vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the silent Grave contented lye?

IV.

IV.

Muſick's the Cordial of a troubled Breaſt,
The ſofteſt Remedy that Grief can find;
The greateſt Spell that charms our Care to reſt,
And calms the ruffled Paſſions of the Mind.
Muſick does all our Joy refine,
It gives the reliſh to our Wine,
'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
And Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine;
'Tis our chief Bliſs on Earth, and half our Heaven above.

Chorus.

Come then with tuneful Throat and String
The Praiſes of our Art let's ſing;
Let's ſing to Bleſt *CECILIA*'s Fame,
That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day it's Name
With Muſick, Wine and Mirth conſpire
To bear a Conſort, and make up the Choir.

TO
MADAM *L. E.*
Upon her Recovery from a late Sickneſs.

Madam,

PArdon, that with ſlow Gladneſs we ſo late
Your wiſh'd return of Health congratulate;
Our Joys at firſt ſo throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the Crowd;
And now ſuch haſt to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpeak.
You the fair Subject which I am to ſing,
To whoſe kind Hands this humble Joy I bring:
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme purſue,
For I invoke no other Muſe but you.
Long time had you here brightly ſhone below
With all the Rays kind Heaven could beſtow,
No envious Cloud e'er offer'd to invade
Your Luſtre, or compel you to a Shade:

Nor

Nor did it yet by any Sign appear;
But that you throughout Immortal were.
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove so cruel) sent
To interrupt the Growth of your content,
As if it grudg'd those Gifts you did enjoy,
And would that Bounty which it gave, destroy:
'Twas since your Excellence did envy move
In those high powers and made them jealous prove.
They thought these Glories should they still have (lhin'd
Unsullied, were too much for Woman-kind.
Which might they write as lasting as they're Fair,
Too great for ought but Deities appear:
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.
And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Ravisher, and offer'd Violence.
Sickness did first a formed siege begin,
And by sure slowness try'd your Life to win.
As if by lingring methods Heaven ment
To chase you hence and tire you to consent.

But, thus in vain, Fate did to force resort,
And next by Storme strove to attack the Fort.
A Sleep, dull as your last, did you Arrest,
And all their *Magazines* of life possest.
No more the Blood its circling course did run,
But in the Veins, like Isicles, it hung.
No more the Heart (now void of quick'ning heat)
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.
Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
And a short Death crept cold through every Limb.
All Signs of Life from sight so far withdrew,
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There might you (were not that sense lost) have seen
How your true Death would have resented been:
A Lethargy like yours, each Breast did seize,
And all by Sympathy catcht your Disease.
Around you silent Imagery appears,
And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.
They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,
And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.

Mean while, all means, all Drugs prescribed are,
Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
Medicines so powerful they new Souls would save,
And Life in long dead Carcasses retrieve:
But these in vain, they rougher Methods try,
And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain;
And 'twas a kindness thought to wish you pain!
As if the slack'ned string of Life run down,
Could only by the Rack be screw'd in tune.
But Heav'n at last (grown conscious that its Pow'r
Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)
And loth to see such Glories overcome,
Sent a Post-Angel to repeal your doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,
And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent;
Triumphant Charms! what may not you subdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus, submits to you!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And for another Clew her Spindle fit;
And life's hid Spark which did unquencht remain,
Caught the fled Light and brought it back again:

Thus

Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you
Reviv'd, and found their Reſurrection too;
Some only griev'd, that what was deathleſs thought
They ſaw ſo near to Fatal ruin brought:
Now crowds of Bleſſings on that happy hand,
Whoſe skill could eager Deſtiny withſtand;
Whoſe learned Pow'r has reſcu'd from the Grave
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to ſave;
That Life which were it thus untimely loſt,
Had been the faireſt Spoil Death e'er could boaſt:
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,
By whom ſuch good to you and us was brought:
Altars and Shrines to him are juſtly due,
Who ſhew'd himſelf a God by raiſing you.

But ſay, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this ſhort fling did go;
Went it to antedate that Happineſs,
You muſt at laſt (tho late we hope) poſſeſs:
Inform us leſt we ſhould your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Extaſie.
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us ſee,
That Goddeſſes from Wounds could not be free;

And

And you by this unwiſh'd Occaſion ſhow
That they like Mortal us can Sickneſs know:
Pity! that Heav'n ſhould all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.
And ſo you are; half boaſts a Deathleſs State;
Although your frailer part muſt yield to Fate.
By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its bleſt Inhabitant is more diſplay'd:
In that white Snow which over-ſpreads your Skin,
We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this ſhining Hue diſplay,
Looks like a Star plac'd in the milky way;
Such the bright Bodies of the Bleſſed are,
When they for Rayment cloath'd with Light appear;
And ſhould you viſit now the Seat of Bliſs,
You need not wear an other form but this.
Never did Sickneſs in ſuch Pomp appear,
As when it thus your Livery did wear,
Diſeaſe it ſelf look'd amiable here.

So

So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun oft gilded (by,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.

Grieve not, fair Nymph, when in your Glaſs you (trace
The marring Footſteps of a pale Diſeaſe.
Regret not that your Cheeks their Roſes want,
Which a few Days ſhall in full ſtore replant,
(Red,
Which, whilſt your Blood withdraws its guilty
Tells that you own no Faults that Bluſhes need:
The Sun whoſe Bounty does each Spring reſtore
What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
Which every Morning with an early Ray
Paints the young bluſhing Cheeks of inſtant Day:
Whoſe skill (inimitable here below,)
Limns thoſe gay Clouds which from Heaven's colour'd Bow,
That Sun ſhall ſoon with Intereſt repay,
All the loſt Beauty Sickneſs ſnatch'd away.
Your Beams like his ſhall hourly now advance,
And every Minute their ſwift Growth enhance.

Mean while (that you no helps of Health refuſe)
Accept theſe humble Wiſhes of the Muſe:

Which ſhall not of their juſt Petition fail,
If ſhe (and ſhe's a Goddeſs) ought prevail.
May no prophane Diſeaſe henceforth approach,
This ſacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.
May theſe fair Members always happy be
In as full Strength and well-ſet Harmony,
As the new Foundreſs of your Sex could boaſt,
Ere ſhe by Sin her firſt Perfection loſt:
May Deſtiny, juſt to your Merits, twine
All your ſmooth Fortunes in a Silken Line,
And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
May it to you its largeſt Bottom give.
May Heaven with ſtill repeated Favours bleſs,
Till it its Pow'r below its Will confeſs;
Till Wiſhes can no more exalt your Fate,
Nor Poets fanſie you more fortunate.

ON

ON THE
DEATH
OF
Mrs: *Katharine Kingscourt*,

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.

SHE did, She did---I ſaw her mount the Skie,
And with new Whiteneſs paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n here methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I ſaw in Crowds bleſt Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away
To ſee a Soul more white, more pure than they.
Earth was unworthy ſuch a Prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us ſhare the Bliſs:

In vain her ſtay with fruitleſs Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did ſo long diſpence,
(Since you ſo wiſh'd her) with her abſence thence:
We now reſign, to you alone we grant
The ſweet Monopoly of ſuch a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I ſcarce dare call her ſo,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick Brightneſs in her ſhin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
'Twas ſure ſome noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be ſaid to die, but diſappear.
Or if ſhe Mortal was and meant to ſhow
The greater skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preſerv'd her by the Fall uncurſt,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at firſt:
Never did yet ſo much Divinity
In ſuch a ſmall Compendium crouded lie.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.

More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* reſt,
Than lodg'd of Bleſſed Spirits in her Breaſt;
Religion dawn'd ſo early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint, whilſt in the Womb enſhrin'd:
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had ſhe learnt to liſp Religion's Name,
E'er ſhe by her Example preach'd the ſame,
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall
Which for th'Atonement of a Bluſh could call;
No word of her's e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confeſt might hear.
Her Thoughts had ſcarcely ever ſully'd been
By the leaſt Foot-ſtep of Original Sin.
Her Life did ſtill as much Devotion breath
As others do at their laſt gaſp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let not be ſaid,
So long ſhe liv'd; but thus, ſo long ſhe pray'd.

A SUNDAY-THOUGHT *in Sickneſs.*

LOrd, how dreadful is the Proſpect of Death at the remoteſt Diſtance! How the ſmalleſt Apprehenſions of it can pall the moſt gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in ſight of my Coffin, and drink a health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the leaſt Envoy of the King of Terrors. To ſee but the ſhaking of my Glaſs makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Diſtemper. All the Jollity of my Humour and Converſation is turn'd on a ſudden into ſhagrin and melancholy, black as Deſpair, and darke as the Grave. My Soul and Body ſeem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed theſe Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Pro-

duct of my Diſeaſe, which diſorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimera's. Why ſhould my Soul be averſe to its Enlargement? Why ſhould it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and preſent Friends: I'm parted from the firſt already, and could be ſever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far diſtant from them as my Soul muſt when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'me loth to leave the Delights and Pleaſures of the World; ſome of them I have tried, and found empty, the others covet not, becauſe unknown. I'm confident I could deſpiſe 'em all by a Greatneſs of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Eſtabliſh'd a Reputation, and ſomething to make me ſurvive my ſelf. I could have been content to be Stillborn, and have no more than the Regiſter, or Sexton to tell that I've ever been in the Land of the Living, In Fine, tis not from a Principle of Cowardiſe, which the Schools have called Self-preſervation, the

poor

poor Effect of Inſtinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingneſs therefore, and Averſion to undergo the general Fate, muſt have a juſter Original, and flow from a more important Cauſe. I'm well ſatisfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Fleſh and Blood, has a Life beyond it and the Grave: and ſomething in it prompts me to believe its Immortallity. A Reſidence it muſt have ſomewhere elſe, when it has left this Carcaſe, and an other State to paſs into, unchangeable and everlaſting as its ſelf after its Separation. This Condition muſt be good or bad according to its Actions and Deſerts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to ſome Infinite Power that created it, I well ſuppoſe it his Vaſſal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or puniſh'd hereafter. This Diverſity of Rewards and Puniſhments makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, ſo often mention'd in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits. Of the latter my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Con-

ſcience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my ſingle Breaſt. I dare not any longer with the Atheiſt disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergies Bugbears, invented as Nurſes do frightful Names for their Children to ſcare 'em into Quietneſs and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and ſear'd inſenſibility? How oft boaſted of that unhappy ſuſpected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, prov'd only my Curſe, and a treacherous Ambuſh to thoſe Storms, which at preſent (and will for ever I dread) ſhipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Boſom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noiſe of a tumultuous Debauch, or by ſtupifying Wine (like ſome condemn'd Malefactor) arm'd my ſelf againſt the Apprehenſions of my certain Doom; Now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At laſt, but too late (like drowning Mariners) I ſee the gay Monſters, which inveigled me into my Death and Deſtruction. Oh the gnawing Remorſe of a raſh unguarded,

ded, unconſidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghoſts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me ſuffer a thouſand Racks and Martyrdoms! I ſee, methinks, the Jaws of Deſtruction gaping wide to ſwallow me; and I (like one ſliding on Ice) tho I ſee the Danger, cannot ſtop from running into it. My Fancy repreſents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, numberleſs as my Sins or Fears; and whither Alas! whither ſhall I fly for Refuge? Where ſhall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Centre, and take me in? Poor ſhift of eſcaping Almighty Juſtice! Diſtracting Frenzy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the reach of him whoſe Preſence is every where, not excluded Hell it ſelf; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke ſome Power infinite, as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it; Oh no, 'tis in vain, I muſt be forced into Being, to keep me freſh for Torment, and retain

Senſe only to feell Pain. I muſt be dying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that nature had placed me in the Rank of things that have only a bare Exiſtence, or at beſt an Animal Life, and never gave me a Soul and Reaſon, which now muſt contribute to my Miſery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Priſon till now, or I ſtept out of it into my Grave and ſaved the Expences and Toil of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones ſtay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my firſt Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as ſoon as the World; Happy if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regenerate, and give me New Life, had prov'd Mortal in another Senſe! I had then died without any Guilt of my own, but what I brought into the World with me, and that too atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted from my firſt Parents, my unhappineſs rather than Fault, inaſmuch as I was fain to be born of a Sinning Race: Then I had never enhanc'd it with acquired Guilt, never added

thoſe

thoſe innumerable Crimes which muſt make up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as thoſe Bleſſings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abuſed and miſimployed thoſe Parts and Talents which might have render'd me ſerviceable to mankind, and repaid an Intereſt of Glory to their Donor? How ill do they turn to account which I have made the Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Panders to Vice? How oft have I broke my Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be conſcientious of keeping to a ſilly Woman, a Creature beneath my ſelf; What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an uſeful Hypocriſie taken up for Intereſt, or a gay ſpecious Formality worn in Complaiſance to Cuſtom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Faſhion. How ofr have I gone to Church (the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Aſſignation or Play, only for Diverſion; or at beſt, as I muſt ere long (for ought I know) with my

Soul ſever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be impoſed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of theſe High Treaſons againſt the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to ſtrike me through the very Centre? yes I dare appeal to thee, boundleſs Pity and Compaſſion! My own Inſtances already tell me that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to ſhock Long-ſufferance it ſelf, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle Attributes, of Mercy and Forgiveneſs, by the laſt dying Accents of my ſuffering Deity, have pity on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing Sinner: And thou great Ranſom of loſt Mankind, who offer'd thy ſelf a Sacrifice to attone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my Advocate, and interceed for me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhone,
And (lo!) an Angel Poſt comes haſt'ning down
From Heav'n, I ſee him cut the yielding Air;
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;
So quick, my Sight in the purſuit was ſlow,
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go.
No angry Meſſage in his Looks appears,
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears.
Comely his Shape, of Heavenly Mien and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was ſeen by the bleſt Maid of old,
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whoſe open'd Leaves the other ſeems to turn:
Vaſt Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.
Hark how the Heavenly Whiſper ſtrikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King:
Welcom as the bleſs'd Tidings thou doſt bring.

Welcom

Welcome as Heav'n from whence thou cam'ſt but now,
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd and unmov'd an endleſs Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator ſent.

To

To the Memory of my Dear Friend, Mr. CHARLES MORWENT:

A PINDARIQUE.

Ignis utique quo clariùs effulſit, citiùs extinguitur, eripit ſe aufertque ex oculis ſubitò perfecta virtus: quicquid eſt abſoluti faciliùs transfluit, & optimi neutiquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

I.

BEſt Friend! could my unbounded Grief but (rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I ſome happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wiſhes and thy greater Worth,
All *Helicon* ſhould ſoon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Siſters all transform'd ſhould be,
No longer nine, but one *Melpemene*:
Each ſhould into a *Niobe* relent,
At once the Mourner and thy Monument,
Each ſhould become

Like

Like the fam'd *Memnon*'s ſpeaking Tomb,
To ſing thy well tun'd Praiſe;
Nor ſhould we fear their being dumb,
Thou ſtill would'ſt make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could diſtil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waſt away my Soul in ſobbing Airs!
Where I all eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies!
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrows ſtill retrieve;
My life ſhould be but one long mourning day,
And like moiſt Vapors melt in Tears away.
I'd ſoon diſſolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad ſo to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well nigh reverſe thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath;
Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

Adieu, bleſt Soul! whoſe haſty Flight away
Tells, Heaven did ne'er diſplay
Such happineſs to bleſs the World with ſtay.
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmoſt Spite,
And ſhew'd her Shafts moſt times are levell'd at the white.
She ſaw thy blooming Ripeneſs time prevent;
She ſaw, and envious grew, and ſtraight her Arrow ſent.
So Buds appearing e'er the Froſts are paſt,
Nip'd by ſome unkind Blaſt,
Wither in Penance for their forward Haſte.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did ſhroud,
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.
The day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd,
And all to Sighs and all to Tears is turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaſpheme?
We ſhould thy full ripe Virtues wrong,
To think thee young.
Fate when ſhe did thy vigorous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.
The brisk Endowment of thy Mind
Scorn'd i' th' Bud to be confin'd,
Out-ran thy Age, and left ſlow Time behind;
Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And at firſt Dawn preſent a full-ſpread Noon.
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
Thus the firſt Pattern of our Race began
His Life in middle age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V.

So well thou acted'ſt in thy Span of Days,
As calls at once for Wonder, and for Praiſe,

Thy

Thy prudent Conduct had ſo learnt to meaſure
The different whiles of Toil and Leaſure,
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Plea-
ſure:
Thy buſie Induſtry could Time dilate,
And ſtretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boaſt the Power
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No ſingle Sand could e'er ſlip by
Without its Wonder, ſweet as high:
And every teeming Moment ſtill brought forth
A thouſand Rarities of Worth.
While ſome no other Cauſe for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou ſcorn'dſt ſuch Lazineſs while here beneath,
And Liv'dſt that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our juſt Wonder does commence,
How ſo ſmall Room could hold ſuch Excellence.
Nature was proud when ſhe contriv'd thy Frame,
In thee ſhe labor'd for a Name:

Hence

As if she meant hereafter to be poor,
And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.
Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd
All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;
Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
Crampt in a short Epitome.
So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,
And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.

Thus subtile Artists can
Draw Nature's larger self within a Span;
A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and all
Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

VII.

Those parts which never in one Subject dwell,
But some uncommon Excellence foretel,
Like Stars did all constellate here,
And met together in one Sphere.
Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conspir'd
To make themselves and thee admir'd:

And

And could thy growing Height a longer Story have known,
Thou hadſt all other Glories and thy ſelf out-done.
While ſome to Knowledge by degrees arrive,
Through tedious Induſtry improv'd,
Thine ſcorn'd by ſuch pedantick Rules to thrive;
But ſwift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was intuitive,
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er ſtrugled in its Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought forth;
The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unſtrain'd, and without Pain
Thus when great Jove the Queen of Wiſdom bare
So eaſie and ſo mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were theſe Fruits in a rough Soil beſtown
As Gems are thick'ſt in rugged Quarries ſown.
Good Nature and good Parts ſo ſhar'd thy mind,
A Muſe and Grace were ſo combin'd,
'Twas hard to gueſs which with moſt Luſtre ſhin'd.
A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
Whoſe charming Complaiſance did ſo attract,
As every Heart attack'd.

Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness swayd,
As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
All rude Affections that disturbers be,
That marr or disunite Society,
Were Foreiners to thee.
Love only in their stead took up its Rest;
Nature made that thy constant Guest,
And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX.

This made thy Courtesie to all extend,
And thee to the whole Universe a Friend,
Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and thee
No Strangers to thy Love could be,
Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.
Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd,
(Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt
As firm by Love, as they by Earth annext.

Thou

Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection guide,
Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd;
Thine reach to all beside,
To every Member of the World's great Family.
Heav'ns Kindness only claims a Name more general
Which we the noblest call,
Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
Thou scorn'dst corrupted with the very Power to please.
Only to let thee gratifie,
At once did bribe and pay thy Courtesie.
Thy Kindness by Acceptance might be bought,
It for no other Wages sought,
But would its own be thought,
No Suiters went unsatisfy'd away;
But left thee more unsatisfy'd than they.
Brave *Titus!* thou might'st here thy true Portraiture find
And view thy Rival in a private mind.

Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,
When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,
Measur'd not by the Sun, but thine own nobler Rays.
Though thought'st each Hour out of Life's Journal lost
Which could not some fresh Favour boast,
And reckon'dst Bounties thy best Gayety.

XII.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
Deflower their Largess with too slow a Grant!
Where the deluded Suiter dearly buys
What hardly can defray
The Expence of Importunities,
Or the Suspense of torturing Delay.
Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to sue,
Or thy too backward Kindness woo.
It moved with no formal State,
Like theirs whole Pomp does for Entreaty wait:
But met the swift'st Desires half way,
And Wishes did well nigh anticipate.
And then as modestly withdrew,
Nor for its due Rewards of Thanks would stay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodness to the happy most antrue;
Somewhat was to the miserable due,
Which they might justly challenge too.
What-e'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,
The same did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax, thine did th' Impression take
And paid its Sadness in as lively Dress.

Thou could'st Afflictions from anothers Breast tran-(flate,
And forein Grief impropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows thine so much have grown,
They scarce were more our own;
Who seem'd exempt, thou suffer'dst all alone.

XIII.

Our small'st Misfortunes scarce could reach thy Ear,
But made thee give in alms a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in (Sighs,
As a just Tribute to their Miseries,
Thine with their mournful Aits did symbolize
Like Throngs of Sighs did from its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief for our each Grief aloud:

Such is the ſecret Sympathy
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes deſcry,
If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent
Its ſoft Complaint in penſive murmurs vent,
As if it did that Injury reſent;
Untouch'd the other ſtrain returns the Moan,
And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
From its ſweet Bowels a ſad Note's convey'd,
Like thoſe which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind compaſſion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodneſs bounded with ſo ſmall extent,
Or in ſuch narrow Limits pent.
Let Female Frailty in fond Tears diſtil,
Who think that Moiſture which they ſpill
Can yield Relief,
Or ſhrink the Current of anothers Grief;
Who hope that Breath which they in ſighs convey
Should blow Calamities away.
Thine did a manlier Form expreſs,
And ſcorn'd to whine at an Unhappineſs;
Thou thought'ſt it ſtill the noblest pity to redreſs.
So friendly Angels their Relief beſtow

On the unfortunate below,
For whom thoſe purer minds no Paſſion know:
Such nature in that generous Plant is found,
Whoſe every Breach does with a Salve abound,
And wounds it ſelf to cure another's Wound.
In pity to Mankind it ſheds its Juice,
Glad with expence of Blood to ſerve their Uſe:
Firſt with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals:
And makes thoſe very Tears the remedy produce:

XV.

Nor didſt thou to thy Foes leſs generous appear,
(If there were any durſt that Title wear,)
They could not offer Wrongs ſo faſt,
But what were pardon'd with like haſte;
And by thy acts of Amneſty defac't,
Had he who wiſh'd the Art how to forget
Diſcover'd its new Worth in thee,
He had a double Value on it ſet,
And juſtly ſcorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.
No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expoſe,
'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of thoſe
As of material Blows.

No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softness always dampt the stroke:
As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chase thy temper from its setled State:
But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,
As if thou hadst unlearnt the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,
And own no Passions to resent Offence,
May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Virtue on those Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.
Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
Which their own Statues may possess,
And they themselves when Carcasses:
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,
To court Abuses, that thou mightst forgive:
Wrongs thus in high Esteem seem'd Courtesie,
And thou the first was ere oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

XVII.

Nor may we think these God-like Qualities
Could stand in need of Votaries,
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice,
Each Assignation, each Converse
Gain'd thee some new Idolaters.
Thy sweet Obligingness could supple Hate,
And out of it its contrary create.
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels cease,
And Fewds dissolv'd into a calmer Peace.
Envy resign'd her Force, and vanquish'd Spite
Became thy speedy Proselyte.
Malice could cherish Enmity no more;
And those which were his Foes before,
Now wish'd they might adore.
Cæsar may tell of Nations took,
And Troops by force subjected to his Yoke:
We read as great a Conqueror in thee,
Who couldst by milder ways all Hearts subdue,
The Nobler Conquest of the Two:
Thus thou whole Legions mad'st thy Captives be,
And like him to couldst look, and speak thy Victo-
(ry.

XVIII.

XVII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs
Thou didſt Expreſs
To all, whom thou didſt with thy Friendſhip bleſs
To think of Paſſion by new Mothers bore
To the young Offspring of their Womb,
Or that of Lovers to what they adore,
E're Duty it become:
We ſhould too mean *Ideas* frame,
Of that which thine might juſtly claim,
And injure it by a degrading Name;
Conceive the tender Care,
Of guardian Angels to their Charge aſſign'd
Or think how dear
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are,
Theſe are the Emblems of thy mind,
The only *Types* to ſhew how thou waſt kind.

XIX.

On whomſoe'er thou didſt confer this Tye
'Twas laſting as Eternity,
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Deſtiny.
Embraces would faint ſhadows of your Union
(how
Unleſs you could together grow. That

That Union which is from Alliance bred,
Does not ſo faſtly wed;
Tho it with Blood be cemented:
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,
Which twiſts the double Nature in Mankind
Only ſo cloſe can bind.
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Veſta* paid,
Which they immortal as the Goddeſs made.
Thy noble Flames moſt fitly parallel;
For thine were juſt ſo pure, and juſt ſo durable.
Thoſe feigned Pairs of Faithfulneſs which claim
So high a place in ancient Fame,
Had they thy better Pattern ſeen,
They'd made their Friendſhip more divine,
And ſtrove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX.

Yet had this Friendſhip no advantage been,
Unleſs 'twere exercis'd within;
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
The ſame made thy own Pow'rs agree,
And reconcil'd thy ſelf to thee,
No Diſcord in thy Soul did reſt,
Save what its Harmony increaſt.

Thy

Thy mind did with ſuch regular Commerce move,
As held reſemblance with the greater Mind above;
Reaſon there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The Will its calm Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.
The Paſſions rais'd no Civil wars,
Nor diſcompos'd thee with inteſtine jars:
All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
All threw their rainy Tempers by,
And gentle Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themſelves in their firſt Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within ſuch ſilent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd aſleep,
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet ſcarce make leſs Noiſe,
Or the ſoft Journey which a Planet goes,
Life ſeem'd all calm as its laſt Breath,

Still Tranquility so built thy Breast,
As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest,
And there had built her Nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest.
As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of *Peace*,
Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,
No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears;
As that unsported Sky,
Where *Nile* does want of Rain supply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free.
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with such clear Serenity still shone,
And caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boast,
And Greatness, which no Travel, but their Mothers cost,
Let 'em extol a swelling Name,
Which theirs by Will and Testament became;
At best but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.

Let ſome ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons rear
As fading as the Colors which thoſe bear;
And prize a painted Field,
Which Wealth as ſoon as Fame can yield.
Thou ſcorn'dſt at ſuch low Rates to purchaſe Worth,
Nor couldſt thou owe it only to thy Birth,
Thy ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Power
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded bright,
Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light:
Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,
And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:
If from thy better part we Meaſures take,
And that the Standard of our Value make,
Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
To blazon thee.
Thy Soul was big enough to pitty Kings,
And look'd on Empires as poor humble things,

Gre

Great as his boundless Mind,
Who though himself in one wide Globe confin'd,
And for another pin'd.
Great as that Spirit whose large Power could roul
Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl,
And tell the World as well as Man can boast a Soul,

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,
Or thee above the common Level set.
Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar,
(As things most lofty smaller still appear)
With thee did no Alliance bear.
Love Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'd,
Whose Owners lessen while they raise their Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole*:
In thee the wid'st Extreams were joyn'd;
The loftiest, and the lowliest Mind.
Thus tho some part of Heav'ns vast Round
Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,
Yet 'tis well known almost to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy Brave Mind preserv'd this noble Fame,
Thou stood'st at once secure
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee
the same:
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depress thee
But them from thy great Soul on both look'd
down
Without the small concernment of a Smile or
Heaven less dreads that it should fir'd be
By the weak flaming Sparks that upwards fly,
Less the bright Goddess of the Night
Fears those loud howlings that revile her Light,
Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth
should blast,
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcast.
'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,
And make what was the Fault the Punishment,
What more Assaults could weak Detraction raise,
When thou coul'dst Saint disgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praise.

So

So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun, oft gilded (be'
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would ſhroud their Splendor, look moſt bright,
And from its Darkneſs ſeem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,
From Contagions as thy Soul or Fame:
Could Virtue been but proof againſt Death's Arms,
Th'adſt ſtood unvanquiſht by theſe Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
Fond Pleaſure, whoſe ſoft Magick oft beguiles
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,
And with ſmooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er enſnare thee with her Wiles,
Or make thee Captive to her ſmoothing Smiles.
In vain that Pimp of Vice eſſay'd to pleaſe,
In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence ſtill that *Syren* paſt
Without being pinion'd to the Maſt:

All its attempts were ineffectual found;
Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
And forc'd the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doating Age
Could ne'er in the ſame Frenzy thee engage;
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
Gallants, whom their high Breeding prize,
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
Whoſe Talent is to court a faſhionable Sin,
And act ſome fine Tranſgreſſion with a janty Mien,
May by ſuch Methods hope the Vogue to win.
Let thoſe gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accompliſhment,
Grow ſcandalous to get Eſteem;
And by Diſgrace ſtrive to be eminent.
Here thou diſdainſt the common Road,
Nor wouldſt by ought be woo'd
To wear the vaid Iniquities o'th' Mode.
Vice with thy Practice did ſo diſagree,
Thou ſcarce couldſt bear it in thy Theory.

Thou

Thou didſt ſuch Ignorance above Knowledge prize,
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wiſe.
Such the firſt Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, ſtood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didſt ſteer.
No ſly Decoy would ſerve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates ſwerve,
Thy Love ne'er thought her worſe
Becauſe thou hadſt ſo few Competitors.
Thou couldſt adore her when ador'd by none
Content to be her Votary alone:
When 'twas proſcrib'd the unkind World
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,
When thought the Fantom of ſome crazy Brain.
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimæra*, whom dull Gown-Men frame
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dſt no Crimes that ſhun'd the Light,
Whoſe Horror might thy Blood affright,
And force it to its known Retreat.
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
And tell that Bluſhes are too weak to expiate:
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,
And the whole World thy Confeſſor.
Conſcience within ſtill kept Aſſize,
To puniſh and deter Impieties:
That inbred Judge ſuch ſtrict Inſpection bore,
So travers'd all thy Actions o'er;
Th' Eternal Judge could ſcarce do more:
Thoſe little Eſcapades of Vice,
Which paſs the Cogniſance of moſt
I' th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and loſt,
Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miſs:
Thou didſt prevent the young deſires of ill,
And them in their firſt Motions kill:
The very Thoughts in others unconfin'd
And lawleſs as the Wind,
Thou couldſt to Rule and Order bind.

They

They durſt not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,
And free from ſtain as thy moſt publiek Actions were.
Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,
And court no other Paradiſe,
T'ill want of Power
Bids 'em diſcard the ſtale Amour,
And when diſabled Strength ſhall force
A ſhort Divorce,
Miſcall that weak forbearance Abſtinence,
Which wiſe Mortality and better Senſe
Stiles but at beſt a ſneaking Impotence.
Thine far a nobler Pitch did fly
'Twas all free choice, nought of Neceſſity.
Thou didſt that puny Soul diſdain
Whoſe half ſtrain Virtue only can reſtrain;
Nor wouldſt that empty Being own,
Which ſprings from Negatives alone.
But truly thought'ſt it always Virtues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor did thou thoſe mean Spirits more approve
Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,

Unbrib'd thou didſt her ſterling ſelf eſpouſe:
Nor wouldſt a better Miſtreſſe chuſe.
Thou couldſt Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,
The firſt that e'er careſs'd her the Platonick way,
To ſee her own Attractions dreſt,
Did all thy Love arreſt,
Nor lack'd there new Efforts to ſtorm thy Breaſt:
Thy generous Loyalty
Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,
But choſe to ſerve her ſtill without a Livery.
Yet waſt thou not of Recompence debarr'd,
But countedſt Honeſty its own Reward;
Thou didſt not wiſh a greater Bliſs t' accrue,
For to be good to thee was to be happy too.
That ſecret Triumph of thy Mind,
Which always thou in doing well didſt find,
Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven deſign'd.

XXXI.

What Virtues few poſſeſs but by Retail
In groſs could thee their Owner call;
They all did in thy ſingle Circle fall.

Thou

Thou waſt a living *Syſtem* where were wrate
All thoſe high Morals which in Books are ſought.
Thy Practice did more Virtues ſhare
Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
Or in the *Stagyrites* ſcant *Ethics* grew:
Devout thou waſt as holy *Hermits* are,
Which ſhare their time 'twixt Extaſie and Prayer.
Modeſt as Infant Roſes in their bloom,
Which in a Bluſh their Lives conſume,
So chaſt, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power,
So pure, that if bleſt Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow,
Nor to ought elſe would for Acceſſion owe:
It only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did ſhare;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Centre rowl,
And ſeem'd t' inform thee only on Parole.

Look how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline
As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb,
Or mark what hidden force
Bids the Flame upwards take its course;
And makes it with that Swiftneſs riſe,
As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
Such a ſtrong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,
And made 'em ſtill to the beſt Manſions tend.
That mighty Slave whom the proud Victor's Rage
Shut Pris'ner in a golden Cage,
Condemn'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargment more,
Nor his gay Bondage with leſs Patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wiſh'd to diſengage and fly away.
It vex'd and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
Fate ſoon at its deſire appear'd,
And ſtraight for an Aſſault prepar'd.

A ſudden and a ſwift Diſeaſe
Firſt on thy Heart Life's chiefeſt Fort does ſeize,
And then on all the Suburb vitals preys:
Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And ſcatters Poyſon through its purple Flood.
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it ſends,
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
Anguiſh through every Member flies,
And all thoſe inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Fleſh in Torture dies.
All the ſtaid Glories of thy Face,
Where ſprightly Youth lay checkt with manly Grace,
Are now impair'd,
And quite by the rude hand of Sickneſs marr'd,
The Body where due Symmetry
In juſt Proportions once did lie,
Now hardly could be known,
Its very Figure out of Faſhion grown;
And ſhould thy Soul to its own Seat return,
And Life once more adjourn,
'Twould ſtand amaz'd to ſee its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almoſt) whether its own Carcaſs were the ſame.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe
Both for thy Virtue and our Praiſe;
'Twas here thy Picture look'd moſt neat,
When deep'ſt in Shades 'twas ſet,
Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be
Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.
Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,
And of its groſſer Load diſcharg'd,
Began to act above its wonted rate,
And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.
So dying Tapers near their Fall,
When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire.
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,
Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his
(Set :
And then he looks moſt great,
And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Thou ſharpeſt Pains didſt with that Courage (bear,
And ſtill thy Looks ſo unconcern'd didſt wear:
Beholders ſeem'd more indiſpos'd than thee;
For they were ſick in Effigie.
Like ſome well-faſhion'd Arch thy Patience ſtood,
And purchas'd Firmneſs from its greater Load.
Thoſe Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint;
Thou couldſt endure with true Reality,
And feel what ſome could hardly bear to ſee.
Thoſe *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures choſe,
Subjecting all the Royal Iſſue to that Teſt
Could ne'er thy Sway refuſe,
If he deſerves to reign that ſuffers beſt.
Had thoſe fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dſt claim'd their Choice alone;
They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

All thoſe Heroick Pieties,
Whoſe Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:
Thoſe nobler *Scævola's*, whoſe hole Rage
Did their whole ſelves in cruel Flames engage,
Who did amidſt their Force unmov'd appear,
As if thoſe Fires but lambent were;
Or they had founded their *Empyreum* there.
Might theſe repeat again their Days beneath,
They'd ſeen their Fates out-acted by a natural Death,
And each of them reſign to thee his Wreath.
In ſpite of Weakneſs and harſh Deſtiny,
To reliſh Torment, and enjoy a Miſery:
So to careſs a Doom,
As make its Sufferings Delights become:
So to triumph o'er Sence and thy Diſeaſe,
As amongſt Pains to revel in ſoft Eaſe:
Theſe Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhanſe,
And Sickneſs to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVII.

XXXVI I.

Yet could not all theſe Miracles ſtern Fate avert,
Or make't without the Dart.
Only ſhe paus'd a while with Wonder ſtrook,
A while ſhe doubted if that deſtiny was thine,
And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,
And hop'd ſhe had miſtook;
And wiſh'd ſhe might have cut another Line.
But dire Neceſſity
Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
And bad her give the fatal Blow.
Strait ſhe obeys, and ſtraight the vital Powers grow
Too weak to grapple with a ſtronger Foe,
And now the feeble Strife forego.
Life's ſap'd Foundation every Moment ſinks,
And every Breath to leſſer compaſs ſhrinks;
Laſt panting Gaſps grow weaker each Rebound,
Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:
And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
Ready to uſher in Eternal Night.

XXXVIII.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Horrors of the Grave:
Pale Death's Arreſt
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor could it in the dreadful'ſt Figure dreſt.
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
When the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt,
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldſt that *Monſter* dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors ſtare,
As free from all Effects as from the cauſe of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent.
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away.
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too't had loſt her Sting,
Like ſome well-acted Comedy Life ſwiftly paſt,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt.

Thou like its Actors, ſeem'dſt in borrow'd Habit here beneath,
And couldſt, as eaſily
As they do that, put off Mortality.
Thou Breathedſt out thy Soul as free as common (Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XXXIX.

Go happy Soul, aſcend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to ſhine with thy bright Company:
Go mount the ſpangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star:
Yet ſtop not there, 'till thou advance yet higher,
'Till thou art ſwallow'd quite
In the vaſt unexhauſted Ocean of Delight;
Delight, which there alone in its true Eſſence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliſs:
Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,
Which fill, but never cloy,
Where Pleaſures ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy ſelf, and boundleſs too.

There

There may'ſt thou learned by *Compendius* grow;
For which in vain below
We ſo much time and ſo much pains beſtow.
There may'ſt thou all *Idea*'s ſee,
All wonders which in Knowledg be
In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XL.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Duſt,
And puts on Sables for its tender Truſt.
Tho' dead, it yet retains ſome untoucht Grace,
Wherein we may the Soul's fair Foot ſteps trace;
Which no Diſeaſe can frighten from its wonted place:
E'en its Deformities do thee become,
And only ſerve to conſecrate thy Doom.
Thoſe marks of Death which did its Surface ſtain
Now hallow, not profane.
Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
Thoſe Aſterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leſſer, like the greater World appears
All over bright, all over ſtuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus among ancient *Picts* Nobility
In Blemiſhes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honourable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew.
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLI.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greateſt State,
Whoſe Purple ſeem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill
But lately help'd to kill,
Whoſe Circulation fatal grew,

And tho' each part a swifter Ruin threw.
Now conscious its own Murther would arraign,
And throngs to sally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Blushes 'twould its Guilt attone.
A sacred Rubrick does thy Carcass paint,
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint,
So *Phabus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And blushes he can live no longer to give Light.

XLII.

Let Fools, whose dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcasses a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some costly Urn,
Which shortly, like themselves, to Dust shall turn:
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin shall e're long in its own Tomb inter.
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built so high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy

Thy Virtues shall embalm thy Name,
And make it lasting as the Breath of Fame,
When frailer Brass
Shall moulder by a quick Decrease;
When brittle Marble shall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.
Thy Praise shall live, when Graves shall buried lie,
Till time it self shall die,
And yield its tripple Empire to Eternity.

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman Mr. Harman Atwood.

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Deſtiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,
When thee, bleſt Saint, we cold and breathleſs ſee
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might ſave,
Had juſtly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black irreverſible Decree.
Thou didſt alone ſuch Worth, ſuch Goodneſs ſhare
As well deſerv'd to be immortal here;
Deſerve a Life as laſting as the Fame thou art to wear.
At leaſt, why went thy Soul without its Mate?

Why

Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the fam'd Illuſtrious Two.
(Nor could they greater Merits ſhew,
Altho' the beſt of Patriarchs that,
And this the beſt of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the bleſſed Pair tranſlate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundleſs Happineſs,
And never paſt Death's Straights and narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate

II.

Long time had the Profeſſion under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjuſt Diſdain;
An upright Lawyer Contradiction ſeem'd,
And was at leaſt a Prodigy eſteem'd;
If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
He was recorded like ſome blazing Star;
And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
As heretofore to the ſtrange honeſt Publican.
To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks ſhould give,

To thee who couldſt alone its loſt Repute retrieve.
Thou the vaſt wide extremes didſt reconcile,
The firſt, almoſt, e'er taught it was not to beguile.
To each thou didſt diſtribute Right ſo equally,
Ev'n Juſtice might her ſelf correct her Scales by thee.

And none did now regret
Her once bewail'd Retreat,
Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.
Henceforth ſucceeding Time ſhall bear in mind,
And Chronicle the beſt of all the kind:
The beſt e'er ſince the man that gave
Our ſuffering God a Grave;
(That God who living no abode could find,
Tho' he the World had made, and was to ſave)
Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
And make it from Corruption free:
Thoſe Odors, kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of Fame,
And fixt a laſting Fragrancy upon his Name;
And rais'd it with his Saviour to Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the ſtale muſty Paradox of equal Souls,
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
Avow'd by dull Philoſophers and thinking Fools.
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-thrown:
Here might the grave Diſputers find
Themſelves all baffl'd by a ſingle Mind,
And ſee one vaſtly larger than their own,
Tho all of theirs was mixt in one.
A Soul as great as e'er vouchſaf'd to be
Inhabiter in low Mortality;
As e'er th' Almighty Artiſt labour'd to infuſe,
Thro' all his Mint he did the brighteſt chuſe;
With his own Image ſtampt it fair,
And bid it ever the Divine Impreſſion wear:
And ſo it did, ſo pure, ſo well,
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell;
So ſpotleſs ſtill, and ſtill ſo good,

As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.
Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born;
It never did reproach its Birth,
By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
Can only by diffusing greater grow:
He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,
And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.
So kind, so generous, and so free,
As if he only liv'd in Courtesie,
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
Only to want it did deserve the same:
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and (Misery.
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store
Was still the vast Exchequer of the Poor;
And whatsoe'er in pious Acts went out
He did in his own Inventory put:

For

For well the wise and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;
And so he did, both Principal and Interest too.
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
Such, and so universal is the Influence
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense,
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
He travels round the World each day,
And visits all Mankind, and every place,
And scatters Light and Blessings all the way.
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
Yet does he not like wasting Tapers spend.
Tho' he ten thousand years disburse in Light,
The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,
As theirs who only partially are kind;
Or give where they Return expect to find:

But

But like his Soul, its fair Original;
'Twas all in all,
And all in every part,
Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air and Sunshine he dispos'd his kindness free,
Yet scorn'd Requitals, and worse hated Flattery,
And all obsequious Pomp of vain Formality.
Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow.
Its Favors on our undeserving Race below;
Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;
Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.

To it alone our All we owe,
All that we are and are to be,
Each Art and Science to its Liberty,
And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude re-
quire
No Charge of Sacrifice desire;
Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,
As heretofore,

To make his Altars flow, with reeking Gore
A small Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthless Thanks and Praise.

VI.

But how, blest Saint, shall I thy numerous Virtues (sum,
If one or two take up this room,
To what vast bulk must the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the fairest Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by,
And took from each a several Grace, and Air, and (Line,
And all in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:
So must I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
And then abridge it all,
And crowd, and mix the various *Idea*'s there;
And yet at last of a just Praise despair.
Whatever ancient Worthies boast,
Which

Which made themſelves and Poets their Deſcribers great,

From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines create;
Thou hadſt thy ſelf alone engroſt,
And all their ſcatter'd Glories in thy Soul did meet:
And future Ages when they eminent Virtues ſee,
(If any after thee
Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a leſs correct Edition ſhow.

VII.

Religion over all did a juſt Conduct claim,
No falſe Religion which from Cuſtom came,
Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name;
No Iſſue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,

That

That knew all that it did believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cauſe durſt die,
And durſt out-ſuffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being ſo,
Moſt thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow,
Exalted far above the vain ſmall Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unregarded poor defenceleſs thing.
The Men of Senſe who in Confederacy join
To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine
They'd have confeſt it pure, confeſt it all divine,
And free from all Pretences of Impoſture or Deſign
Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and the Stage,
And Proſelyte as faſt as they debauch the Age;
So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World reprieve,
Should a deſtroying Angel ſtand
With brandiſh'd Thunder in his Hand,

Ready

Ready the bidden Storme to give,
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine Jars:
Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,
And harbour'd in her Bowels, Fewds and Civil Wars
Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,
And of a soft and easie Mistress turn'd a Shrew.
Fasting and Anger went for marks of Grace,
And looks deform'd and sullen sanctify'd a Face.
Thou first its meek and primitive Temper didst restore,
First shew'dst how men were pious heretofore:
The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no Rest,
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,
And straight the swelling Waves decreast,
And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,
Like

Like Winds and Storms whose force fair *Halcyon*
builds her Neſt,
No overthreatning Zeal did thee inſpire,
But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,
To warm, but not devour
And only did refine, and make more pure:
Such is that Fire that makes thy preſent bleſt Abode,
The Reſidence and Palace of our God.
And ſuch was that bright unconſuming Flame,
So mild, ſo harmleſs and ſo tame,
Which heretofore i' th' Buſh to *Moſes* came:
At firſt the Viſion did the wondring Prophet ſcare,
But when the Voice had check'd his needleſs fear,
He bow'd and worſhipp'd and confeſt the Deity was there.

IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Gueſt
Hail new Inhabitant amongſt the Bleſt!
Methinks I ſee kind Spirits in convoy meet,
And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.
Who

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they:
By them thou'rt led on high
To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.
Where circulating Pleasures make an endless Round
To which scant Time or Measures sets no Bound,
Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,
And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,
Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:
Where Being is no longer Life but Extasie,
But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.
A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse
And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse!
There happy thou
From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Business free,
From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life below
Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

F I N I S.

CHARACTER.

NO *wonder if I am at a Loſs to deſcribe him, whom* Nature *was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in* Painting, *where the moſt miſhapen* Figures *are the greateſt* Proofs *of* Skill. *To draw a* Therſites *or* Æſop *well, requires the* Pencil *of* Vandike *or* Titian, *more than the beſt* Features *and* Lineaments. *All the thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigeſted as himſelf. The very* Idea *and* Conception *of him are enough to cramp* Grammar, *to diſturb* Senſe, *and confound* Syntax. *He's a* Soleciſm *in the great* Conſtruction, *therefore the beſt* Deſcription *of him is* Nonſence, *and the fitteſt* Character *to write it in, that* Pot-hook-hand *the Devil at* Oxford *wu'd in* Queens Colledge-Library. *He were* Topick *enough for convincing an* Atheiſt *that the World was made by Chance. The firſt* Matter *had more of* Form *and* Order, *the* Chaos *more of* Symmetry *and* Proportion. *I could call him* Nature's By-blow, Miſcarriage *and* Abortive, *or ſay, he is her* Embryo *ſlink'd before* Maturity; *but that is ſtale and flat, and I muſt fly a higher Pitch to reach his* Deformity. *He is the ugliеſt ſhe ever took Pains to make ſo, and* Age *to make worſe. All the* Monſters *of* Africa *lie kennell'd in his ſingle* Skin. *He's one of the* Groteſques *of the* Univerſe, *whom the grand* Artiſt *drew only* (*as* Painters *do uncouth ugly* Shapes) *to fill up the empty* Spaces *and* Cantons *of this great* Frame. *He's* Man anagrammatiz'd: *A* Mandrake *has more of* Humane Shape: *His* Face *carries* Libel *and* Lampoon *in't.* Nature *at its* Compoſition *wrote* Burleſque, *and ſhew'd him how far ſhe could out-do* Art *in* Grimace. *I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the* Play-houſes *to draw* Antick Vizards *by, Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and deſign'd for the* Scaramuchio *of* Mankind. *When I ſee him, I can no more forbear than at ſight of a* Zany *or* Nokes; *but am like*

to run the Riſque of the Philoſopher, *looking on an* Ass *mumbling* Thiſtles. *He's more ill-favour'd than the* Picture *of* Winter *drawn by a Fellow that dawbs* Sign-Poſts, *more lowring than the laſt day of* January. *I have ſeen a handſomer* Mortal *carv'd in* Monumental Gingerbread, *and woven in* Hangings *at* Mortlack. *If you have ever view'd that* wooden Gentleman *that peeps out of a Country* Barbers *Window, you may fancy ſome* Reſemblance *of him. His damn'd ſqueeking* Cloſe-ſtool-Face *can be liken'd to nothing better than the* Buttocks *of an old wrinkled* Baboon, *ſtraining upon an* Hillock. *The very* Sight *of him in a morning would work with one beyond* Jalap *and* Rhubarb. *A* Doctor (*I'm told*) *once preſcrib'd him to one of his* Pariſhioners *for a* Purge: *he wrought the* Effect, *and gave the* Patient *fourteen* Stools. *'Tis pity he is not drawn at the* City Charge, *and hung up in ſome publick* Forica *as a* Remedy *againſt* Coſtiveneſs.

Indeed by his Hue *you might think he had been employed to that uſe: One would take him for the Picture of* Scoggin *or* Tarleton *on a* Privy-houſe *Door, which by long ſtanding there has contracted the* Colour *of the neighbouring* Excrements. *Reading lately how* Garagantua *came into the* World *at his Mother's* Ear, *it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I preſently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth, that his* Dam *was deliver'd of him on t'other ſide, beſhit him coming out, and he has ever ſince retain'd the* Stains. *His filthy* Countenance *looks like an old* Chimney-piece *in a decay'd Inn, ſullied with* Smoak, *and the ſprinkling of* Ale-pots. *'Tis dirtier than an ancient* thumb'd Record, *greaſier than a Chandler's* Shop-book. *You'd imagine* Snails *had crawl'd the* Hay *upon it. The* Caſe *of it is perfect* Vellum, *and has often been miſtaken for it: A* Scrivener *was like to cheapen it for making* Indentures *and* Deeds, *beſides 'tis as wrinkled as a* walking Buskin: *It has more* Furrows *than all* Cotſwold. *You may reſemble it to a* Gammon *of* Bacon *with the* Swerd *off. I believe the* Devil *travels over it in his Sleep with* Hob-nails *in his* Shoes.

Shoes. *By the* Maggot-eaten Sur-Face *you'd ſwear he had been dug out of his* Grave *again with all his* Worms *about him to Bait* Eel-hooks. *But enough of it in General, I think it time to deſcend to* Particulars; *I wiſh I could divide his Face, as he does his* Text, i. e. *tear it aſunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the moſt remarkable part of it. His* Mouth (*ſaving your preſence* Chriſtian Readers) *is like the* Devils Arſe of Peak, *and is juſt as Large. By the* Scent *you'd take it for the* Hole *of a* Privy: *He may be winded by a good* Noſe *at twelve ſcore; I durſt have ventur'd at firſt being in Company, that he dieted on* Aſſa-fœtida. *His very* Diſcourſe *ſtinks in a* Literal Sence; *'tis* breaking-Wind, *and you'd think he talk'd at the other* End. *Laſt* New-years day *he tainted a* Loin *of* Veal *with ſaying* Grace: *All the* Gueſts *were fain to uſe the* Fanatical Poſture *in their own* Defence, *and ſtand with their* Caps *over their* Eyes *like* Malefactors *going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unſupportable is that it can't be ſtopp'd: The* Breach *is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a* Milliner, *he might meaſure* Ribbon *by it without the help of his* Yard *or* Counter. *It reaches ſo far backwards, thoſe, that have ſeen him with his* Peruke *off, ſay it may be diſcerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould ſtretch the* Dutcheſs *of* Cl— *to ſtraddle over: I had almoſt ſaid, 'tis as wide as from* Dover *to* Calis. *Could he ſhut it, the* Wrinkles *round about would repreſent the Form of the* Sea-mens Compaſs, *and ſhould he bluſter, 'twere a pretty* Emblem *of thoſe ſwelling* Mouths, *at the* Corners *of* Maps *puffing out* Storms. *When he* Smoaks *I am always thinking of* Montgibel *and its* Eruptions. *His* Head *looks exactly like a* Deviſe *on a* Kitchin Chimney; *His* Mouth *the* Vent *and his* Noſe *the* Fane. *And now I talk of his* Snout, *I dare not mention the* Elephants *for fear of ſpeaking too little: I'd make bold with the old* Wit, *and compare it to the* Gnomon *of a* Dial; *but that he has not* Teeth *enough to ſtand for the* twelve Hours. *'Tis ſo long, that when he rides a* Journey, *he makes uſe of it to open* Gates. *He's fain to ſnite it with both* Hands. *It cannot be wip'd under as much as the* Royal Breech. *A* Man *of or-*

dinary Bulk *might find* Shelter *under its* Eves, *were it not for the* Droppings. *One protested to me in* Raillery, *that when he looks against the* Sun, *it shadows his whole* Body, *as some story of the* Sciopodes Feet. *Another* Hyperbolical Rascal *would make me believe that the* Arches *of it are as large as any two of* London-Bridge, *or the great* Rialto *at* Venice. *Not long ago I met a one-leg'd* Tarpawlin *that had been begging at his* Door, *but could get nothing: The witty* Whoreson (*I remember*) *swore that his* Bow-sprit *was as long as that of the* Royal Sovereign. *I confess, stood he in my way, I durst not venture round by his* Forside, *for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the* Cape: *He has this* priviledge *for being unmannerly, that it will not suffer him to put off his* Hat: *And therefore* (*tis said*) *at* home *he has a* Cord *fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a* Pully, *and so receives the* Addresses *of those that visit him. This I'm very confident of, he has not heard himself sneeze this* seven Years: *And that leads me to his* Tools *of* Hearing: *His* Ears *resemble those of a* Country Justices Black Jack, *and are of the same* matter, hue, *and* size. *He's as well hung as any* Hound *in the* Country; *but by their* Bulk *and growing upward, he deserves to be rank'd with a greazier of* Beasts: *His single self might have shown with* Smeck, *and all the* Club Divines. *You may pare enough from the* sides *of his* Head *to have furnisht a whole* Regiment *of* Round-Heads: *He wears more there than all the* Pillories *in* England *ever have done.* Mandevile *tells me of a* People *somewhere, that use their* Ears *for* Cushions: *He has reduced the* Legend *to Probability; A* Servant *of his* (*that could not conceal the* Midas) *told me lately in private, that going to* Bed *he binds them on his* Crown, *and they serve him instead of* Quilt Night-Caps. *The next observable that falls under my* Consideration *is his Back: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his* Shoulders: *He was built with a* Buttress *to support the* weight *of his* Nose; *and help ballance it.* Nature *hung on him a* Knap-sack *and made him represent both* Tinker *and* Budget *too. He looks like the Visible* Tye *of* Æneas *bolstring up his*

Father,

Father, *or like a* Beggar-Woman, *endorſt with her whole* Litter, *and with* Child *behind. You may take him for* Anti-Chriſtopher *with the* Devil *at his* Back. *I believe the* Atlas *in* Wadham-Garden *at* Oxford *was carv'd by him: Certainly he was begot in a* Cupping-Glaſs: *His* Mother *longed for* Pumpions, *or went to ſee ſome* Camel *ſhown while ſhe was conceiving him. One would think a* Mole *has crept into his* Carcaſs *before 'tis laid in the* Church-Yard, *and Rooted in it, or that an* Earthquake *had diſorder'd the* Symmetry *of the* Microcoſm, *ſunk one* Mountain *and put up another. And now I ſhould deſcend lower, if I durſt venture: But I'll not defile my* Pen: *My* Ink *is too cleanly for a farther* Deſcription. *I muſt beg my* Reader's *Diſtance, as if I were going to Untruſs. Should I mention what is beneath, the very* Jakes *would ſuffer by the* Compariſon, *and t'were enough to bring a* Bog-Houſe *in diſgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good* People *on the* Parliament-Houſe, *only from the* Shoulders *upwards. To me 'tis a greater* Prodigy *than himſelf, how his* Soul *has ſo long endured ſo naſty a* Lodging. *Were there ſuch a thing as a* Metempſychoſis, *how gladly would it exchange its* Carcaſe *for that of the worſt and* Vile Brute: *I'm ſufficiently perſwaded againſt the* whim *of* Præ-exiſtence; *for any thing that had the* Pretence *of* Reaſon *would never have entred ſuch a* Durance *of* Choice: *Doubtleſs it muſt have been guilty of ſome unheard of* Sin, *for which* Heaven *dooms it* Penance *in the* Preſent Body, *and ordains it its firſt* Hell *here. And 'tis diſputable which may prove the worſt, for't has ſuffered half an* Eternity *already. Men can hardly tell which of the* two *will out-live the other. By his* Face *you'd gueſs him one of the* Patriarchs, *and that he liv'd before the* Flood: *His* Head *looks as if't had worn out* three *or* four Bodies, *and were Legacied to him by his* Great-Grand-Father. *His* Age *is out of* Knowledg. *I believe he was born before* Regiſters *were invented. He ſhould have been a* Ghoſt *in* Queen Mary's *Days. I wonder* Holingshead *does not ſpeak of him. Every* Limb *about him is* Chronicle: Par *and* John *of the* Times *were* ſhort-Livers *to him. They ſay, he*

can remember when Pauls *was Founded, and* London-Bridg *built. I my ſelf have heard him tell all the* Stories *of* York *and* Lancaſter *upon his own* Knowledge. *His very* Cane *and* Spectacles *are enough to ſet up an* Antiquary. *The firſt was the* Walking-Staff *of* Lanfranc *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *which is to be ſeen by his* Arms *upon the* Head *of it. The other belong'd to the* Chaplain *of* William *the* Conqueror; *was of* Norman *make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis ſtrange the late* Author *of M.* Fickle *forgot to make his Sir* Arthur Oldlove *ſwear by them, the* Oath *had been of as good* Antiquity *as St.* Auſtin's Night-Cap, *or* Mahomet's Threſhold. *I have often wonder'd he never ſet up for a* Conjurer: *His very* Look *would bring him in* Vogue, *draw* Cuſtom, *and undo* Lilly *and* Gadbury. *You'd take him for the* Ghoſt *of Old* Haly *or* Albumazar, *or the* Spirit Frier *in the* Fortune Book; *his* Head *for the inchanted brazen one of* Frier Bacon. *'Twould poſe a good* Phyſiognomiſt *to give* Names *to the* Lines *in his* Face. *I've obſerv'd all the* Figures *and* Diagrams *in* Agrippa *and* Ptolomy's Centiloquies *there upon ſtrict view. And t'other day a* Linguiſt *of my* Acquaintance *ſhew'd me all the* Arabick Alphabet *betwixt his* Brow *and* Chin. *Some have admired how he came to be admitted into* Orders, *ſince his very* Face *is againſt the* Canon: *I gueſs he pleaded the* Qualification *of the* Prophets *of Old, to be* Withered, Toothleſs *and* Deformed. *He can pretend to be an* Eliſha *only by his* Baldneſs. *The* Devils Oracles *heretofore were utter'd from ſuch a* Mouth. *'Twas then the* Candidates *for the* Tripous *were fain to plead* Wrinkles *and* Grey Hairs; *a* Splay Mouth, *and a* goggle Eye *were the cheapeſt* Symon, *and the* ugly *and* crippled *were the only* men *of* preferment. *And this leads me to conſider him a little in the* Pulpit. *And there 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh whether that or his* Skin *be the courſer* Wainſcoat: *He repreſents a crackt* Weather-Glaſs *in a* Frame. *You'd take him by his* Looks *and* Poſture *for* Muggelton *doing* Pennance *and paulted with* rotten eggs. *Had his* Hearers *the trick of Writing* Short-Hand, *I ſhould fancy him*

him an Offender *upon a* Scaffold, *and them Penning his* Confeſſion. *Not a flux'd* Debauché *in a* ſweating Tub *makes worſe* Faces *He* makes Doctrine *as Folks do their* Water *in the* Stone *or* Strangury. Balaams *Aſs was a better* Divine, *and had a better* Delivery. *The* Thorn *at* Glaſtenbury *had more* Sence *and* Religion, *and would make more* Converts. *He ſpeaks not, but grunts, like one of the* Gadareen Hogs *after the* Devils *enter'd. When I came firſt to his* Church *and ſaw him perch'd on high againſt a* Pillar, *I took him by his gaping for ſome* Juggler *going to ſwallow* Bibles *and* Hour-Glaſſes. *But I was ſoon convinc'd that other* Feats *were to be play'd, and on a ſudden loſt all my* Senſes *in* Noiſe. *A Drunken* Huntſman *reeling in while he was at* Prayer, *asked if he were giving his* Pariſhioners *a* Hollow: *He has preached half his* Pariſh *deaf: His* Din *is beyond the* Catadupi *of* Nile: *All his* Patrons Pigeons *are frighted from their* Apartment, *and he's generally believed the* Occaſion. *He may be heard farther than Sir* Samuel Moorlands Flagalet. *Nay one damn'd mad* Rogue *ſwore: Should he take a* Text *concerning the* Reſurrection, *he might ſerve for the laſt* Trumpet. *And yet in one Reſpect he's fitted for the* Function. *His* Countenance, *if not* Doctrine, *can ſcare men into* Repentance, *like an* Apparition: *Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, than now while he is alive.*

A Maid *meeting him in the* Dark *in a* Church-Yard, *was frighted into* Phanaticiſm. *Another is in* Bedlam *upon the ſame Occaſion: I dare not approach him without an* Exorciſm, In the Name, *&c. is the fitteſt* Salutation: *Some have thought the* Parſonage-Houſe *haunted ſince he dwelt there. In* York-ſhire (*'tis reported*) *they make uſe of his* Name *inſtead of* Raw-Head *and* Bloody-Bones *to fright* Children. *He is more terrible than thoſe* Phantoms *Country Folks tell of by the Fire ſide, and pretend to have ſeen, with* Leathern-wings, Cloven-feet, *and* Sawcer-eyes; *If he go to* Hell (*as 'tis almoſt an* Article *of my* Creed, *he will*) *the* Devils *will quake for all their warm* Dwelling, *and crowd up into a* Nook *for fear of him.*

FINIS.

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